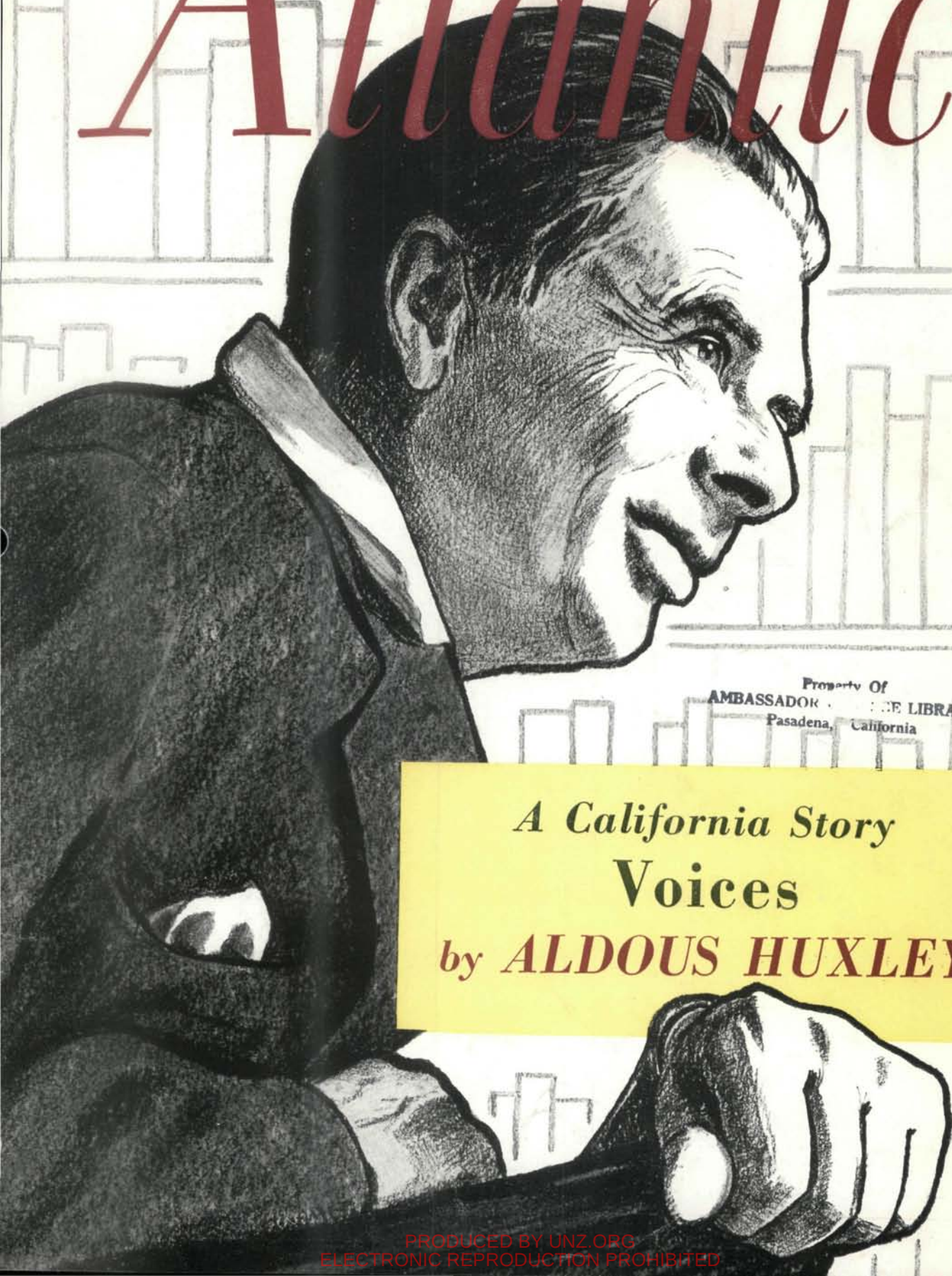


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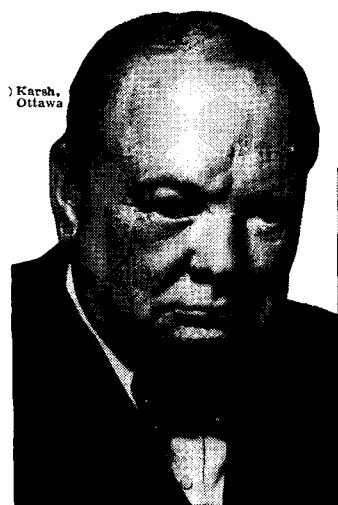
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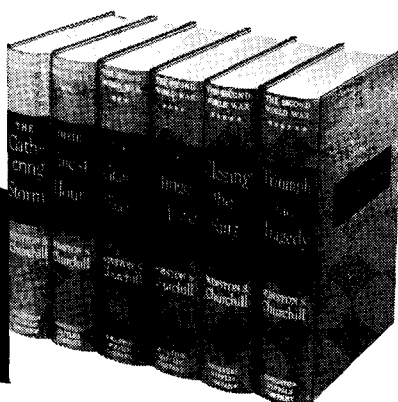
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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today



Washington



THE meeting "at the summit" is so pregnant with both opportunity and danger and so vast in its implications for mankind that Washington policy makers are having trouble sorting out the basic positions, assumptions, and priorities for this first heads-of-government gathering since Potsdam a decade ago. The flood of official Moscow policy statements, of not-so-casual remarks by Kremlin officials, and of carefully phrased hints in the Soviet press has given Washington so much to digest that one has the feeling the President came about as close as anyone could when he said the meeting would test the "atmosphere."

The two vital questions are these: What is the Kremlin's post-Stalin collective leadership really up to? What should be our response? At the signing of the Austrian treaty in Vienna, Molotov confirmed the earlier Washington judgment that the immediate Soviet objective is to prevent the implementation of West German rearmament within the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. But is there more to the new Soviet line than a bargaining proposal to head off arms for the Bonn government? Has the Kremlin leadership decided that nuclear weapons make imperative an honest attempt to reach an understanding with the West — above all with the United States?

The answer will certainly not be found until the West has explored with sincerity every nook and cranny of the Soviet proposals — those already put forward and those to be made "at the summit," at the subsequent meetings of the foreign ministers, at the United Nations disarmament talks, and at other diplomatic gatherings. The terrible responsibility of finding the answer is just beginning to be understood in Washington.

Neither President Eisenhower nor Secretary Dulles sought the "summit" meeting. It was agreed to only under a combination of world pressures in general and political pressures from London, Paris, and Bonn in particular. Fortunately, now that the meeting has been agreed to all around, there is in Washington a combination of men and events which should be favorable to the conduct of an earnest American inquiry into Soviet aims and proposals.

No alternative to peace

First, the President seeks an accommodation with Russia because, in his now famous phrase, there is "no alternative to peace" in the nuclear age. Given this premise, his actions are likely to be based on two assumptions: that the American people want him to search for peace with honor, and that the Soviet leaders, their Communist ideology notwithstanding, are subject to the same motivations in the human struggle as are men everywhere. The Eisenhower-Zhukov relationship is one facet of this latter tenet.

Second, Senator Walter F. George, the foreign policy voice of the vast majority in Congress, has in a few months created at the Capitol the indispensable congressional backing for every honorable effort by the executive to find an accommodation with Moscow.

Third, Secretary Dulles, a man of considerable diplomatic ability once he feels he is operating on a firm base, now can apply his skills secure in the knowledge of the Eisenhower-George stance — unlike the situation a year ago at Geneva. Dulles has offended many at home and abroad with his combination of pious preaching and belligerent

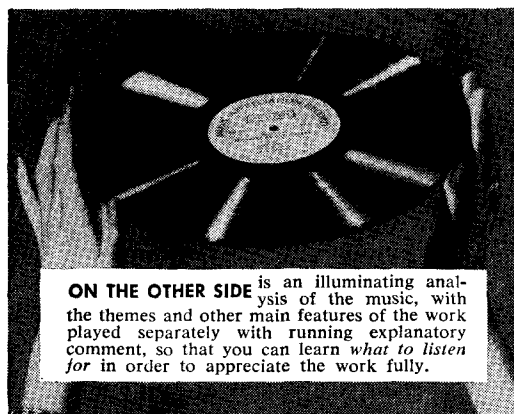
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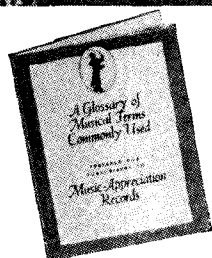
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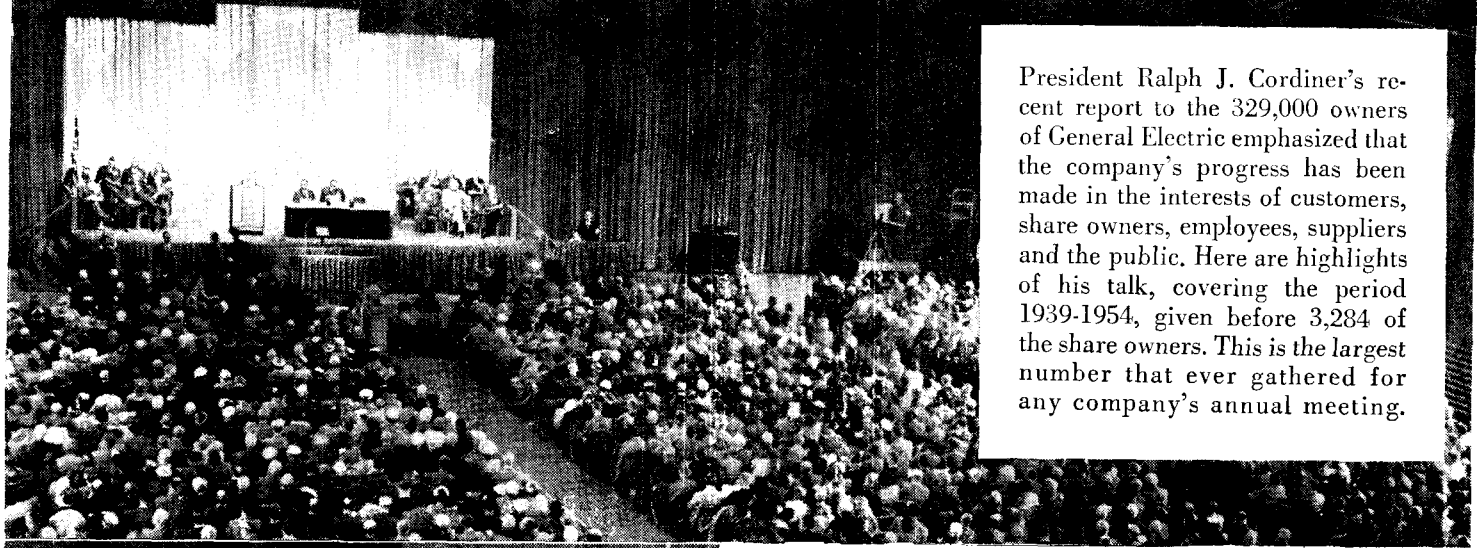
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MAR 33

Highlights from a report to the largest meeting of share owners ever assembled

President Ralph J. Cordiner's recent report to the 329,000 owners of General Electric emphasized that the company's progress has been made in the interests of customers, share owners, employees, suppliers and the public. Here are highlights of his talk, covering the period 1939-1954, given before 3,284 of the share owners. This is the largest number that ever gathered for any company's annual meeting.



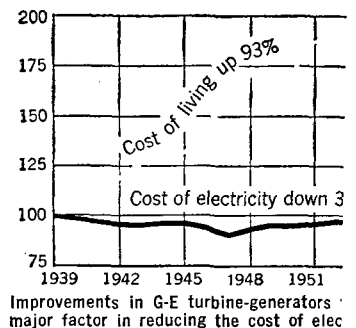
How customers shared in General Electric progress

PRODUCT QUALITY UP • Example: Today's 40-watt fluorescent lamp lasts 400% longer, costs 58.9% less



COST OF ELECTRICITY DOWN • A dollar today will buy \$1.03 worth of electricity at 1939 prices

New and improved products like the convenient wall-mounted refrigerator (shown at left) make work easier, life more comfortable—increase the need for electricity. Today the average home uses nearly three times as much electricity as in 1939; the average industrial worker, more than twice as much.



How share owners shared in General Electric progress

OWNERS MADE GROWTH POSSIBLE • \$534 million of total earnings was reinvested in the business



DIVIDENDS UP • General Electric paid 47¢ per share in 1939, \$1.53 per share in 1954

Share owner equity went up as a result of an aggressive policy of expansion. 34 cents out of every dollar of earnings was reinvested in the business; share owners' equity increased from \$324 million in 1939 to \$1,023 million in 1954.

...

◀ President Ralph J. Cordiner, at the annual meeting, welcomes Mr. and Mrs. William Roesch. Mr. Roesch, operator of a meat market in Buffalo, is General Electric's 300,000th share owner.



7 employees shared in General Electric progress

JOBS CREATED - Example: Research and development created 70,000 job opportunities

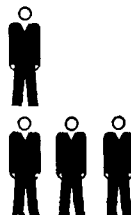
ES UP - Example: Compensation and other benefits have grown more than seven times since

7 machines and new methods have le work cleaner and safer for our dloyees while keeping our products petitive. More than 70% of General tric's post-war investment program ne billion, one hundred million dol- is for new and better equipment.

Average number of employees

1939
71,485

1954
220,956



v suppliers shared in General Electric progress

E PURCHASES FROM MORE BUSINESSES - General Electric suppliers increased to 40,000

MENTS for materials, supplies, and services have grown more than 10 times

ignificant contribution of eral Electric to the prog- of its suppliers is the perial Value Analysis Seminars. sh, creative thinking is en- gaged. Suppliers are invited ontribute suggestions on im- ements in our products, or s in which their services or ducts can be better used.

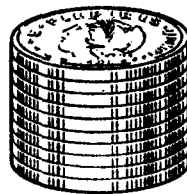
Payments to suppliers

1939



\$138,400,000

1954



\$1,401,200,000

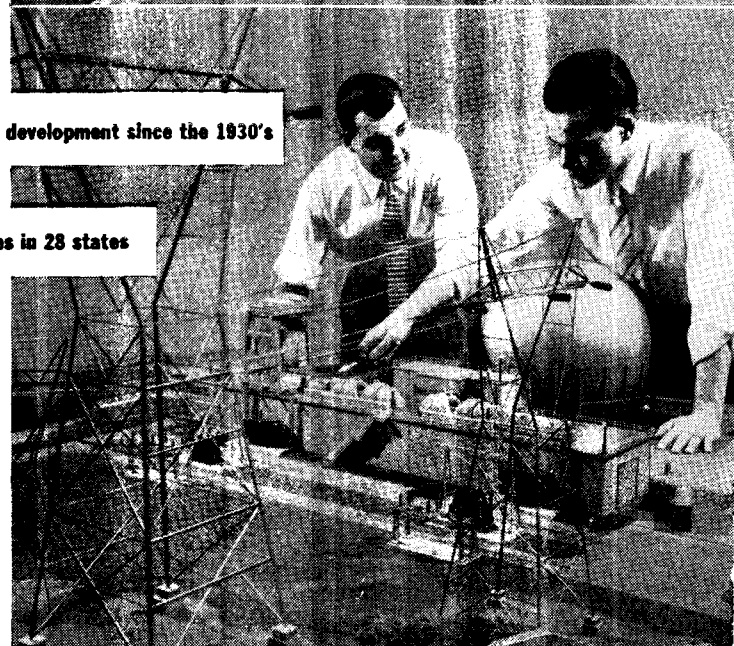
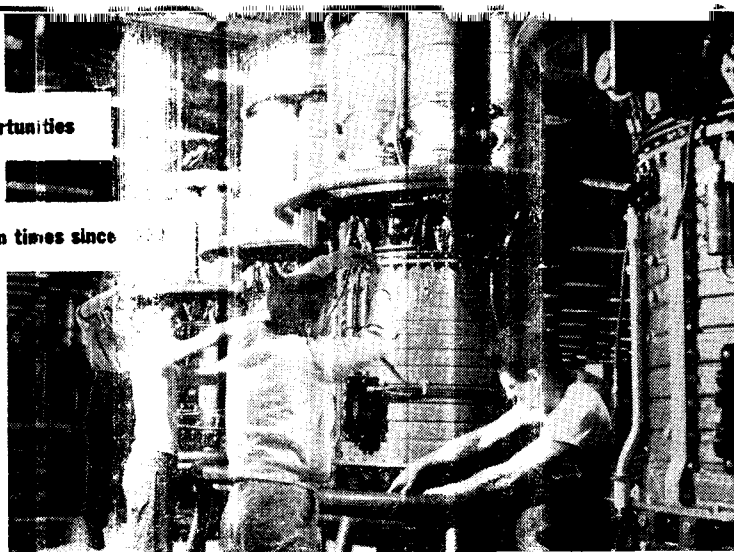
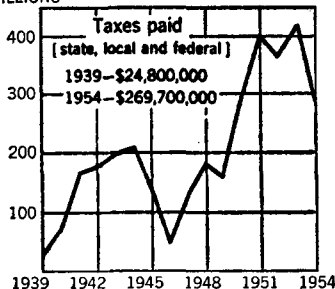
v the public shared in General Electric progress

OMIC PROGRESS SPEEDED - General Electric has been actively engaged in atomic development since the 1930's

f AREAS BENEFITED - Example: General Electric now has 135 plants in 105 cities in 28 states

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The Atlantic Report on Washington



words, yet it should not be forgotten that it was Dulles last February who appealed to "Russians of stature" to subordinate the ambitions of international Communism to Russian security and welfare. That was no mere psychological warfare stunt but a deadly serious theme — one conceived by Dulles as far back as 1946, in fact, and one which fits the Toynbee concept that democracy and Communism in the end can learn to live together even as Christianity and Islam.

Are the Russians sincere?

Despite these three factors, however, there should be no disregarding the fact that there are many in Washington who believe Moscow is out to trick the West in a play for time, perhaps until she can launch an atomic Pearl Harbor. Some have so filled their minds with the phantasmagoria of Teheran, Yalta, and Potsdam that they cannot trust their own countrymen ever again to sit down at the bargaining table with the Soviets. They are still fighting a rear-guard action in Washington, although they know that the climate of opinion has been shifting and that Senator George spoke the mood of the Capitol when he called for talks with Russia and when he declared that the United States should be "big enough and great enough" to sit down with the Chinese Communists.

It is impossible — and unnecessary — to determine in advance whether or not the Russians are sincere. What is necessary, it is being realized more and more, is a willingness to *explore* whether they are sincere. Above all, it is necessary to move from the rigidity of the cold war to a new flexibility of mind and diplomatic action.

Along with a willingness to probe the Soviet position, there is needed a determination to move with patience, step by step, not to seek full solution in one attempt, and to make this exceedingly plain both at home and abroad. This approach is certainly the one favored by the Eisenhower-George-Dulles triumvirate. But it will not hurt to have the world write on its blackboard over and over again, during the summer and fall, the words of Anthony Eden: "If you negotiate with a man who is in no hurry and you are in a hurry, you will lose out every time. This, I am sure, is true of negotiating with the Communist powers. The world cannot be banged and hustled into peace."

The Kremlin respects strength

Many officials and diplomats who have wrestled with the issue of arms control since the days of the Acheson-Lilienthal report and the Baruch Plan took

the Soviet proposal on disarmament on May 10 to be the result of the most searching inquiry ever made in Moscow of how Russia can survive in the atomic age. One diplomat quipped: "Somebody over there must have pasted on the Politburo wall Ike's 'no alternative to peace' statement."

Moscow has always respected power and force. What it has now proposed is in response to the West's strength, especially the big steps toward West German rearmament. It also is related to Russia's weakness, above all to its internal economic weakness — especially in agriculture — compared with the vastly improved Western European economies and the American economy, which defies all Marxist predictions of doom.

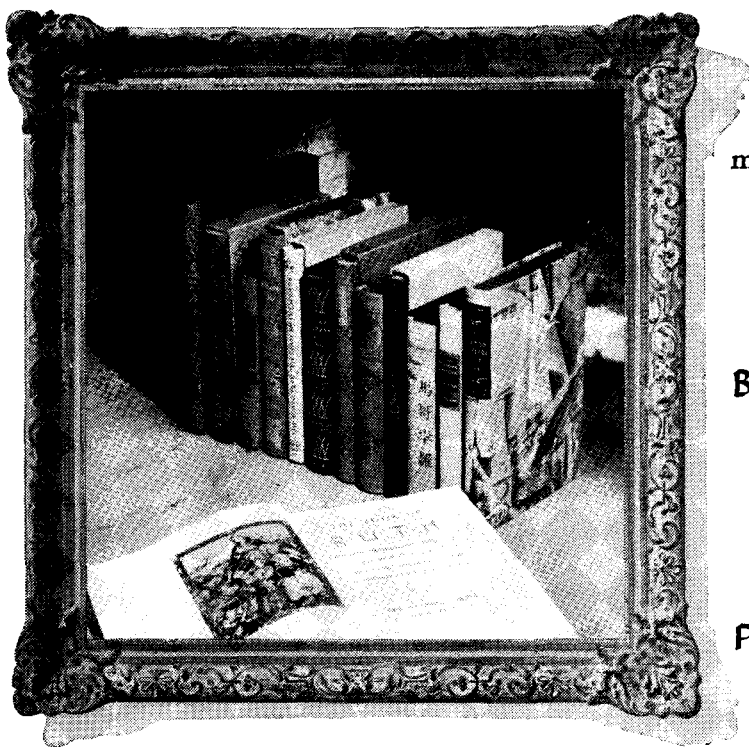
Moscow has strapped its people to keep up the arms race with the United States. Washington took the May disclosures of new Soviet aircraft in significant numbers as calculated to say to the West before the "summit" meeting, "See for yourself that we now have not only the bombs but the ability to deliver them." Whether in fact practical parity in the art of destruction exists at the moment the "summit" meeting convenes, Moscow seems to be saying, "We come to the bargaining table as equals in power. We offer to negotiate on that basis."

Arms control and inspection

For this or other reasons, Moscow has come up with something new on the key question of an international arms control mechanism. Ever since the Baruch Plan was put forward in 1946, the West has called for unrestricted control and inspection while Russia has never conceded anything but the most limited, and therefore worse than useless, incursion behind the Iron Curtain.

Now Moscow argues that in any future big war there must first be concentrations "at definite points" of "large military formations with big quantities of conventional armaments." Hence, says Moscow, let us set up an international alarm system by stationing inspectors at "control posts in big ports, railway junctions, motor roads and airdromes." For, the argument goes, "with the present military techniques, the significance of such points for preparing for aggressive war, far from declining, on the contrary rises."

The Washington technicians in the arms problem at once labeled this a "Korean type" control system — that is, utterly inadequate. But others incline to the view that Moscow may, indeed, have



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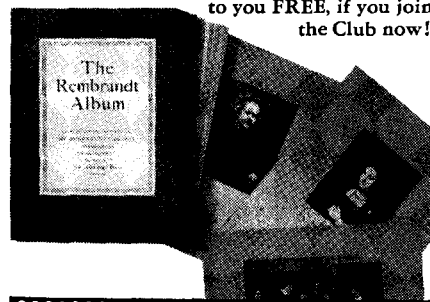
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something. The facts of nuclear development have now passed the point where effective control within a vast nation such as the Soviet Union or the United States is still technically feasible. It is too easy to hide existing stockpiles and too difficult to detect new small productive facilities. Thus, it is argued, no system could guard against a surprise attack (say by intercontinental ballistic missiles if and when available), but Russia could not mount an attack certain of obliterating the United States without "alarm system" inspectors knowing about it and initiating retaliation.

The Russian proposal may have been put forward as an honest effort to find a way out. Americans should expect no less from their government than that it probe the idea with that possibility in mind.

Watch on the Potomac

The senators, congressmen, governors, old friends, business leaders, Democrats for Eisenhower, and other White House callers trek out of the oval office with at least one impression in common: the President really would prefer to retire to Gettysburg when his term is up. Some hear Eisenhower talk about five o'clock fatigue; others hear him say he has little time to think. Countless people heard him refer to "my age" during a televised press conference.

Even the most blasé political reporters were shaken when he casually referred to the remaining twenty-one months of his term (he was off by only a week, the reporters found out by counting on their fingers). This amounts to about as conclusive evidence as one could seek that the President would be happy to settle for one term. The question, however, is: Can he be *persuaded* to run again?

Many in Washington, including some of those very close to Eisenhower, are coming to believe that the state of the world will be decisive. If the "summit" meeting and the diplomatic conversations next fall and winter lessen tensions and clear the way toward peace, will the President feel that he can retire?

There are some Republicans who go about saying that they can appeal to the President to run again on the grounds that the nation is not yet

safe from socialism, that the country will be turned over to the Democratic left-wingers if he deserts the party.

The only gauge of this sort of appeal is the lack of interest Eisenhower has been showing this year in the domestic parts of his legislative program. At press conference after press conference, the President has been badly informed, partly informed, or uninformed about domestic problems. He has allowed all sorts of appointments to be made without any real knowledge of the men named to high office. The Corsi case was one instance, the choice of John B. Hollister to head the foreign aid program another.

The President has spoken repeatedly about the need for a liberal foreign trade program. Yet he has accepted amendments voted by the Senate which, in the opinion of a good many experts, seriously imperil the program. He has won the principle and that seems to be enough for him. The fine print, so important in Washington's bureaucratic world, couldn't interest the President less.

In the case of the trade bill, amendments will bring escape-clause case after case to the President's desk in the full glare of publicity and amid the full cry of injured industry. Some of his opponents figure the President will find it impossible to resist giving in as election day nears, whether or not he is the candidate, and so the special interests will get what they want.

Eisenhower will have three escapes from the Washington dungeon this year: the "summit" trip to Europe, another vacation in Colorado, and weekends at the Gettysburg farm. In fact, Washington expects to see Ike at Gettysburg emulate F.D.R. at Hyde Park for work-play periods away from the Capital.

But winter will come again with its dreary round of budget-making, fussing between Cabinet members and among the Pentagon brass, and more and more party pressure to declare for a second term. The log fire and the golden fields of Gettysburg will become even more attractive. And if there is the prospect of peace, how can you argue with an old soldier's desire to retire — victor in war, architect of peace?



Singapore

THE crown colony of Singapore, a green and prosperous little island frequently accused of smugness or, at the least, a head-in-the-sand placidity, has received several ugly shocks since the day the Japanese crossed the Strait of Johore to take the "impregnable British bastion." One blow to European complacency was the Malay rioting a couple of years ago, when members of a community the British had always considered loyal ran amok, attacking and killing white men in the generally well-ordered city streets.

A more recent shock came last April from the Chinese, the colony's principal community. In elections for a legislative assembly in which, under the new constitution, government-appointed members were to be in a clear minority for the first time, Singapore's voters, predominantly Chinese, supported the left-of-center parties. Then Chinese workers and students, flouting government authority, almost paralyzed the city with disorders.

The left-wing election victory and the disturbances which followed showed the British that, as far as white control in Singapore is concerned, it is later than they thought. Though no date has been set for the end of British rule, Whitehall has promised both Singapore and the Federation of Malaya (two separate political entities) complete local self-government and then full independence in the reasonable future. The British government satisfied Nehru of its good faith and intentions, so that, at the Asian-African Conference in Bandung, where colonialism was the chief target and colonial rule as far away as North Africa was soundly berated, the Indian Prime Minister saw to it that the British colonies just next door were not even mentioned.

How far to the left?

The constitution under which Singapore's April elections were held, giving the legislature all powers except defense, finance, and internal security, was a step in what the British hoped would be an orderly and not too rapid progression toward full self-rule. Many Englishmen, in Singapore and in London, counted on at least a ten-year interval of transition. The elections and the subsequent dis-

orders indicate that the interval may well be much shorter. They suggest, too, that an independent Singapore will very possibly be left-controlled, and sympathetic and friendly toward — if not an instrument of — Peiping.

Almost no one in Singapore foresaw that the left-wing parties — the Labor Front and the People's Action Party (PAP) — would come out so well in the elections, least of all the leftist parties themselves. This universal miscalculation was due partly to an unnatural surface calm caused by the Emergency Regulations, which, while enabling the government to fight Communist infiltration and subversion, have at the same time curtailed free political discussion and activity. In a sense, the lid has been on, and no one — except perhaps the Communists — knew just what was brewing.

Singapore's Chinese community

Another reason for the undue complacency on the part of right-wing Asians and the European community was that they overlooked the real composition and character of Singapore's Chinese community. The colony is, after all, a Chinese island with a very light British veneer and a sprinkling of Malays and Indians; 80 per cent of the population is of Chinese origin. The classic British view of this mass of people has been that they were simply transients interested only in making money.

But since the Japanese took Singapore and restricted Chinese movement, the Chinese have not been transients. A resurgent China has roused in them a heightened sense of pride and power and Chinese-ness; and as they have watched their voteless compatriots all through Southeast Asia being squeezed by indigenous independent governments, the Chinese in Singapore and the Federation have made up their minds to get political power.

Heretofore, in its dealings with the British, the Singapore Chinese community has been represented chiefly by the Progressive Party and the Chinese Chamber of Commerce. The Progressive Party, which most people mistakenly assumed would come out ahead in the elections, is led by and chiefly composed of Anglicized Chinese with British



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educations, British accents, plenty of money, and no great sense of urgency about an independence which might mean less stability for accumulating fortunes. The Chamber of Commerce Chinese leaders are less Anglicized and more Chinese; but they, too, represent wealth.

The great majority of Singapore Chinese are laborers, little farmers, and shopkeepers and their clerks and apprentices. In a town where 20 and 30 per cent dividends on shares are not remarkable, and where the highest income tax on the city's many millionaire and multimillionaire fortunes is only 33 per cent, these little Chinese live in squalor. They went to the polls, repudiated their wealthy Chinese "leaders," and put the left—which promised them a better deal in a new order *soon*—into office.

The winning parties

Singapore's two victorious leftist parties are the People's Action Party and the Labor Front. The latter was "catapulted" into office, as its leader, David Marshall, put it. Its program is full self-government within three years, neutralism in foreign affairs, and the establishment of a welfare state, which means higher wages for workers, and better housing, social insurance, and health and educational facilities for lower income bracket people in general. Money for rapid progress in these fields would have to come out of increased taxation—import duties in what has always been a free port, luxury taxes, higher income and corporation taxes, and so on. These prospects make the big-business community shudder.

Marshall, besides being the head of the Labor Front, is Singapore's first Chief Minister, and is an intelligent, well-intentioned, and engaging Singapore-born Iraqi Jew, a self-made man and a successful lawyer. He has a real feeling for the underprivileged and an honest faith in democratic methods and principles. He came into office suffering from a dearth of capable co-workers and a plethora of campaign promises.

Though he is no experienced politician, Marshall is canny enough to realize that a slightly left moderate like himself is, during this phase of Singapore's history, in a very exposed, lonely, and hazardous position. "I am under fire from left and right," he

says wryly. "The British business community says, for instance, that I have sent a personal fortune of three hundred thousand dollars (U.S. \$100,000) out of the country because I have no faith in Singapore's future. At the same time the left says I have just taken a fifty-thousand-dollar bribe from the employer of a company whose workers are on strike."

Marshall points out accurately that the voters have jettisoned the right-wing parties and that the political tendency in Singapore is now leftward. ("On my left are the Communists, with guns; but on my right are corpses.") He predicts that if the British and the Malay and Chinese moderates do not rally behind his program, they will find themselves confronting, after the *next* elections, a government a good deal further to the left.

Independence now?

The party really sitting pretty is the left opposition group, the People's Action Party, which put up only four candidates (out of a total slate of twenty-five) in April and got three of them elected; the PAP leader, Lee Kuan Yew (Harry Lee), got more votes than any other assemblyman. At thirty-two he is an extremely intelligent, capable lawyer (double firsts at Cambridge), who has been adviser and legal counsel to a number of Singapore unions and is the darling of the Chinese students, who did much to elect him. The People's Action Party is left-wing socialist, infiltrated, it is generally believed, by Communists. Two of its party planks are *immediate* independence and an end to the Emergency Regulations.

The Emergency Regulations, which make Communist organization or activity illegal and enable the government to intern suspects for a limited time without trial, are one of the chief weapons used by Singapore and the Federation of Malaya against an armed Communist rebellion which has now lasted six years. The Malayan Communist Party still has, today, five thousand armed men in the Malayan jungle, an unknown but large number of sympathizers outside it, and an underground apparatus which extends right down into the city of Singapore. The state where the Communist rebels are most successful is Johore, across the Strait from Singapore.

Lee does not seem at all certain that Communism can be averted in Malaya. But independence *now*, says the PAP leader, is the *only* chance to save Singapore and the Federation from turning Communist. "I think, with Mr. Nehru," says Lee, "that colonialism is worse than Communism. As long as colonialism is here, I will not fight the Communists, because for the moment they are fighting for the same end as I: complete independence."

Singapore Chinese, he adds, are overwhelmingly and irrevocably pro-Peiping, and an independent Singapore and Federation will certainly not be *anti*-Communist or *anti*-Peiping. Malaya can, he thinks, be an independent, left-wing, non-Communist state, aligned, like India, with neither power bloc but safe from both because, as he explains, if either bloc were to attack Malaya, the other would have to defend it.

Teen-age left-wingers

PAP support comes chiefly from workers and from Chinese students. Incredible as it may sound, high school boys and girls have been for months the single most pressing political problem in Singapore. There are roughly two kinds of high schools — or middle schools, as the Chinese call them — in Singapore: English schools, which teach in English and receive government subsidy and are therefore subject to official control; and Chinese schools, which use Chinese texts (often pro-Peiping) and the Chinese language as a medium of instruction and which take no funds — and therefore no direction — from the government.

Today, in Singapore, where over 50 per cent of the population is under twenty-one, there are about eleven thousand Chinese students in less than a dozen Chinese high schools controlled by boards of Chinese who hold the posts merely because they donate money. Most principals are simply business managers, and teachers are underpaid, sometimes pro-Peiping, and generally intimidated by their students.

Students in Chinese high schools are, first of all, frustrated, because without English they can neither enter the University nor get ahead in business and government in this British colony; many graduate into

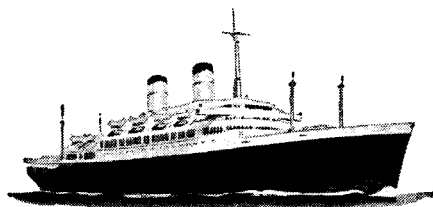


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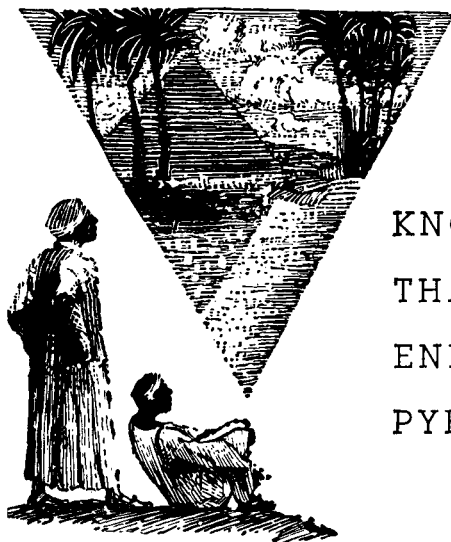
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the most menial jobs. In the second place, they are fired with pride in the New China, which, they feel, has stood off the United Nations, thumbed its nose at the West, and is taking its rightful place in the sun after centuries of humiliation. In the third place, the Malayan Communist Party and, it is believed, Peiping Communists have been working quietly among them for a decade, and vigorously for the last year or so. Results: a very small core of the eleven thousand is Communist, and a very large number indeed are left-oriented, pro-Peiping, and violently anti-government and anti-colonial.

The Chinese students of Singapore have got well organized and well out of hand, defying their teachers, their parents, and the government. High school boys and girls form front organizations for political purposes, hold constant political meetings even in school time and on school premises, and organize mammoth demonstrations which incite and produce violence. They encourage and assist strikers; in a frighteningly regimented manner, busloads of students regularly visit strikers and picket lines, rousing them to frenzy with songs, dances, slogans, and speeches, and giving them "comfort" in the form of cold drinks, food, and money which has amounted to tens of thousands of Singapore dollars.

The pattern is depressingly familiar to anyone who watched the Chinese Communists use the students on the China mainland in the last few years preceding Mao Tse-tung's victory. The tactic is to utilize the young people — who generally are unaware they are tools — by exploiting violent nationalism and grievances that are legitimate or semi-legitimate, for ends that are Communist and subversive. The situation has not been improved by frequent official tactlessness and inability to face up to a situation until it is almost past mending.

Recent trends and events in Singapore must give pause to the Commonwealth nations, to adjacent South-east Asian countries, and to the Malays in Singapore and the Federation. It is difficult to see how Britain, Australia, and New Zealand will be able to maintain Singapore as the Commonwealth's chief Far Eastern military base if the island goes "neutral" or pro-Peiping.

Yugoslavia

YUGOSLAV Communism is Communism with a difference. Just how great that difference is is now a cause of concern to at least three groups — the Western leaders, the Soviet leaders, and the Yugoslav people.

It is altogether possible that Tito and his top aides themselves are not exactly sure how great the difference is. Yugoslavia is an anomaly not only in its foreign policy. A Communist dictatorship with a decentralized economy and elements of political democracy, it is a poor and backward country that is rich in natural resources. On the streets of its cities, as if underlining its ambiguous position, colorfully dressed peasants with oxen and water buffalo are learning to skip nimbly out of the way of speeding motorcars.

The current ardent Soviet wooing of Yugoslavia is a complete reversal of Moscow's policy of the past seven years. In view of recent developments in Austria and Germany, this independent former satellite, with its army right under the Kremlin's nose, so to speak, is a thorn in Moscow's side.

The shock of Soviet excommunication

In assessing the impact of the new Soviet-Yugoslav relations, it is important to keep in mind the manner in which the feud between the two nations began and the developments that have occurred since June, 1948, when it broke into the open. What happened was not that Yugoslavia left the Kremlin but that the Kremlin left Yugoslavia. It was the Soviet-dominated Cominform that expelled Tito's party from its ranks.

The reason was that Tito insisted on following an independent course which led him to resist Soviet domination and develop socialism in certain ways contrary to the manner prescribed by Moscow. Tito and his Yugoslav Communists alone of the Eastern European satellites were able to do this, because only in Yugoslavia did the Communists come to power under their own steam. Unlike Tito, the Communists in Poland, Hungary, Romania, and Bulgaria had no national following, no army, no police of their own. They were put in office and kept in office by Soviet power.

Although insisting on their sovereignty and independence, the Yugoslav Communists were profoundly shocked by the Soviet excommunication. They were thoroughgoing Communists, and the principle of Soviet leadership was deeply ingrained. At first, Tito protested that he was misunderstood, that there was really no basic difference between Yugoslavia and the U.S.S.R. It appeared that he both hoped and expected all would be forgiven. When it was not, many Yugoslav Communists suffered real trauma. This psychological impact forced the Yugoslavs to see the Soviet Union and Soviet Communism through new eyes. When they recovered from their delusion, more than a year later, they spoke with undoubted sincerity about how they had been "duped" by Moscow.

But Tito and company remained afraid of the capitalist West. They still felt impelled to denounce "Western imperialism." Only when a crushing drought in 1950 brought the shaky Yugoslav economy to its knees did Tito accept American aid. When the United States did not attempt to subvert Yugoslav Communism, the grateful Yugoslav leaders then began to look at the possibilities of coöperation with the West.

The reorientation of foreign policy

A new set of Marxist theories, far different from the Soviet type, emerged; and Yugoslavia reversed its anti-Western foreign policy. The initial American grant was followed by an agreement for more aid, and soon large American economic and military missions set up shop in Belgrade.

Still Tito vacillated in foreign policy. Although agreeing that the Communists started the war in Korea and halfheartedly approving U.S.-U.N. intervention, the Yugoslavs stayed completely out of the action. NATO was viewed as a "provocative force." The possibility of an alliance with Greece and Turkey was denied. But the virulence of Soviet hostility worried Belgrade, and Tito now denounced the U.S.S.R. as "aggressive, imperialistic state capitalism."

Finally, with some American nudging, in August, 1954, he signed the Balkan Pact with Greece and

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Turkey, including a military alliance. Since Greece and Turkey are members of NATO, this meant that Yugoslavia had military relations with that organization, if only via the back door. This was accompanied by Yugoslav repudiation of neutralism as a policy and by a firm but cautious advocacy of West German rearmament.

Yet the Yugoslavs remained Eastern Communists. They could never feel happy as participants in a Western alliance erected against Communism, although they might feel they had to play along with it for security reasons. Regardless of what they said, they were frustrated neutralists. This has been clear from the way in which they have pursued friendship with India and Burma and talked about their desire for cooperation with "nations not members of any bloc."

Decentralized Marxism

At the same time, internal developments in Yugoslavia have been important. First, the Yugoslav Communists erected a new theoretical base for Communism, geared to nationalism and eschewing intervention, direct or indirect, in other countries. They took a course which had implicit in it some steps, however faltering, toward political democracy.

The new Yugoslav theory started by explaining how the Soviet Union itself had deviated from true Marxism. According to Marx, when a nation approaches Communism, the state will "wither away." In the U.S.S.R., it was said, a Communist bureaucracy under Stalin had seized the state, exploiting workers in place of the former capitalist exploiters. To maintain its position, this bureaucracy constantly had to become bigger and more dictatorial. There was thus no "withering away" and no progress toward Communism.

In 1950 Yugoslavia abandoned the doctrine to which the Kremlin was committed. "Decentralization," the Yugoslavs said, "is the road to withering away of the state and the true way of socialism." Both government and economy were decentralized, and there was a corresponding rise in the autonomy of the governments of the six republics and the municipalities.

The first and major reforms concerned the new system of worker management. Workers' councils, elected

by the workers, were set up in each factory, with almost unlimited authority to determine wages, working conditions, production, and prices. The highly centralized, top-heavy planning system patterned after that of the Soviet Union was abandoned. In its place was a plan which merely set forth desired goals of major items in the economy and provided a series of Keynesian controls.

Within this framework, the separate workers' councils were free to do what they wished, the only condition being that they must stay out of the red. Although there was no private ownership, the Yugoslav economy became something of a free market economy, with reliance on competition, the law of supply and demand, and even the profit motive.

In addition to decentralization, the Yugoslavs came forth with a new type of legislative body — the council of producers — consisting of members elected by the workers' councils. The theory is that where workers' councils give workers control of production, the producers' councils give them a say in formulation of government policies. These new bodies have become especially significant at the level of local government.

Communist Party domination

Despite this seemingly laissez-faire system, a high degree of control is maintained over the economy via the Communist Party, which is still the only party permitted. To control the workers' councils, the Party utilizes the national trade union "Sindikato." The Party controls the Sindikat, and the Sindikat absolutely dominates the worker-management system. Despite this, however, some workers' councils have run away with the ball, to Belgrade's annoyance, so that even in critical areas the economy has gotten out of balance.

In general, however, production of key industrial products has gone up since introduction of the new reforms. But the drive to industrialize has created a severe balance of payments problem. Industrial exports do not appear to be a likely way out of this situation. One reason is that Yugoslavia has so far to go in internal development, especially in the most backward areas of Bosnia-Herzegovina and Macedonia. Progress is being made. The standard of living

has improved somewhat over the past five years. But the problems ahead are enormous.

Agricultural crisis

The most important one is what to do about agriculture. Collectivization has been almost completely abandoned, but large imports of wheat and corn are still needed, and Tito has had to advise his people to eat less bread. Three serious droughts since 1950 unquestionably constitute a major factor in the plight of this once grain-rich country.

Although most peasants own their own land again and discrimination against them has eased enormously, they are not adequately represented in the government — constituting from 65 to 70 per cent of the population, as they do — and the whole society is rigidly geared to an industrial and worker rather than an agricultural and peasant outlook.

The Yugoslav Communists have set as a goal the creation of "communes," which are seen as more or less autonomous, economically self-sufficient units of local government, embracing city and surrounding countryside, industry and agriculture. They hope that when the whole country is organized into such communes, the peasants will be integrated into the socialist society. Establishment of the communes is still a long way off, however, while the agricultural crisis is now.

Even though the Communist Party is still the real residuary of political power, with the new developments has come a change in the nature of Tito's dictatorship. At least the harsher aspects of the police state have been eliminated, and the area of tolerated freedom of expression has been widened. One sees at the Belgrade Opera, for instance, Menotti's opera, *The Consul*, depicting the destruction of political opponents by the secret police of a Communist dictatorship. Independent candidates are now permitted to run for office. Although the National Assembly still operates like a rubber stamp, sharp differences of opinion are occasionally aired in local governments.

Most of the Yugoslavs seem to feel that the differences between Soviet Communism and the Yugoslavian variety are so great that any reversion

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"From whence," Jackson demanded, "or how obtained the idea that Catholicism is hostile to liberty, political and religious? Did not Catholic Maryland open her free bosom to all, and declare in her domain that no man should be persecuted for opinion's sake?"

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The Church is accused, at times, of persecution and oppression because of regulations applied by nations in which Catholicism is the established religion. There was an angry protest recently, for example, because of a requirement that U. S. military personnel in Spain apply to the Catholic Church for permission to marry. Nobody got excited over the fact that our personnel serving in Greenland and Saudi Arabia cannot get such permission at all. Nor does anyone



demand a protest to Norway because all marriages require approval of a *non-Catholic* clergyman.

The difficulties of a nation should not be ascribed, of course, to the religion of its people... and no reasonable person would, for instance, blame England's social and political problems on her non-Catholic state religion. Neither should the Catholic Church be criticized for such things in so-called "Catholic countries."

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I am a Christian. Does that make me my brother's keeper? When my stomach is full must I be concerned about others, whose stomachs are empty? Must I? Am I *compelled* to think about these others? Or is it just, God helping me, that I *want* to think about them and because I have a heart, desire to help them?

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to the Kremlin kind of dictatorship is no longer possible.

The Kremlin's overtures

The change in Soviet tactics became apparent early last summer when bouncy, wisecracking Vasily Valkov, Soviet ambassador in Belgrade, paid a call on Tito. It reached a high peak with the visit of the top Soviet leaders, Khrushchev and Bulganin, to Belgrade. Even before that event, Moscow had abruptly halted its propaganda warfare against Yugoslavia, and conciliatory statements became the order of the day. Diplomacy, trade, and communications were resumed between Yugoslavia and the Soviet bloc.

The Yugoslavs call this the process of "normalization." Thus far it has been all on Soviet initiative, but Tito has been far from unresponsive to it. The Yugoslav Communists welcome the changed Soviet attitude because, unquestionably, the scorn of the rest of the Communist community was embarrassing to them, and Soviet hostility forced them deeper into the Western alliance than they liked.

But Tito has denied over again that this means he will rejoin the Soviet bloc or that Yugoslavia's relations with the West will be less cordial. He insists that Yugoslav foreign policy is 100 per cent independent and that it will remain so.

Tito has been at especial pains to reassure the skeptical Americans, many of whom have felt neither happy nor secure about their alliance with a Communist country. Before trade talks with the Soviet Union began last fall, he sent an emissary to the U.S. embassy in Belgrade to emphasize that nothing political was involved, and that no strategic materials would be traded to the Russians. "Even the Republicans in Washington are for more East-West trade," Tito told an American visitor. "That is all that is involved here."

Actually, Yugoslav foreign policy, perhaps reflecting an uncertain domestic policy, is far from clear. What is clear is that ever since the Balkan Pact was signed last August and the Trieste issue resolved soon thereafter, Tito has been pulling back slightly from cooperation with Western military plans and has once more assumed a neutralist position.

ATLANTIC

Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

The Girl Scouts

SIR:

The May *Atlantic* contains an article by Ben H. Bagdikian entitled "What Happened to the Girl Scouts?" which I have read with interest.

It has long been a policy of the Girl Scouts not to take part in anything of a political or controversial nature. It had become apparent that the United Nations is still regarded as such in many sections of our country, and that to many people, some of whom are members of our Girl Scout organization, our country's participation is distasteful. Although I personally feel the United Nations organization is a necessity, and our country's membership advisable, because of the controversial aspect it seemed to me that certain references thereto in our *Handbook*, which were apparently objectionable to many, should be deleted. Furthermore, it became my personal opinion that it was unfortunate that all our Girl Scout dealings with the UN had not been carried on through the World Association of Girl Guides and Girl Scouts, acting for all its member organizations. It seemed to me this would have saved us from trouble in the past, and might do so in the future.

With Mr. Bagdikian's last paragraph, praising and endorsing the Girl Scouts and their beliefs and program, we know there is agreement everywhere, as witness our continued and rapid growth.

KATHERINE G. FENIMORE COOPER
New York City

Mr. Bagdikian and I spent a great many hours carefully comparing the

earlier editions of the *Handbook* with that which was finally revised in 1954; and some of the changes seemed to us indefensible. It is perfectly proper for an institution such as the Girl Scouts to avoid political discussions. But in our eyes this country's commitment to the United Nations is not a political matter. It is a national policy endorsed by both parties for a decade and objected to today by only a very small remnant of rabid isolationists. — THE EDITOR

SIR:

Ben H. Bagdikian states that the "pusillanimous behavior" of the Girl Scouts of America in toning down the international theme of its *Handbook* under the attack of Illinois Legionnaires, isolationists, and extremists does not mean that the Girl Scouts have "altered their basic ideas about international friendship and the United Nations," but was due to the fact that they "decided it was no longer safe to say . . . too plainly" that they still encourage "idealism, good citizenship, and international friendship." I am writing to express my shame that they no longer find it safe to say so plainly.

I am ashamed that the "climate of the nation" has so changed as now to make it disrespectful to be enthusiastic about world friendship. I lament that the proponents of isolationism have become strong enough to intimidate so great an international influence as the Girl Scouts into acquiescence.

While stationed in Europe with the armed services I became boastingly proud of some of my fellow countrymen and thoroughly ashamed to be

categorized with others. Of the latter, McCarthy and company and the American Legion are cases in point. I cannot fail to find it paradoxical that the American Legion, composed for the most part of men who fought in three wars for an international cause, could, in its zeal for "Americanism," sever itself from internationalism.

WILLIAM A. PEASE
Rockland, Maine

SIR:

As a former Girl Scout (2nd class) and the mother of two future Girl Scouts, I read with much interest the article "What Happened to the Girl Scouts?"

To my way of thinking, the article was incomplete. Mr. Bagdikian was writing, perhaps, a strictly reportorial piece, but it seems to me that a little more editorializing is in order.

After considering the numerous changes (principally playing down internationalism) made in the *Girl Scout Handbook* in 1954 because of "political demagoguery" and the pressure from TV newscaster Robert T. Le Fevre and the Illinois Legionnaires, which resulted in remarks in Congress and letters of protest to the Girl Scout organization, Mr. Bagdikian ultimately asks, "Have the Girl Scouts changed?" And he decides that they have not. I don't think so either, as far as individual Girl Scout members are concerned. But if I were a Girl Scout today and at all aware of the changes being made in the *Handbook*, I think I would have serious doubts about the competence of my leaders and be pretty sore about their lack of courage in backing up their own convictions.

If I were one of the local leaders who had been asked by the Girl Scout national headquarters "not to comment on the attacks" and warned to "keep quiet about the changes," I'm afraid my impulse would be to yell bloody murder instead. At the very least, I would surely want to ask the National Council a few questions.

Just what is it that the National Executive Council of the Girl Scouts fears? Is their financial existence threatened? I don't know how the Girl Scout organization is financed outside of dues and an allocation from the United Crusade Fund. Are they also privately endowed, and is there danger that these funds might be withdrawn? If so, the situation naturally becomes more complex. Even if this is the case, I still think their policy of appeasement as an easy way out is far from admirable, not to say downright dangerous.

For no generation has had a better example than ours of the tragedy inherent in a policy of appeasement, of compromise of conviction. I'm not against compromise as such — in fact, I know of no way of existence that doesn't include it. But as a way of life, it's for the birds. Any belief that's worth believing in is worth fighting for.

If the Girl Scout organization persists in its present attitude, I think it could have tragic consequences for scouting. Either way the organization's existence is threatened. How much more respectable it would be for its leaders and members to be willing to battle a bit for their beliefs, whether they concern internationalism or the correct way to tie a square knot!

JEAN GLEASON
Berkeley, Calif.

Dedicated Writers

SIR:

Just when one is about to lose faith in our inalienable freedoms of speech and the press, William Saroyan's "Twenty Years of Writing" appears in the May *Atlantic*. It is a majestic piece of writing.

I have been a sampler of Mr. Saroyan's published writings for many years with apathetic interest, but I am flabbergasted by the simplicity, beauty, and penetration of this essay.

Einstein dies; Saroyan matures. Perhaps this sounds fulsome, but the man shows distinct symptoms of genius. After the bewildered gibberish of Hemingway (and his imitators)

it is inspiring and incredibly moving to discover a prominent writer mentioning the soul.

There is no doubt in my mind that Mr. Saroyan *will* continue to write for twenty more years. And I fervently hope I live to read what he produces, because it is likely to create the literary revolution he intended.

Mr. Saroyan's article should be included in every course in writing in the country. It is heart-warming to be reminded there are still one or two *dedicated* writers.

Congratulations to the *Atlantic* for publishing such an honest article.

THOMAS MURPHY
Philadelphia, Penn.

SIR:

As a writer who has not been swallowed up in the maelstrom of publishing politics or caught in the trap of conformity to the whims and wishes of frightened publishers, movie magnates, and Broadway backers, but has maintained his individuality, even though that has meant diminishing financial returns, William Saroyan should be singled out as the unpublished writer's John D'Arc.

Perhaps the most significant remark he makes in his article is that the writer "neither walks with the multitude nor cheers with them." The reader who knows Saroyan also knows that he cheers the multitude, celebrates the common man in commonplace situations — and that this is an optimistic cheer sincerely uttered. Saroyan stands for something that is slowly being choked to death in the materialistic realm of creative writing — freedom. It is better to eat the crust of bread of honesty than the steak of deceit. His message to the novice writer, one that I shall certainly pass on to my high school English students, should be the first commandment in a writer's Bible.

It is interesting that his advice concerning courses in creative writing in colleges and universities — that they are useless — is followed by Roy Cowden's excellent article, "Teaching

Creative Writing." It is a clever turning of the coin to see the other side.

MELVERN R. MOLYNEUX
Middleport, N.Y.

Gifted Children

SIR:

"The Under-Educated," by Robert C. Wilson (May *Atlantic*), is another encouraging evidence that there is concern about the education our ablest children are receiving. It seems incredible that a special fund should have to be earmarked for a "Gifted Child Project."

If there was ever a case of "too little and too late," it would seem to be this whole matter of schooling for the intellectuals of the future. We can only hope that it is not too late to arouse the American public to the absurd waste that we have tolerated for several decades while we have been priding ourselves on the huge enrollments in our high schools.

Particularly important to underline is one of Mr. Wilson's opening remarks: "By the time [the gifted] student reaches high school, the years of wasted energy and the lack of opportunity to learn effective work habits have seriously hampered his potentialities for doing any sort of intellectual work commensurate with his ability." Some rescue work can be done later, but the time to make thoughtful and creative students out of bright children is before they turn their good minds away from the world accurately described by one: "School is where you sit and sit and wait for other people to make mistakes."

The smartest and most superficial enjoy pouncing on mistakes and waving their hands with "the right answer." Those with more depth of intellectual power and reason often withdraw with a shrug, not wishing to show off. These children in the eighth and ninth grades need encouragement. They need to use their minds so that they can profit by the kind of education described by Mr. Wilson as successful in the senior high school.

Scholarships for university study may help some real students who have avoided the boredom of mediocre schooling. But the much more important thing right now is to offer first-rate schooling to first-rate minds. It is in the junior high schools that the most extensive reforms are needed.

ISABEL McL. STEPHENS
Woodstock, Vt.

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LES GIRLS

by CONSTANCE TOMKINSON

I ADORE the Can-Can," said my hostess. "It's so gay."

"Gay," said I, bitterly. "It's murder!"

We were seated in a dimly lit night club in the rue Pigalle watching the floor show, and I thought Montmartre seemed much the same as before the war. The names of some of the places had changed, but once inside I recognized them as old friends with their faces lifted. It was pleasant to be seated in the audience, on the receiving end, seeing somebody else hurl herself around like a jack-in-the-box.

I was worn out just watching that apparently effortless, carefree Can-Can. A strong instinct of self-preservation had taught me ways of faking that devastating dance. My star turn (carefully selected by me) had been the jumping splits. It may seem an odd choice, but there I saw opportunities of faking not possible in the terrifying turns holding an ankle in one hand, or in the killing double kicks. In the splits, I had perfected the technique of only going halfway down and then with a great flourish throwing my billowing skirts around so that no one could see the gap between me and the floor.

The swish of white petticoats and the flash of black net stockings took me back to 1937 and my arrival in Paris from Sweden with five other exhausted chorus girls. The season at the Cabarethallen in Gothenburg, dancing with the Millerettes,

was only just behind us. The captious might have regarded our journey as a retreat from Sweden, but we veterans regarded it as a surprise attack on Paris. Beryl had worked in Paris before and knew of a small hotel in Montmartre, La Petite Terrasse, not too clean, not too comfortable, but cheap — an important consideration, as our whole contingent did not possess more than 2000 francs.

In response to our inquiries the Dragon behind the desk busied herself opening and shutting drawers and rustling long lists as she cast a beady eye over our dirty faces and rumpled clothing. She was unable to find any vacancies until her eyes came to rest on Beryl's substantial cowhide cases; then suddenly she found three doubles. We collapsed on our beds and slept for twenty-four hours.

We woke at noon the next day and we knew we had to get jobs at once. We planned our assault over a yard of bread and a pot of *confiture*. Pat and Sally drew up a list of the theaters most likely to offer us employment, starting at the top with the Folies-Bergère and working down the scale to the popular music hall, the A.B.C. Beryl said we should arrive at the theaters in the hour before the curtain went up, when everybody of importance would be there. We would not go in a clutch (that would flood the market) but two at a time, with the reserves waiting at a discreet distance from the stage door.

Having put on a light stage make-up, we selected

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from our combined wardrobes six eye-catching outfits. There was a careful inspection, and when everyone was dressed to everyone else's satisfaction, we were ready for the onslaught. It was a hot summer evening, and only the threat of a heat stroke prevented Beryl from smothering herself in her silver foxes.

We were pleased with the general effect, and as we passed through the entrance hall of the hotel we were rewarded by an open-mouthed stare from the Dragon at the desk. Our confidence was strengthened by the many appreciative male glances cast in our direction as we clip-clopped along, trailing whiffs of Chanel Numéro Cinq.

We arrived at a door in a narrow street. It was not imposing, but to us it looked formidable — the stage door of the Folies-Bergère. Pat and Sally, our best dancers, were sent in first to beard Bluebell in her den; the chorus here (Les Girls) was her responsibility.

Pat and Sally returned in a few minutes, turned down. "Her loss," said Sally nonchalantly.

"What's she like?" we inquired anxiously.

"A bit of a cow," said Pat acidly.

Our second string, Beryl and Mary, were in and out in less time.

"She likes 'em tall," said Beryl in self-defense.

It was debatable whether it was worthwhile for the least experienced members of the team, Angela and myself, even to try.

"Have a go," said Mary. "What have you got to lose?"

Angela sailed in exuding confidence; I followed exuding nothing at all. Bluebell was standing on the side of the stage, by this time a little startled to see such a procession of English dancers. She was English herself, and an ex-dancer, pretty in a pink and white, Dresden china sort of way with large innocent blue eyes, rather like an expensive doll. Her name and appearance were deceptive. Bluebell was no shy, retiring flower, but a hardy Parisian perennial. She was a capable woman, and under that fragile exterior lurked a will of iron. She took one look at Angela's plump outline and said kindly but firmly, "I'm afraid not, dear." We started for the door, Angela's poise unshaken.

"Do you want a job?" Bluebell was speaking to me.

"Yes," I said, somewhat taken aback. I had given up all hope.

She gave me a careful appraising look from my open-toed sandals to my top curl.

"When can you start?"

"Oh, er — any time."

"The pay is 550 francs a week." There was no nonsense about Bluebell. "Come back in fifteen minutes, and I'll take you out front to watch the show. You can go on tomorrow in the easy numbers."

I followed Angela in a daze into the street.

"I'm in!" I told the others. "And she didn't even ask for a high kick." They were not as surprised as I. "It's figures she's after," said Pat without malice. They weren't envious; they were only relieved that we now had one breadwinner. Their parting shot, as they hurried off to the next on the list, the Casino de Paris, was "Don't let her rattle you, Tommie. Keep your end up."

It was hard not to be rattled as I waited in the foyer for Bluebell to arrange for my seat. The patrons were crowding in. I was ushered into a second row armchair seat between two male customers — a small, dapper Latin and a large, opulent Teuton. The theater looked immense, and very grand after the Cabarethallen in Gothenburg, and the audience were quite unlike the comfortable, homely types in Sweden. It gave me butterflies in the stomach.

When the curtain went up, I was staggered at the size of the stage. I leaned forward on the edge of my seat, trying to master the routines at a glance. I looked for the easy numbers but I couldn't find any. I followed every movement of the dancers with my eyes and my head, as if watching an imaginary fly. I tried to do the steps in miniature, denoting turns by twists of the wrist, jiggling my knees up and down for the kicks, and doing some neat little footwork under the seat. All the time I was counting, "Up, two, three, four. Down, two, three, four."

I went backstage in the interval to meet the Captain, who was to take me through some of the numbers. She was tall, blonde, and rather distraught. On the side of the stage, as the sceneshifters rushed around us moving huge flats, in a tired, patient voice she began: "The first number. The curtain goes up, see, and there we are in all those sequins. You know."

"Oh, yes," I said, eager to be helpful.

"Put your hands on your knees and waggle them from side to side on the beat." She demonstrated. "Got it?"

I nodded, and ducked as a sceneshifter missed me by a centimeter.

"And you sing, '*Jouez-vous, jouez-vous, jouez avec nous!*'"

"*Jouez* what?" I said, trying to get the drift.

"Never mind. It doesn't matter. Just open and shut your mouth, and smile." I could see myself with a broad vacant grin operating like a ventriloquist's dummy.

I was persistent. "Is it sort of coaxing them to come and play with us?"

"Could be." Her eye traveled over me. "You'll be able to wear Evelyn's costume. She's left." I didn't ask why she'd left, but from the look of the arduous routines I had seen, it didn't surprise me.

After the show I walked back to the Terrasse. I found that Pat and Sally had been taken on in Maurice Chevalier's show at the Casino, and

Angela was going into Mistinguette's "*Ça c'est Paris*" at the Mogador. When I entered, Pat was reassuring Beryl and Mary, "Why, the A.B.C. will snaffle you up like bits of buttered toast."

"Not me, they won't," said Beryl coldly. "Three shows a day! Not bloody likely!" She then revealed that she had a little nest egg (undeclared Swedish booty) and thought she'd earned a little holiday. On this happy note, we sat down to our table (Beryl's largest cowhide) and dined on another yard of bread and cold *saucisson*, celebrating with a bottle of *vin ordinaire*.

2

THE Folies-Bergère is one of the best shows in Europe. The cast includes some of the cream of Continental revue artists, and as a spectacle, with its beautiful sets and lavish costumes, it has no equal. The show changes every year, but the pattern remains the same.

As a spectator I saw it only once, and then I was concentrating on Les Girls. From then on I merely had a kaleidoscopic impression of entrances and exits — whom we followed and who followed us. I might catch the last few seconds of some Gallic skit, my appreciation of which was marred by feverish efforts to do up the snaps on my costume; or as I left the stage, making equally feverish efforts to undo them, I would bump into the act to follow.

The only artists I had an opportunity to study were those on stage with us, and I was poorly placed to appreciate them. I was at a loss to explain the success of the comedians (one tall and thin, the other short and fat) but I've no doubt they were funnier from the front than from the rear. I had no time for a young blonde, billed as an American, who sang songs in English with a French accent and took an unconscionable time about it. I saw her again in New York, where, billed as a French *chanteuse*, she was singing French songs with an American accent. She seemed to have speeded up her act, and the effect was better when she was facing you.

The artist who was never boring from any angle was our star, Josephine Baker. She enchanted the company as well as the patrons. Josephine with her exquisite figure and lovely long legs was an unusual mixture of glamour and comedy. In one number she would be sleek and sexy; in the next, a droll, touching gamin. In one scene she was the last word in *café-au-lait* elegance; in another, a loose-limbed, clumsy little waif. She carried herself like a Duchess and could handle a train with dexterity. But she wore her cloak of glamour lightly and never seemed to take herself seriously. She could move an audience from one mood to another with astonishing ease. It was sleight of hand. There was a hint of mockery in everything she did, and a touch of magic.

The first night I was in the show I was led to believe, from the excitement and general chaos, that there must be some crisis; but I soon learned that every night there seemed to be a crisis at the Folies. There was great dash and *élan* backstage, but little coördination. Many orders were given, but few taken. I expected what little organization there was to fall apart at any moment, but miraculously it held together. I decided it must be the French way.

The audience were kind to all the acts, but they really came to see Josephine, the nudes, and Les Girls. Les Girls, with the exception of the odd Viennese or German, were English. "Why English?" people used to ask.

I did not know, but that never prevented me from giving an answer. "It gives the show an international flavor," I used to explain glibly. The real reason, I suspect, was that the English are undeniably better dancers than their French opposites. The Radio City Rockettes would be impossible with French personnel. French dancers are individualists, and too undisciplined to make good chorus girls. There is always a great variety in their execution; they never give the effect of doing the same thing, even when they are, and a good deal of the time they are not.

Half of Les Girls were platinum blondes and half redheads, which was extremely effective on stage. At full strength we were twenty-four, but somebody was always off — on holiday (we were given two weeks a year) or disabled (there was always a sprained ankle, a torn ligament, or a twisted knee among us). If a blonde was missing, the Captain would lop off a redhead to restore the balance. If there were two redheads off, she would rush on a blonde in a red wig to maintain the pattern. I often masqueraded as a redhead, sporting a short curled wig like Harpo Marx.

It was no easy job keeping Les Girls in line, and Bluebell managed it with great skill; she even gained our affection. She had a problem to keep up the standard with dancers coming and going (few could stand the pace for long); and with all the attractions outside the theater, she had to be on the alert. The girls led such active private lives it was a wonder they had anything to give to the show; hardly a week went by without some emotional tangle which Bluebell had to straighten out. Some of the dancers had their regular followers at the stage door; some were involved with members of the male chorus, though on the whole the male chorus were more interested in one another than they were in us.

Despite the fact that the girls spent most of their time grumbling, the morale was high. They took a real pride in the show and tried never to let Bluebell down. I did my best, within reason, not to disgrace her; and with the aid of some judicious faking in the more grueling numbers, I think I succeeded.

I was devoted to Les Girls. They were gay, gen-

erous, and highly entertaining. They had the same cockney resilience as the troupe I danced with in Sweden; nothing got them down for long. But they were older, tougher, and more sophisticated than most of the little Millerettes.

Out front the Folies-Bergère may have been splendid, but backstage it was like a huge barn; even the star dressing room looked like a horse box. There were two dressing rooms for the platinums and two for the reds on either side of the stage, way up under the rafters. I was in one that was dark and airless and far too small to accommodate six girls. Mirrors and make-up tables circled the room, and in the middle was a great forest of costumes on racks.

Nobody could have called it a home away from home, but the girls had managed to turn it into a little corner of England. Snaps of their families and friends were stuck in the mirrors, and postcards covered the empty spaces on the walls. Everything they could find which reminded them of home was cherished, from pictures of the Royal Family and tiny Union Jacks to empty Peek Frean biscuit tins and knitted tea cozies for our precious teapot.

We had two elderly dressers, who drifted around aimlessly, getting in our way. They were supposed to take care of us, but we took care of them. We gave them our cast-off clothing, brought them little treats, and generally jollied them along. They understood no English and thought we were mad, but they basked in our affection. We always struck them as comic, and occasionally they would glance at each other and go off into cackles of laughter.

Every interval we would have a "cuppa," carefully brewed by the girls from tea which had been sent from England. I'll never forget those cups of tea. They were so strong they would have picked you up out of your grave. And, believe me, we needed them. We worked hard for our money. Life at the Folies was certainly gay, but it was not all beer and skittles. In fact, there were neither skittles nor beer — a constant complaint of Les Girls, who hated being deprived of their "mild and bitter." However, we made do with cheap champagne at twenty francs a bottle. Reinforced with the champagne, we battled through thirteen numbers each performance.

The champagne was merely to quench our thirst in the heat and dust of the theater, but the tea was a nightly ritual performed by each of us in turn. The dressers were under strict instructions never to go near the teapot. There was no silver tea service and no Crown Derby, but the large thick glasses were handed around with ceremony. When my turn came, there were always complaints: "Tom-mie, you didn't hot the pot!" or "The *pot* to the *kettle*, darling. Not the *kettle* to the *pot*!"

The truth was that I hadn't given it my attention. I had had to wrench myself from Louis the

Stammerer, Louis the Foolish, and Louis the Good-for-Nothing, and my mind wasn't on making tea. The interval was dedicated to knowledge. I was studying a French history I bought for one franc from a bookstall by the Seine. It only went up to the French Revolution, and from its yellowed pages and general condition it might have been printed shortly after. I was conscientiously endeavoring to broaden my historical horizon by working my way through the Carolingians, the Capetians, and the Bourbons. A king a night was my target.

As I sat there quietly cursing the Bourbons (Marat, Robespierre, and I saw eye to eye) the girls were cursing the numbers, the costumes, and the primitive plumbing. Their swearing vocabulary in English was extensive, but to this they had added "*Merde alors*" and a few other French expletives, which added color to the conversational buzz.

Les Girls kept pretty much to themselves in the theater, partly because of the language barrier and partly because they were much busier than anyone else. There was little opportunity for passing the time of day (particularly when you had to pass it in broken French).

I was popular with the other artists, not because of my personal charm, but because I was a Canadian. The fact that I was obviously not a French Canadian did not bother them. There were people of all nationalities in the company, and whenever they needed an interpreter, they would misguidedly rush to me.

"Ah," they would say, "*La Canadienne!*" and drag me into some garbled discussion. I consistently let them down with wild and free translations, but they never lost faith in my linguistic abilities. No end of confidences and grievances were poured in my ear. I became a sort of mother confessor. Their secrets were safe with me; they went in one ear and out the other untranslated.

3

WHEN I mention casually that I used to be in the Folies, people give me a rather ooh-la-la look, and usually say facetiously, "Don't tell me you were a nude!" When I say, "Oh, no. I was a dancer," they always seem disappointed, and somewhat cheated. But a moment later a more cheerful look crosses their faces, which says pretty clearly, "Well, naturally, she's not going to admit it!"

There were good reasons, other than modesty, for being a dancer instead of a nude. Dancers were better paid. And traveling on a British passport, I might have been in trouble with the Consul, who would not have approved of my sporting about in nothing.

The nudes, all French, led a much easier life than we did. They earned less but they needed less. Most of them had wealthy "protectors" and did not have to work. But they enjoyed the camaraderie

of the Folies, and the "protectors" enjoyed the prestige of having their lady friends so spectacularly placed. Also, it was a simple way of keeping them happy and out of mischief. On the latter score, they did not always succeed, as there were inevitably in the theater young men of amorous intent. Every night after the show, there would be a cluster of expensive, chauffeur-driven cars parked near the stage door. In the back seats could be seen the satisfied "protectors" patiently waiting.

To say I was not a nude is not strictly true. On stage I was not, but backstage I most certainly was. While the nudes stood demurely in the wings enclosed in wrappers, the dancers tore up and down the spiral iron staircases taking off their costumes on the way up and putting them on on the way down. Modesty had to be thrown to the winds in the desperate struggle to cover the vast distances from the dressing rooms to the stage in time for each number. Nearly all the thirteen changes of costume had to be made at lightning speed, and the split-second timing was a strain on the nerves. I used to console myself with the thought that, if I did not manage to get into my costume, I could not be better placed for such a disaster. It would have been less conspicuous on that stage than anywhere else.

Never in any theater have I worn so much, and never have I had to juggle so many props — maddening little bits and bobs like anklets, armlets, fans, and such impedimenta. The only way to transport these from dressing room to stage was in my teeth.

In one number, I was buried in so many red ostrich feathers I could have equipped a Russian aviary. In another, I was practically covered from head to toe in red and black flannel. This was in a French Colonial setting (apparently a *must* in every Folies show), and I was a spahi in high black leather boots, full pantaloons, a long-sleeved jacket topped with a red felt hat, and a long flowing cape. It was a beautiful costume, once I had it on, but the trousers were a snare. I nearly fell down the spiral staircase one night in my struggle to get into them. In a hurry, and in the dim light, I got hopelessly entangled with both feet in the same leg. Somebody caught me by the seat of my pantaloons as I started my descent down the staircase, and I managed, with help, to get my legs and pantlegs sorted out.

In one of the gala spectacles of the show, I was attired in a full Louis Quatorze court dress, draped on a great wire frame. This costume was further enhanced by a white powdered wig which was the height of a pagoda. This was the quickest change of the lot and, to confuse centuries, was almost my Waterloo. I used to rush through the corridors in high-heeled shoes with my voluminous dress, the size of a small bell tent, under my arm, struggling vainly to put on my wig. I would arrive on the stage still unclothed — and if I did not have time

to slip into my dress before the curtain went up, I could always step behind it. I did not have to move, and stood in a stately fashion with my heavily becostumed front and nearly bare rear. The effect was respectable, the feel drafty. But standing with my arms tightly to my sides to keep my dress from falling off, I was unable to adjust my wig.

That wig was a thorn in my flesh. It was made for my predecessor, Evelyn, who had a much larger head. Every evening with monotonous regularity it gradually sank over one ear. From then on I turned into a subtle contortionist in my endeavors to keep under it. This involved a freewheeling in the knees, and my special Leaning Tower of Pisa technique with a contrary crick to the neck. I kept my wig on, though I dare say something of the general effect was lost through these gyrations.

4

THE most hair-raising number for me was the Arctic scene. What we were doing in the Arctic was never made clear to me, but there we were, exquisitely clad in white rabbit fur. I made a spectacular entrance leading on six white huskies pulling a white sleigh down a steep runway. In the sleigh reclined Josephine enveloped in luxurious white fox.

Placing me in such a position was, I feel sure, regarded by the management as an inspired bit of casting — the girl of the frozen north in her natural habitat. But I was far from happy. I doubt that those dogs were huskies — they may have been merely chows — but to me they were a pack of wolves and between us was a feeling of mutual hatred. They had a lean and hungry look, and I was convinced they intended to make a quick snack of me. Every performance they used to give me a playful little nip in my most vulnerable spot — between the edge of my skirt and the top of my white kid boots.

One night one of them really got his teeth into me. With a startled shriek and an unmistakable English "Ouch!" I shot forward dragging the dogs, the sleigh, and Josephine. We hurtled down the ramp, gathering speed. Fortunately, I tripped and fell, which pulled the dogs up just as they were poised to leap the crevasse of the orchestra pit. Josephine stepped gracefully out of the sleigh without turning a hair of her neatly trimmed head, and carried on as if it had all been part of the plan; but for the rest of the number I had to prance about gaily with a smudged face and skinned knees. After the show, I told Josephine how sorry I was.

"That's all right, *chérie*," she said in her soft American accent. "They think, being a Canadian, you're in the habit of taking huskies instead of taxis!" She winked at me. "But don't worry, darling. I'll fix it."

And she did. The next night I was replaced on the polar run by someone made of sterner stuff.

In one number I was entirely hidden from view; that was when I was the back end of the purple cow. Four gaily colored cows did a little dance on point in an attractive dairy scene. It might be more accurate to say three and a half cows did it on point. My ballet training having been somewhat inadequate, I found it tiring, and after the first effort I decided to do my bit on the flats of my feet. I had it firmly in mind that because I couldn't see the audience, they couldn't see me.

The dancer in front could see through slits in the eyes of the cow where she was going, but the hind-quarters had to rely on instinct (and the forward half) to get about. I have no bump of direction, and I was literally in the dark. I didn't know where I was, but one thing was certain: I was never in the proper place. Most of the time I traveled sideways on to the audience. Occasionally I would give of my best in the wings, completely out of sight, and one memorable night I got us neatly turned around, and danced enthusiastically for half the number with my tail to the audience.

In theory, the front legs gave the back legs instructions. I got plenty of muffled orders but I could not translate them. The front leg's French was even worse than mine. She was German — a handsome fair-haired Berliner, a slim version of Hitler's ideal Aryan beauty; but she lacked something essential at the Folies: sex appeal.

It used to upset her that we were always askew. I cannot truthfully say that it ever weighed heavily on my mind. But my better half was a perfectionist, and the goose-stepping tradition was outraged by my sloppiness. In desperation she offered to teach me German to enable me to grasp the instructions, and in exchange she was most anxious to learn English.

The only time we had for lessons was on stage. In a sultry subtropical scene, while Josephine, enticingly clad in a few bits of strategically placed gold leaf, was being hurled around the stage by two partners in a flashy adagio number, the lessons took place. It was not the proper atmosphere in which to master a language, but the two of us stood through this scene, outlined against the backdrop of palm trees, waving our arms in a sultry subtropical fashion, grappling the while with infinitives and past participles.

It was rather difficult to concentrate with all the activity going on around us, but it brought results. The maneuvers of the purple cow improved. As we cruised around the stage, I translated with ease my instructions, "*Links, ein, zwei, drei, vier, halt.*" The only complication that remained was that I have always had difficulty in remembering which is my left and which my right, and calling them *Links* and *Rechts* made it no easier.

I thought we were doing nicely, but she was

never satisfied. She used to say severely in her broken English, "*Die udder cows dey are goot, but die purple cow, he is sehr schlecht!*"

5

AT THE Folies there were finales within finales, but the number I seem to recall as the final finale was the Wedding Cake scene. A huge tiered cake elaborately iced covered most of the stage. To get into position was like scaling Mount Everest, without an ice axe and crampons. Every night I climbed to the summit unroped; half the cast were involved in the expedition, but few reached my dizzy heights. The air was fresh up there, but I have no head for heights, and behind me yawned a great precipice where the other half of the cake should have been. And the slightest cough sent a tremor through the flimsy structure, which confirmed my lack of faith in French engineering.

The blondes and redheads, as bridesmaids in white organdie, were precariously grouped over the tiers carrying electric candles, which at a given cue were intended to light up (they rarely did). As the first swelling notes of what was supposed to be a church organ emerged from the orchestra pit (cue to turn on our candles) Josephine, the blushing bride in virginal white, appeared over the peak and burst into song. The curtain fell on a wave of sentiment which produced such a roar of applause that I feared it might bring on an avalanche.

The star Can-Can dancers were rushed every night by taxi from the theater to do another finale — the Grande Finale at the Bal Tabarin. My faking at the Folies must have been successful, for when one of the Can-Can girls sprained her ankle, I was chosen to replace her. At first I was pleased. It was a great honor, and it meant fifty francs more a week. But my enthusiasm paled, as I soon found out it was much easier to fake in a theater than in a night club. I was forced to dance full out. A sprained ankle would have been a merciful release. I realized I would be lucky if I didn't end up with two broken legs. That Can-Can! The music so gay, the costumes so saucy, and the dance such torture!

These dancers were all old-timers and formed the hard core of Les Girls. They had stuck with it long enough to become infatuated with the life, and Paris had become for them a second home. There was Jeannie, who came from Glasgow. She had been at the Folies for years, but she was as much a Glaswegian as the day she crossed the Channel. Her Scottish burr and sound common sense constantly brought us back to earth in that frivolous French atmosphere. But she was happy at the Folies, and liked Paris almost as much as Glasgow.

The Captain, another old-timer, was the only one of us who lead a comparatively normal domestic life. She was "walking out" with a respectable

young man who was the representative in France of an English firm of exporters. She had a small flat, furnished as nearly as she could get to contemporary Kensington. She was house proud and loved cooking. Her spare moments, which were few, were occupied in jotting down recipes collected from the nudes. She was Bluebell's devoted slave, but the exporter was never allowed to suffer. She darned his socks in the interval, and took him home after the show and cooked him a hot meal in the small hours.

Most of the girls stood up well to temptation, but if you wanted to go to the bad, there was no better starting point. Gloria, unlike Jeannie and the Captain, had changed beyond all recognition since joining the Folies. When she first came she had been quiet and rather shy, but now she was as bold as brass.

I lived at the Terrasse with the other Swedish veterans for several weeks until Pat and Sally, with their usual enterprise, found a couple of *soi-disant* furnished apartments above a *boulangerie* in a recently converted building in the rue St. Lazare. It was nearer the theaters and would work out cheaper than the Terrasse. They took one, and Angela and I the other. Both were minute. Ours was made up of a triangular room so small you couldn't swing a kitten in it, and a bathroom which would hold only one at a time. The furnishings consisted of a double bed and the fixtures.

They were bachelor apartments — ideal for a very small bachelor who hadn't any clothes and didn't eat. But they were new and clean, the walls done in apple green; and there were no cockroaches or bedbugs. The bathroom fixtures were impressive after the stained relics of the Terrasse; the bathtub even had an escape pipe. The water escaped through the pipe onto the bathroom floor.

It wasn't smart to live in Montmartre, but we couldn't afford to live anywhere else. It was cheap, and it was a great advantage, if worst came to worst, to be able to walk home in the small hours.

My family were delighted to hear that I was in Paris and working. They felt there were far more opportunities there for my cultural development than in Sweden. My father was so proud of me that Mother had to restrain him from rushing out and telling the Sunday School teachers, the organist, or anyone else in his congregation who would listen, that I was in the Folies-Bergère — an explosive piece of information which might have blown my father clean out of his church.

I had dinner after midnight, carried on my social life until two or three, and slept until noon. In the afternoon I went sightseeing. I spent most of my money on clothes, and there was very little left for food. I was prepared to pay for my lunch in a tiny *bistro* near our apartment, but I had no intention of paying for my dinner. My plan was that some kind gentleman should finance this meal.

It made for some sharp contrasts in atmosphere and food.

My meal tickets were a motley crew. There was Joe, the owner of a successful chain of laundries in Pittsburgh, a tubby little man who always appeared in his American Legion uniform. I had no immediate plans for taking in washing, but I became extremely knowledgeable on such topics as large-scale sorting, the required number of rinses, and the question, to bleach or not to bleach. He was a gentle creature, but on the subject of home laundering he became quite vicious. Our association was nearly brought to an end when he found I washed my own clothes. Joe was a staunch and faithful meal ticket. Frankly, he was not the kind of man for whom I would have counted the world well lost, but he did speak English, and his intentions were strictly honorable.

Not so the Marquis de V——, whose intentions were strictly otherwise. Nonetheless, I managed to dine at his expense for six weeks, while apparently not understanding his intentions. In fact, they were all I did understand, as he did not speak a word of English. When the pangs of hunger had subsided, I would smile at him, and he would gaze soulfully at me with his large boudoir eyes. Intercepting one of those looks, even a sweet girl graduate could have been under no misapprehension as to what was on his mind. In the end, the Marquis came to the conclusion that I could not be as stupid as I appeared, and that I was a poor investment, so he disappeared from the meal ticket roster.

The vacancy was filled by Heinrich, whom I picked up in a church. I spent all my free afternoons with my Baedeker clutched in one hand "doing" Paris. I spotted him for a German, and keen to try out my newly acquired language I ventured a tentative "*Wie gehts?*" His face lit up.

"*Sie sind deutsch, ja?*" My accent was excellent, but my vocabulary picayune. "*Nein! Nein!*" I hastily explained. I then proceeded artistically to arrange all the German words I knew into a few broken sentences. He was so overcome he fell on my neck, and from that moment he dogged my tracks. But in the matter of meal tickets there comes a point when it is better not to eat, and Heinrich was it.

By the time winter set in, I had "done" Paris. I was now scraping the bottom of the Baedeker barrel. I had indefatigably explored *Les Grandes Curiosités*, visited faithfully *Les Monuments Principaux*, and paid my respects indiscriminately to every *Église* except the Mosque; nothing much was left in the way of a *Musée*; no *Galerie* I had not tramped through (not even the *Galleries Lafayette*). I had worn through two pairs of shoes paddling alone or in the wash of a guided party.

It had been from the first my ambition to combine my cultural and my terpsichorean ambitions, and I had. Now it was time to move on.



On a recent trip to Florence, FRANCIS HENRY TAYLOR, at the urging of the Atlantic, blocked out this birthday letter expressing his affection and admiration for Bernard Berenson. During his fifteen years as Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Mr. Taylor rose to be one of the most influential figures in the world of art. As Director Emeritus of the Metropolitan and Director of the Worcester Art Museum, to which he returns this summer, he gives us his evaluation of the foremost connoisseur of art in our time.

TO BERNARD BERENSON

On His Ninetieth Birthday

by FRANCIS HENRY TAYLOR

DEAR BIBI: Titian lived to be ninety-nine and Michelangelo ninety-four. The occasion of your ninetieth birthday on June 26 is, therefore, merely another indication of the company you keep. Since I personally owe you my eternal thanks for your influence upon my own philosophical development, I write you this open letter as a means of expressing my gratitude. It is not my purpose to recite here the countless services to art history which have set you apart from the professorate and the *cognoscenti* of public institutions. They are, indeed, legion and the testimony of their unending usefulness is carefully footnoted in many catalogues and critical essays. The methods of connoisseurship which you instituted have assured the identity and authenticity of the Italian masterpieces of the galleries of the whole world. The salesrooms and *brocanteurs* could never have survived without you and your celebrated lists — a circumstance which has made venality such an easy and undeserved reproach on the lips of your natural enemies, the purveyors of the spurious. But, after all, it is no surprise to you that only the bravest of men can afford to enjoy at the same time the fruits of both spiritual and material success.

Though I have been trained to value these services for their own sake, it is the broader humanism, which after so many years of dedication you have achieved, I find so stimulating. For half a century you have immured yourself in the gardens and library of your villa at Settignano and have allowed the eye and mind to wander. Since you have always been a free man, in that you have followed the inclinations of the intellect without accountability to any state or local ministry or even to a board of trustees, the quality of your thought has been subject only to the dictates of

your own conscience and to the judgments and standards which you yourself imposed. To the uninitiated it sounds easy — a form of irresponsible hedonism, freed from the ordinary limitations which the professor and the curator tend to exalt as virtues simply because they are obliged by economic pressures to suffer fools gladly. But it is not so easy as all that; for there is no discipline so rigorous as self-communion, particularly if every thought, every waking moment, is challenged by the books and works of art surrounding one. You have been willing to run the gantlet of this humanistic company against which you have had the courage to pit yourself.

The library at "I Tatti" is therefore — and I believe from what you yourself have confessed to me in private that you too believe it to be — almost the greatest achievement of your long career. I do not speak of the wealth of data it contains upon the Italian Renaissance or the endless archive of photographs. That is, after all, merely the *spécialité de la maison* and is to be expected. But it is the long avenues of inquiry opened up in philosophy and comparative religion, the offshoots of all the archaeologies, and the continuous living with biography and belles-lettres which make it an almost unique center for speculative pleasure. For you it has been the mirror of your belief that the history of art is a means to an end rather than an end in itself — the very quality that has enabled you to see beyond the object into the life and impulse of the time in which it was created. It is the instrument which has given the fullest satisfaction to your insatiable curiosity and appetites and which in the war and post-war years has changed the direction of your thinking from the particular to the general. That you have willed the library, to-

gether with the house and gardens and their fabulous art collections, to Harvard University is proof not only of your generosity but also of your perception.

You are unwilling to have it said of you, as it was said of Duns Scotus and the Schoolmen at the Sorbonne in the thirteenth century, that you are so concerned with the humanities that you forget humanity. Probably it has never even occurred to those who have busied themselves erecting a new discipline from the framework of what you have left behind you that art in the final analysis is qualitative and never measurable, and that the singing is not as important as the song. Herein, of course, lies the very root of that peculiar intellectual irresponsibility and naïveté which finds its ultimate expression in the doctoral dissertation, doggedly placing the emphasis upon the interpretation of the text rather than upon the fascination of the image.

It seems remarkable to me that in a life as long as yours you have been able to resist the fads of modern scholarship and have remained faithful to the precepts of Charles Eliot Norton and of those who had been steeped in Ruskin and the tradition of English Victorian connoisseurship.

These men were the products of a happier day before art tried to become a science, and recognized — however limited the exact and factual knowledge of the nineteenth century at their command — the relationship of the new historical methods to the tradition of biography and belles-lettres. "Research," you pointed out so clearly in *Aesthetics and History*, "does not write history." It only furnishes material for history. It is valuable to the degree that it helps to reconstruct the elements and fragments of a style in the way that classical archaeology has done. "The fruits rather than the roots" should be the object of our admiration and attention, and it is not what exists or what happens or what is done in things human that counts, but what is believed about them. But, alas, today intellectual fashion has led us to have faith only in the recording of statistics, of surveying those caverns of the mind which have become precisely measurable to man struck down in his sunless sea of technical irrelevancies. Just the other evening, in fact, you said to me, "No ugly thing occurred in America until art began to be talked about."

A disciple of Henry Adams, and a contemporary of George Santayana and Learned Hand, you were schooled at Harvard by men who saw man whole and believed in asserting their own convictions. This was a profoundly American characteristic of the time and one that we are, alas, ceding to the Neo-McCarthyism whose utter ignorance of the continuing wisdom of humanity bodes ill for the future of our country. Conformity, as you have so often pointed out in your writings, must not be confused with a respect for the classical past. "Art," you once told a journalist, "can offer the purest escape

from the threatening tedium of totalitarianism." You have, in brief, always been clear in your own mind in distinguishing the art from the artifact. Thus you have remained a sentinel of civilization, and in doing so have given the art historians whom you fathered the *coup de grâce*.

It is this gift of seeing the significance as quickly as the fact which has made you so much at home in Italy and for which the Signoria conferred upon you two years ago Honorary Citizenship in the City of Florence. It was not because you had sat like a Buddha on the mountaintop of Fiesole, bringing the art world of Florence to your feet, but because they recognized in you the continuing spirit of *rinascimento*, the will to preserve and at the same time create anew a quality of mind which has been one of the greatest of the Tuscan heritages ever since the fourteenth century. "Every work of art," you also wisely said, "has to be first and foremost a permanent joy and inspiration, and cannot be degraded to serve as document in the history of technique and taste or of civilization in general."

How few of our colleagues are willing to face the transcendental quality of art or are willing to conserve the Hellenism which you have elsewhere described as that "attitude towards the universe, the approach to life, the cherished values and aims of the thinkers, artists and men of action of those ten centuries in the Greek speaking world. Hellenism," you added, "is not a fixed state of things but a path, a way, a reaching out towards a humanity that is as remote from chaos as it can succeed in soaring above and beyond 'nature.' It will never rebel against 'nature' through nihilism and despair, as ascetic religions have preached, setting up unrealizable ideals and impractical standards. Hellenism does not deny or even decry the animal in man. It would humanize him. Art, in the widest sense of the word, is the instrument Hellenism has used and would use for that purpose. All the arts, poetry, music, ritual, the visual arts, the theatre, must singly and together create the most comprehensive art of all, a humanized society, and its masterpiece, the free man."

I take pleasure in throwing your words back in your teeth, for in the reputation you have gained as a specialist in the knowledge of less and less — that is to say, the refinements of a Morellian system of connoisseurship — many people have forgotten, if indeed they have ever known it, that your value to art history lies not in the higher criticism of the infinitesimal but in the Platonic philosophy of the generic and the Ideal. You have not only blazed trails for others to follow but have set in order the chips that have fallen in the process. You have always known whither you were going and what it was that you wanted at the end of the rainbow. And it has enabled you to remain consistently the servant of the classical tradition. "It is," you have affirmed, "the standard art towards

which we Europeans in the course of history have always turned back after no matter what occultations, declines, aberrations and rebellions."

The volumes on the Painters of the Italian Renaissance, which you published nearly sixty years ago, and on which you established your reputation, have become the indispensable tools of the profession and the basic introduction for the lay reader to an understanding of the period. So too have the corpus of Florentine drawings and the many monographs on individual painters. They are so well known that they need no further comment. It is rather to the more philosophical writings of the past ten years that more attention should be given, because they are deeply personal and whimsical and are more apt to be passed by. *The Sketch for a Self-Portrait* is frankly looking backward into the mirror of a lifetime. Here is the real Bibi, nostalgic, wistful, and almost nakedly candid and unashamed. *Rumor and Reflection* covers with equal candor the period of internment under the protection of the Vatican and the Republic of San Marino, when your library, except for the Vatican, was virtually the sole oasis in the desert of a war-torn Italy. Here I think your personal philosophy reached its full maturity and stature. The comments in *Aesthetics and History*, to which I have already referred, take their place in the exposition of a concept of the relation of the visual image to human life and his-

tory. Finally you have given us in an all too slender essay, *The Arch of Constantine*, a penetration into the decline of Roman civilization and have brought us up short in the consideration of our own times. You have shown irrefutably how deeply we deceive ourselves in our capitulation to the Siren call of a dehumanized and so-called abstract art. It would be difficult to overestimate the service you have done both to art and humanity.

I wish I could be with you on your birthday, but my little glimpse of you this week in Florence was rewarding and fills me with courage for the future. I find it paradoxical that not having set foot in the United States for thirty years, you have become more American than I believe you ever were as a young man. You are one of the last survivors of a day when Harvard still took pride in being a liberal arts college. Perhaps the possession and responsibility of "I Tatti" may help the faculty to recapture the very thing which you and your contemporaries so enjoyed. The face of America has changed in the last half century and you have left your mark upon it, in every library, museum, and college in the land. For this we applaud you and give you thanks, firm in the knowledge that this twenty-sixth of June is no more than another milestone in your determined immortality.

Affectionately yours,

F. H. T.



MOUNTAIN, OLD FATHER

by EDWARD WEISMILLER

Mountain, old father, be
The bulk of where I am,
A spar of Adam's home
Lodged in the sliding sea;

Yet from your spired sides
Plunge me far out of thought
Into that hungering night
That swallows its own tides.

My god was half a fish;
His caverns ache with gold.
The vesture that he willed
Clothes me against my wish.

But was his flesh a fault?
He roars, and I must heed:
The granite in your blood
Is younger than the salt.

Drop me in his dark foam.
And wait; I shall not stay.
His floods will anchor me.
Your rock will spire me home.



An Atlantic Story



The grandson of the great naturalist, who was himself educated at Eton and at Balliol at Oxford, ALDOUS HUXLEY had already published four books when in 1921 he captured the imagination of readers here and in England with his novel, Chrome Yellow. Since then he has written thirty books — fiction, essays, and biography — including such best sellers as Point Counter Point, Brave New World, and Eyeless in Gaza. In recent years he has resided in California, whence comes this new satire.

VOICES

by ALDOUS HUXLEY

DOVE-GRAY and in pearls, Eleanor Marsden sipped her dry sherry and, with all the skill of a veteran hostess, directed the conversation. And what *good* conversation! How exhilaratingly reminiscent of those wonderful evenings, five and twenty years ago, when everyone — but *every*-one — had come to her Wednesdays in the rue de Babylone! Times, alas, had changed; so had places. Santa Barbara certainly wasn't Paris. But neither, for that matter, was Paris; for Paris, nowadays, was inhabited by people too young to know what you were talking about, too blatantly self-centered to realize, or even wish to realize, who you were. Practically everyone else was either dead or an invalid or bankrupt.

This evening there were only four of them. Only four; but Dudley, she reflected as she looked, with an almost maternal pride, at Mr. Bull's Shakespearcan forehead and the fluffy halo of white hair about the central dome — Dudley (bless his heart!) was still a host in himself. And still so splendidly gallant in the teeth of age and illness and reverses, still a great actress, still (and for Mrs. Marsden this was the most important) in full possession of those extraordinary psychic faculties of hers, old Moira Dillon remained the dear, good precious creature she had always been. And if you wanted youth, if you wanted charm and Continental swagger, there was Alec Pozna. Her eyes rested for a moment on the sleek black head of her Social Secretary, then turned complacently to the mirror over the mantelpiece, to that last but not least of the conversing four — Your Humble Servant, with her infallible gift for drawing people out, for keeping the ball

rolling, for knowing the precise, the psychological moment to interject one of her famous epigrams, one of those delicious anecdotes about Gide (she specialized in Gide stories) or the Aga Khan.

Outside, in the deepening twilight, Pamela Field came up the steps from the lower garden. In the lily pool on the terrace a chorus of invisible frogs was in full voice.

"Shut up!" she shouted as she approached.

There was a sudden silence. You could hear the traffic on the Roosevelt Highway, the cicadas in the distant pines. Then, tentatively, there was a single croak.

"Shut up!" she repeated.

This time the silence remained unbroken. Pamela smiled to herself triumphantly. It was childish, of course; for any disturbance, any suddenly intruding noise, would make the creatures stop. Childish — and yet how satisfying to be able to yell, "Shut up," and be obeyed! She turned and, noiseless in her sneakers, padded across the flagstones toward the house. Outside the French windows she came to a halt.

The curtains had not been drawn, and in the lamplit room the four of them looked like a TV show with the sound turned off. Behind the plate glass, in utter silence, the mouths opened and shut, the hands moved, the faces senselessly grimaced. It gave Pamela a deep, malevolent satisfaction to look at them, herself unseen, grinning in a vacuum, gesticulating over nothing. She felt that she was getting some of her own back, was taking her revenge. Revenge for being only twenty and what they liked to call maladjusted (maladjusted, thank

God, to them!); revenge for being a poor relation they had to be specially kind to on account of her mother and that second marriage and all the drinking and those fights when her stepfather came home with lipstick on his face . . .

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord." Behind the glass the lunatic television show took a new and even grotesquer turn. Old Mr. Bull had bellowed himself out of breath, and now Aunt Eleanor was going through the preposterous motions of telling a story. There was no change in her tightly girdled pose; but the gruesomely well-preserved prettiness of the face had suddenly come to life. There was a vivacious flashing of dentures, a brightness in the china-blue eyes, even a pair of dimples, forty years too late, in the embalmed cheeks. As though under order from an invisible producer, she tilted her head, she assumed an expression of conscious naughtiness.

The story came to its climax. Aunt Eleanor closed her mouth triumphantly, and at once the others began to laugh — to laugh so loudly that even through the glass Pamela could hear the muffled ghost of their guffawing. And what antics, what postures! Old Miss Dillon covered her mouth with both hands, her enormous earrings shook and swayed, she heaved like a whale, wobbled in her wine-colored jersey dress, like Jello. Old Mr. Bull slapped his thighs, doubled over, straightened himself up, beat his thighs again, and once more doubled over.

Meanwhile Alec had thrown back his head and flashed his teeth at the ceiling. And now, with one of those quick impulsive gestures, which Pamela always suspected him of rehearsing before the looking glass in his bathroom, he leaned forward, he seized Aunt Eleanor's hand, he raised it, glittering with diamonds, to his bristly mustache, his moist red lips. Then he looked up at her with admiring, almost amorous eyes. The lips — they reminded Pamela suddenly of sea anemones — began to move. Aunt Eleanor smiled back at him and shook a playfully reproachful finger in his face. A few more hand-kissings, Pamela reflected with a savage disgust, a few more well-timed compliments, and she'd be giving him her power of attorney. It would serve him right if she also gave him herself. But, no, that wouldn't worry him in the least. He'd get engaged, he'd even marry her, with all the ardor of a Ruritania prince in a movie. But she'd have to begin by making a cash settlement.

2

AS THOUGH in derisive comment on what she was thinking a peacock screamed lugubriously in the darkness behind her. Pamela started and turned. Beyond the black mass of the live oak tree, where the invisible birds were roosting, there was the flat glimmer of the sea, and above it, a greenish

afterglow darkening into blue. Out of the live oak came another long, inhuman yell. It was a signal. Time to face the music, time to submit yet once more to the torture of being alone and self-conscious in a world that (it was obvious) hated her no less passionately than she detested it. She opened the French window and, without a word, without so much as a look at Aunt Eleanor, or any of the others, slouched into the drawing room.

"Good evening, dear." Mrs. Marsden's tone was resolutely affectionate. "Did you have a nice walk?"

Pamela gave vent to an inarticulate mumble and, letting herself fall, hunched and averted, into the nearest chair, immediately lighted a cigarette. Not that she wanted to smoke; but if she didn't, what could she do with her hands?

Mrs. Marsden looked at her niece and charitably reminded herself that, after all, it wasn't the poor girl's fault that poor Dwight had died when she was twelve, that Molly had rushed with such an animal eagerness into that disastrous second marriage. It wasn't her fault; but surely, surely there was no need for a face so delicately molded to look, in the sullen blankness of its expression, quite so intensely, so malignantly ugly. And then the clothes . . . In one quick comprehensive glance she took in the sneakers, the filthy blue jeans, the crumpled cotton jacket, the striped sweat shirt, not merely repulsive, but downright indecent, with those hard-bitten nails as matching accessories, that none too recently washed hair scraped back from the forehead and tied with tape in a mare's tail at the back of the head. Deliberate squalor superimposed upon deliberate ugliness.

"Do you *have* to look like a garbage collector?" she asked, articulating the words with more than even her usual exquisite precision of utterance.

"What's that?" Mr. Bull thrust the microphone of his hearing aid in her direction. "What's that?" The thought that he might be missing something always threw him into a panic.

Still holding herself averted, Pamela blew out a mouthful of smoke and, making an enormous effort to keep her voice from trembling out of control, said, "Yes, I do."

Under their discreet make-up Mrs. Marsden's cheeks were flushed with sudden anger. She opened her mouth to speak, then thought better of it — thought better of it, she tried to tell herself, on high moral grounds, out of Christian forbearance. But in fact she had noticed the sudden tightening of the muscles around Pamela's mouth, and had been afraid. She forced a little laugh and turned, with a shrug, to Alec and Miss Dillon.

"Forty years ago," she said in an undertone, "forty years ago my mother would have sent me out of the room. Now one has to allow the little pets to 'express their personalities.'" Mrs. Marsden put the words between the ironical equivalent

of quotation marks. "Or alternatively you pay a psychiatrist twenty-five dollars an hour to find out why they can't behave like ladies — or if that's too much to ask (which nowadays it obviously is), at least like human beings."

Still hammering at the closed door of an earlier conversation, Mr. Bull drew his chair closer to Pamela's. "What did you say you did?" he asked.

"It doesn't matter," she said, and again, more loudly, as the questioning microphone became more importunate, "It doesn't matter."

"But it does," Mr. Bull insisted, and with the dread of being shut out, of missing even the most modest bus, there was mingled, as motive for his persistence, a vaguely prurient curiosity about this sullen adolescent with the boyish hips, the provocatively tight sweater, a pathetic hope-against-hope that she would take him into her confidence, would discuss her soul with him, would ask his advice about her sex life — and who could give her better advice than Uncle Dudley? Bull by name and bull by nature. Bull in his time to whole beves of Europas and Pasiphaës. And from advice who could say where one might go next? Goethe, after all, had had his Bettina — at eighty, wasn't it? He gave her his most seductive smile.

At the other end of the room Miss Dillon had rushed — her semi-precious earrings swinging, her richly asthmatic contralto vibrant with emotion — to the defense of the young in general, of Pamela in particular. It was so obvious, she insisted. The poor waif just didn't get loved enough.

Mrs. Marsden was on the verge of being offended. To hear her, one would think that Moira had a monopoly of Christian charity, a corner in psychology. But who had told her to read Father D'Arcy? Who had introduced her to Dr. Horney? Who had gone to church regularly, when Moira was no better than a pagan with a knack for ESP? She glanced at her reflection in the mirror, then turned back to Miss Dillon and said, rather severely, "I give the child everything her mother never gave her."

"Maybe," Miss Dillon said. "But now you've got to give her a lot more."

Mr. Bull was irrepressible. "Tell me," he demanded yet again.

Pamela looked at him for a moment in silence, and suddenly it was all an enormous joke. Her mother, Aunt Eleanor, this old idiot who wanted to make a pass at her . . . She burst out laughing. "I'll tell you what I do," she said. "I do my best to look like a garbage collector."

"A garbage collector? But, my dear, you look absolutely charming."

She ignored the compliment. A sluice had been raised, a flood of words came pouring out. "Garbage," she said. "A whole lifetime of garbage. Garbage in diapers. Garbage when I was a kid with earache. And then Mother married her gorilla . . ."

Mr. Bull protested. Young Tom wasn't *that* bad.

Pamela bared her teeth in a ferocious grin. "Okay, then," she said. "He wasn't a gorilla. Just the cutest little baboon. And the garbage wasn't garbage. It was ice cream. A genuine strawberry and fish-guts sundae. And when I got away from it at home, there was more of the same at Miss Pinkham's. At UCLA. With an extra quart or two thrown in every time I had a date. And the only time the date ever mattered, who did Prince Charming turn out to be? No less than Carl E. Garbage in person! And now *this!*"

She made a sweeping gesture that included everything — the brocades, the carpets, the Impressionists on the walls, the tasteful mingling of modern furniture with eighteenth-century Venetian, the staircase descending in a cataract of marble from the balustraded gallery, and at the center of it all Aunt Eleanor with a sherry glass, holding her court. Once more she broke into a peal of loud metallic laughter.

Mrs. Marsden looked at her apprehensively. Was the girl, she wondered, working up to one of her outrageous scenes?

It was just a question, Miss Dillon was saying, of having enough of it — enough positive to cancel out the other person's negative, enough love to neutralize their hatred, cast out their fear.

Easier said than done, Mrs. Marsden reflected as she remembered that long series of painful and embarrassing episodes. Pamela rushing out into the street in underclothes and being brought back by a policeman on a motorcycle. Pamela biting the Senator's hand. Pamela at a tea party of church workers explaining the precise meaning of the word "necrophily." Was it going to happen again?

At this moment, providentially, Victor appeared at the door and announced that dinner was served. With a haste which in any other circumstances she would have condemned as indecent, Mrs. Marsden rose and, calling to the others to follow, rustled away toward the dining room.

3

PAMELA's excitement fell as rapidly as it had boiled up. By the time the napkins were unfolded, she had become her old self — blank, shut, silent. After the soup, with a creaking of stays, a sparkle of swinging earrings, Miss Dillon turned to her and, in the most natural, unpatronizing way, began to talk.

Who was her favorite modern poet?

She hated poetry, Pamela heard herself saying. What was she majoring in at college?

Flunked out, was the triumphant answer. Straight E's.

But why?

They were all such phonies.

And what did she think about relig'on?

Nothing.

About that book by Truman Capote?
It stank.

And yet she really liked the old girl, liked her as much as she detested herself for being so rude, so unutterably stupid. But somehow there was no choice. She *had* to do these things.

Miss Dillon looked at her for a few seconds in silence — looked at her without annoyance, without pity or condemnation, without any of that brightly professional understanding one was apt to see on the faces of psychological counselors; just looked as you might look at any ordinary person. "Life," she said at last, and her husky voice took on a deeper vibrancy, "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

There was a dramatic pause. Pamela stirred uneasily. What was she getting at?

"But there's also a right to death," the old actress went on with her infallible sense of timing, "a right to captivity, a right to the pursuit of misery. Don't you agree with me?"

There was no answer.

"An inalienable right," the once golden voice continued, "to total alienation, a God-given right to go irrevocably to the Devil."

Pamela laughed. "The Devil," she repeated contemptuously. "It's just words, just stage dialogue."

"Of course," Miss Dillon agreed. "But what happens when you start claiming those rights? The words turn into facts. Very unpleasant facts. The fact of madness, for example; the fact of . . ." She hesitated. "You don't believe in it, of course — but it happens to *be* a fact! The fact of being possessed."

"Who by?" Pamela asked sarcastically. "By Russian agents?"

For an answer Miss Dillon preserved a silence which made the little joke sound abysmally asinine. In her angry humiliation, Pamela plunged yet deeper into silliness. "By Karl Marx's ghost?"

There was another devastating silence. Then Miss Dillon sighed and said, "I'd hate it if anything happened to you."

"No, you wouldn't," Pamela retorted, trying to save a hopeless situation by plain rudeness. "You wouldn't care any more than anyone else. Nobody'd give a damn."

"Maybe you're right," said Miss Dillon cheerfully. "If you go on like this nobody *will* give a damn. In fact," she added with a chuckle, "they'll be extremely relieved to see the last of you."

Pamela flushed darkly and turned away. "My only friend, and I spit in her face —" and now, as was only to be expected, the only friend had turned into another enemy. Suddenly she felt Miss Dillon's hand on her arm and heard the husky voice. "Let's have a talk about it sometime," it said, and the tone was as honestly, as unpatronizingly friendly as ever. "Would you like to?"

Pamela could not trust herself to speak, could not

trust herself even to look into a face which she knew must be so kindly that it would make her want to cry. Still averted, she nodded her head.

With a flash and tinkle of earrings, Miss Dillon swung round to Mr. Bull, who was holding forth at the top of his booming voice about the new administration and what ought to be done in the Middle East.

"My only friend," Pamela inwardly repeated, "and I spit in her face." Her throat tightened and tears came into her eyes. To have an excuse to wipe them, she pretended to choke.

"And look at Iran," Mr. Bull cried in a tone of tragic irony. "Just *look* at it!"

Then, suddenly realizing that he had been forgetting to eat, he returned to his cracked crab. There was a silence.

"Don't let anyone talk to me," Pamela implored the God she didn't believe in.

The prayer was answered. Aunt Eleanor started to tell Miss Dillon about the most recent of her psychic experiences. She had dreamed of Mimi de Barbazange, and whom should she get a letter from, next morning, but Mimi de Barbazange?

Always the Social Secretary, Alec Pozna loudly expressed his amazement.

And now it was Miss Dillon's turn — and the old girl was, as everybody knew, *really* psychic, almost a professional.

A few nights ago, she began, at 3 A.M. (the trained contralto thrilled dramatically as she specified the witching hour) she had been awakened by a voice distinctly saying "Alfred," and again more urgently, "Alfred!" That was Wednesday, and on Thursday morning, in the Air Mail Edition of the New York Times, there it was — the news of poor Lord Basingstoke's passing — very suddenly, of a heart attack. There was a pause, a reverential hush. Aunt Eleanor sighed at last and turned to Alec. What about dogs? Didn't he agree that *they* were telepathic too? Her own little Ponto, for example . . .

For Pamela it was positively a godsend. Now she could jeer again, now she was justified in any rudeness, however outrageous. "My only friend, and I spit in her face" — but with the best of good reasons: because of Ponto, because of Basingstoke and Barbazange. Secretly, behind the mask of her blank face, she hooted with derision.

4

MEANWHILE cracked crab had given place to veal, sauterne to a claret which Alec duly pronounced to be the finest he had drunk since the war. Aunt Eleanor smiled at him appreciatively. Then Miss Dillon started to tell a story ("I think you'll find it rather interesting," she said to Pamela in a whispered parenthesis) — a story about a demoniac waitress whom she had exorcised, between two per-

formances of *Hay Fever*, at Montgomery, Alabama. The girl had had an illegitimate baby, couldn't support it, of course, had to agree to its being adopted by someone who could, and shortly thereafter had found herself invaded by an entity — by something that made her do all kinds of things she didn't want to do. Stupid things, violent things, things against her own interest, vile and disgusting things.

With mounting anger — for what did the old woman mean by telling her that *she'd* be particularly interested in this sort of nonsense? — Pamela listened to the ruin of that famous voice, as it rose and fell, wheezily, breathlessly, but how fascinatingly still, with what incomparable art! Through a long catalogue of outrages, of convulsions, of shrieks and blasphemies and obscenities, the anecdote advanced toward its solemn conclusion.

"Come out of her!" Miss Dillon cried, and raised her right hand in a Shakespearean gesture. "Come out of her!" Then, after a pause and very softly, "In the name of God, come out of her."

Mr. Bull, who had been eating with such an intensity of concentration as to be quite unable to talk, suddenly lifted a perspiring face and, to Pamela's huge delight, roared, "I don't believe a word of it!"

"Dudley!" Mrs. Marsden protested.

But Mr. Bull was not to be silenced. "I don't mind your talking about haunted houses," he declared. "Or calculating horses, or J. B. Rhine, or even God, if it amuses you. But not entities. I draw the line at entities." With a horny fingernail he drew it on the tablecloth, looked around him defiantly, then dropped his head and began to eat again, passionately, as though his life depended on it.

Pamela stole a glance at Miss Dillon. Had he made her mad? Would she go for him? But instead of starting a fight, Miss Dillon merely laughed good-humoredly. "I'll respect your line," she said. "But will *they*?"

Mr. Bull's mouth was so full that he had to confine himself to an angry grunt.

"Will *they* respect it?" Miss Dillon repeated, turning suddenly to Pamela. "That's the question — isn't it?"

"I don't know what you mean," the girl muttered.

Miss Dillon picked up her claret glass, set it down in front of her plate, and proceeded to construct around it a little barricade of forks and spoons and bits of Melba toast.

"The strongest line," she said, as she built her wall, "is the pursuit of happiness and a certain . . ." She hesitated. "I won't say 'faith,'" she went on, "because it's one of those words that put people's teeth on edge. Call it 'confidence.' Confidence in the human race, confidence in the universe. You have to assume that they're not

quite as bad as they so often seem to be. If you don't have confidence, if you start pursuing misery instead of happiness, then you do *this*." She removed a piece of Melba toast. "And then you run the risk of *this*." She thrust the point of a knife through the gaping breach. "It's very simple," she said, "painfully simple."

Mrs. Marsden, meanwhile, had tactfully changed the subject. Such a splendid exhibition of armor at the Los Angeles Museum! And the new open-air sculpture gallery with all those things from the Hearst collection — really stunning! Mr. Bull swallowed his last mouthful of veal and rose again to the surface.

"I like the way they polish their bronzes," he said. "You can see yourself reflected in the goddesses' buttocks." He broke into a bellowing guffaw.

Mrs. Marsden joined in the merriment, not indulgently or perfunctorily, but with a surprisingly wholehearted peal of laughter. As though she were ten years old, Pamela reflected with savage contempt, and had just seen a dirty word penciled on the washroom wall. Talk of repressions! Talk of the price you had to pay for all that damned refinement!

5

THE plates were changed. A mountain of pink ice cream, garnished with strawberries, made its appearance. Without waiting for anyone else, Mr. Bull plunged once again into the ecstasy of eating and was lost to conversation.

Suddenly Aunt Eleanor broke off in the middle of a sentence. "Did you hear?" she asked excitedly.

Every spoon, except Mr. Bull's, was poised in a listening gesture.

"Did you hear?"

And suddenly Pamela was aware of a strange little piping whisper that seemed to come from somewhere between the top of Miss Dillon's head and the red-shaded candles at the center of the table.

"It's Kapila," Mrs. Marsden cried.

"So it is," said Miss Dillon calmly, and took another spoonful of ice cream.

Faintly, with a sibilant indistinctness, the whispering voice spoke again.

"He's saying good evening," Mrs. Marsden announced. An expression of unwonted animation lit up the embalmed prettiness of her face. "Good evening, Kapila," she called into space.

Pamela sniggered inaudibly.

This time, in spite of the accompanying whistle, the words were perfectly intelligible.

"Good evening, everybody."

Alec Pozna did not have to simulate astonishment. "What on earth . . .?"

"Nothing on *earth*," Mrs. Marsden answered triumphantly. "Kapila comes from Outside."

She turned to Dudley Bull, who was spooning up the last of his strawberries. "Can you hear him?"

"Hear whom?" he asked, still munching.

"Kapila."

"Kapila?" he repeated. "Who's Kapila?"

He looked at Mrs. Marsden, who looked at Miss Dillon. "That," said the latter, "is what I've been trying to figure out for the last sixteen years. Ever since this thing began to happen."

"Kapila's a Hindu," Mrs. Marsden explained.

"You mean, he *says* he's a Hindu," Miss Dillon qualified. "But is he? He could be just a part of me. Or maybe he's something entirely different. Not human at all. One of those things Dudley draws a line at." She uttered her rich asthmatic laugh. "Not a bad one, mind you — not like the thing that had got into that poor little waitress. Just some kind of nice, ordinary, middle-class fibbertigibbet, whose hobby happens to be producing voices in the neighborhood of elderly females."

Pamela listened admiringly. What a performance! Anyone would think she was absolutely sincere.

Mrs. Marsden turned to Mr. Bull. "Put your microphone in the middle of the table," she commanded.

"What for?"

"Maybe he'll talk to you."

"Now, really, Eleanor!" Mr. Bull protested. "Whom do you take me for? Joan of Arc?"

"Do what I tell you," said Mrs. Marsden peremptorily.

All the tact of the veteran hostess had vanished. She was the crusader, the mouthpiece of a cause.

Mr. Bull smiled with indulgent irony and obeyed.

There was a long half minute of silence. Then, near the microphone, a tiny sound like an articulated squeak made itself heard. Mr. Bull started. "Who said that?" he demanded.

"Entities," Miss Dillon answered with a chuckle.

Frowning angrily, Mr. Bull picked up his hearing aid and gave the thing a sharp, punitive shaking. "I guess it was the battery," he muttered.

There was a whistling among the candlesticks, and the little voice said, "No, it wasn't."

Miss Dillon leaned back in her chair and shook with genial laughter.

"I suppose you picked it up when you were in vaudeville," said Mr. Bull in a tone that was meant to be insulting.

"Picked up what?"

"Ventriloquy."

Miss Dillon smiled, but did not answer.

"Don't be an ass-ss," said the whisper dispassionately.

"A what?" He pushed his microphone a little further out into the emptiness.

"An ass-ss. A s-stupid ass-ss," the little squeak elaborated.

So rapidly that his halo of white hair lifted in the wind of his own motion, Mr. Bull wheeled round to see if he could catch the tasteless joker red-handed. But that Pozna fellow, still open-mouthed with astonishment, was obviously out of the question. And, no less obviously, was Pamela. Why, the girl wasn't even listening. He looked at Eleanor Marsden. Her face, at ordinary times politely impassive, wore the rapturous expression of a believer at the altar rails.

He turned back to Miss Dillon. "Very funny," he said sarcastically. "I congratulate you."

Miss Dillon ignored him. "This is the first time," she remarked, as she lighted her cigarette, "that Kapila has ever come in during a meal."

Mr. Bull saw his opportunity and let out a guffaw. "Maybe he wasn't getting enough to eat on the other side."

This time the whisper seemed to be coming from somewhere over his left shoulder. "There's-s that ass-ss again," it said a little wearily.

But Mr. Bull had had time to recover his sense of superiority. A rationalist in the midst of superstitious dupes and self-deceiving cheats, he could afford to smile. "Thank you," he said.

The silence that followed was broken at last by Mrs. Marsden. "Give us a message," she wheedled. "Please, Kapila, give us a message."

Furtively, as though from ambush, Pamela shot a glance at her aunt. Everything about her was as rigidly elegant as ever — everything except the almost abject smile she was aiming into the air in front of her. The smile of a teen-ager, mummified, but hopelessly in love — not, of course, with Dillon's invisible Charlie McCarthy, but with herself, with an Eleanor Marsden idealized and so unutterably precious that the Universe simply couldn't afford to do without her. Or could it? Kapila had the answer. Hence the wheedling, hence the adoring smile.

How grotesque, Pamela said to herself, how nauseating, how. . .! And then, like a blow, it struck her that this, precisely, was the smile she had caught, at the end of that last, unforgettably dreadful evening with Carl, on her own face.

"Darling . . ."

"Cut it out!"

"Don't you love me?"

She remembered the long silence, the horrible waiting. They were standing in the living room, he with his back to the old Venetian mirror that hung near the door, at bay, while she looked up at him imploringly. He met her eyes for a moment, then turned away. Despairingly, against her better judgment, she took his hand.

"Don't you love me, Carl?"

"You make me tired," he said at last and suddenly, roughly, he broke away from her.

Where the hard averted face had been, there was only her own reflection in the mirror, a pale face

abjectly trying to smile at somebody who wasn't even there. The front door slammed, the hurrying feet clattered on the steps and along the path.

"Give us a message," Mrs. Marsden's wheedling voice repeated.

It was the last straw, the grotesque insult that somehow took all the tragedy out of her suffering and turned it into something low and sordid. Pamela pushed back her chair and hurried out of the room, out of the house. "I hate them," she kept repeating, "I hate them."

And the more she hated, the more hateful she felt herself becoming. Death, captivity, the pursuit of misery . . . Everything old Dillon had said was absolutely true, and she hated her for having said it.

6

AN HOUR later Mr. Bull found her, dry-eyed but miserable, in the little round temple at the end of the terrace. Above her chair, high on its pedestal, glimmered that early Victorian statue of Venus with which (on his advice and because it looked exactly like a George Eliot heroine who had somehow mislaid her petticoats) Mrs. Marsden had adorned her summerhouse.

"There she is!" he bellowed with elephantine playfulness. "Prostrate before the goddess of love. No, no, don't run away," he added, as she made a move to rise. "I'm not as dangerous as all *that*."

Echoing enormously in the dome of the tiny temple, his rakish laughter was meant to imply that, in reality, he was even more dangerous.

He sat down beside her, he laid a hand on her knee. *De l'audace, toujours de l'audace*, he was thinking; but at the same time *festina lente*. These first pats must be strictly avuncular.

"How wise of you, my child, to get out when you did! Nothing but spirits ever since you left. Personally, I'm a crass materialist."

There was another pat, a playful little pinch.

"Hamlet," he ventured, "complained of its being too too solid. For my taste, I confess, it can never be solid enough." Mr. Bull roused the echoes with another peal of what he liked to think of as Byronic laughter. "Never solid enough," he repeated, and illustrated his words by a lingering squeeze.

Pamela said nothing, but sat there, perfectly still, as though she were at the dentist's. Everything was garbage anyhow; so why bother, why not accept any filth that might present itself?

"Well, I'm glad she's gone," Mr. Bull went on, preparing to advance behind the screen of irrelevant conversation.

"Glad who's gone?" Pamela asked.

"Weren't you there when Moira's agent rang up?"

"You mean Miss Dillon's gone?" Pamela asked

with sudden concern. A moment ago she had never wanted to see the old woman again; but now . . . now it was as though her last hope had suddenly been taken away from her.

"Some sort of job," Mr. Bull explained. "Got to start rehearsals tomorrow morning. So it was good-by — thank goodness."

"I like her," said Pamela with a kind of angry emphasis.

"Oh, so do I, so do I," Mr. Bull hastened to assure her. In circumstances like these, as he knew by bitter experience, the smallest difference of opinion could raise an insurmountable obstacle. "It's poor little Eleanor I'm worried about."

Applied to Aunt Eleanor, the epithets were so ludicrous that Pamela nearly burst out laughing.

"There's no holding her," Mr. Bull went on, "when Moira's around. All this damned superstition! All this twaddle about entities and everlasting life! It's her only weakness."

Her *only* weakness, Pamela repeated to herself ironically. There was a long silence. She felt another squeeze. The dentist was reaching for his forceps. Her muscles stiffened in anticipation.

But Mr. Bull was looking out between the pillars of the summerhouse. This darkness, he was thinking, this scent of jasmine and, over there, the wide gleam of the sea, over here the endless soliloquies of frogs — it had been the same in the little garden above Ravello, thirty-one years ago. A June night, and Eleanor in her hammock, all in white, with little scarlet slippers on her bare feet and corals around her neck.

In a rush of fidelity to that long-vanished beloved, he withdrew the avuncular hand.

Pamela's taut muscles relaxed. "Thank goodness!" And yet, now that she had made up her mind to take whatever filth might present itself, it was almost disappointing.

From the highway came the mournful howling of a police siren. Mr. Bull was far away among the ancient olive trees. One red slipper had fallen to the grass, and he was holding the little foot (how tenderly, how reverently!) between his hands. Remote, in Columbus, Ohio, hovered the middle-aged banker she had refused to divorce. Wisely, Mr. Bull was now ready to admit; for he was a poor man and Eleanor was never meant to be poor. But at the time, how tragic it had seemed, how excruciating! That garden of their bliss had been hedged about with agonies. His heart overflowed into speech.

"I'll tell you a secret," he felt constrained to say. There was a long pause, and then, "She was the only woman I ever really loved."

He began another sentence; then, too deeply moved to be able to go on speaking, broke off.

The only woman he had ever loved . . . And it was Aunt Eleanor — *Aunt Eleanor!* A voiceless howl of laughter pealed inside Pamela's skull.

Garbage was still garbage, but the filth had become grotesque. "The only woman he had ever loved!" It was like something by Thurber. She visualized the picture, she imagined the caption.

"Isn't it *providential*, Mr. Bull, that men and women should be of *opposite* sexes?"

And the great Bull would shake his hearing aid and say, "What's that?"

"Opposite sexes," she'd repeat *fortissimo*. "OPPOSITE SEXES."

"Opposite sexes," Pamela whispered between her teeth. No, that wasn't good enough. Lingered over the sibilants, she tried again. "Opposite s-sex-xes."

With a little start, Mr. Bull surfaced from the depths of his reverie. "What's that?" he asked, word-perfect in his Thurberian role. "What's that?"

"I didn't say anything," Pamela answered with a careless casualness, of which she had not believed herself capable.

"I thought I heard that damned . . ." Mr. Bull broke off in mid-phrase and frowned angrily.

"Rears-s its-s ugly head," Pamela whispered. Then, "Tris-stan, Tris-stan." And there he was, in the theatre of her mind, the Great Lover, bald and deaf, drinking down the potion, while an embalmed Isolde palpitated in the background.

"S-s-s," she whistled, "its-s ugly head."

Mr. Bull looked up sharply. "Are you trying to be funny?" he demanded in a loud, angry tone.

"Trying to be funny?" Pamela repeated with the most beautifully innocent incomprehension.

Mr. Bull peered at her through the darkness, divined a pair of wide astonished eyes, and decided he must have been the victim of head noises. "I guess I was imagining things," he muttered.

For the second time that evening Pamela had the exhilarating sense that she was getting some of her own back. Those dummies gesticulating behind the glass — that had been good. But this was better, this was much more satisfying. For now it was not a mere accident that was making fools of them. No, this time *she* was doing it. And suddenly an entire plan of campaign unrolled itself before her. She saw herself practicing, practicing, till she could make the little voice come from nowhere. She saw Aunt Eleanor abjectly begging for messages and wincing when she got them. Messages with a vengeance! Home truths about her meannesses, her love of flattery. Nonsense about the Next World. Off-color jokes from the departed. And after Aunt Eleanor, she'd deal with Alec Pozna. "Where's that pimp?" the voice would ask. "Where's that lickspittle?" And then it would be the turn of Mr. Bull. "Keep your hands to yourself!"

Mr. Bull sighed profoundly and heaved himself out of his chair. The spell was broken; the risen past had slipped back, irrevocably, into the grave. It was time to go in, time to return to Eleanor

in 1953, to the numb insensibilities of old age.

Pamela watched him lumbering away, then sat up in her chair and set to work.

"This is Marouf." (The voice, she had already decided, was to be an Arabian.) "This is Marouf."

Talking between your teeth was easy. So was that hissing. No trick at all. A little piping whistle with every syllable. But how did you prevent your lips from moving? How did you breathe so that people wouldn't suspect you? How could you keep the muscles of your cheeks and throat completely relaxed? She raised her hands and, very lightly, touched her face. "This is Marouf."

Under the fingertips there was a positive earthquake of movement. Patiently she tried again.

"This is Marouf. This is Marouf . . ."

A hundred repetitions later there was no perceptible improvement. Angrily she jumped up and walked out onto the terrace.

"Shut up, you devils!" she shouted at the frogs.

7

THERE was silence in the lily pool. And now she would refresh her abhorrence of the humans. Keeping to the shadows, Pamela walked over to the house. There they were, behind the plate glass, like things in an aquarium. Mr. Bull was doing the crossword in the *London Times*. In the yellow sofa beyond the fireplace, Aunt Eleanor was busy on the embroidery of that altar cloth for Bishop Hicks. Beside her sat Alec Pozna with a book, reading aloud. Under the bristles of his mustache those juicy sea anemones that were his lips moved steadily, inaudibly. He turned a page and Pamela had a glimpse of the title: *Spiritual Something or Other* — the second word escaped her. She smiled sardonically, remembering that phrase she had read in an article by some Austrian psychoanalyst — "Menopause Spirituality." In Aunt Eleanor's case it was Menopause Spirituality combined with Senility Spiritualism. You could express it in the form of an equation: —

"Change of Life multiplied by Fear of Death
equals
Spiritual Something or Other plus
Give us a Message."

Result: poor old Mr. Bull had to listen to voices, and the unspeakable Pozna (whose personal taste, as she knew, ran to Mickey Spillane and naked girls with bullet holes two inches below the navel) had to spend his evenings reading about Mental Prayer and Religious Experiences.

How peaceful they looked in their aquarium, how domestic, and at the same time how extraordinarily high-class! Like an illustration to a story about Mother's Day — but Mother's Day at the Vanderbilts'. She made a grimace of disgust and turned back toward the summerhouse. "Loathsome," she

whispered, then touched her face and tried again. "Absolutely loathsome."

This time, it seemed to Pamela, there was a real improvement. Much less breath coming out between the teeth, hardly any movement of the lips. And the throat, the whole face, felt easier, looser, altogether more natural.

She entered the dark cavern of the summerhouse and, feeling all at once very strong and confident, resumed her seat.

"I'll show them!" she said aloud.

"I'll show them," repeated the echo in the vaulted roof.

A wave of heat ran up her spine. There was a prickling inside her ears, and from under her arms there issued a kind of crawling. Like centipedes, like innumerable caterpillars, crawling up her throat, crawling over her breasts — horrible beyond words and yet one wished it could go on forever. The sensation disappeared as suddenly as it had come. She drew a deep breath and set to work again.

"Loathsome." That was good, she said to herself approvingly, that was very good indeed.

"They're vermin," she went on — and how absurdly easy it was to get a whistle even on a V! "They're lice, they're bedbugs." And then, "Insect powder!"

She saw a vision of herself spraying Aunt Eleanor with an enormous Flit Gun, sprinkling DDT on Pozna and Mr. Bull. What antics, what a buzzing and a flapping! She laughed aloud. Overhead in the plaster dome, the echoes gasped and cackled. The vision faded, the noise of merriment died away. Pamela wiped her eyes and prepared to go on with her practicing. What should it be now? More about vermin — or something else? Suddenly there was a little whistle behind her.

"Not a joke," she seemed to hear; and then, much more distinctly, "I'd really *like* to kill them."

She started violently, turned and, at the sight of that huge presence looming out of the darkness above her, was filled for a brief appalling moment with mortal terror. Then she laughed unsteadily. It was only Venus, and she was obviously getting whispers on the brain.

She raised her hands to her face.

"I'd really *like* to kill them," she repeated.

Under the cool skin not a muscle had stirred; the breath came quietly, evenly, and it came through the nostrils. Incredulous, she tried again.

"Kill them," she whispered, "murder them. *Murder* them!"

Even at the highest pitch of emphasis her fingers recorded nothing.

"I've made it!" she cried exultantly.

"Made it," said the echo.

And then, in the ensuing silence, she heard the tiny voice again. "Break her neck," it said.

For a moment it was like being on a roller coaster

— the bottom falling out of the stomach, the heart rushing up into the throat. Then she remembered a phrase that had been used in her psychology class at UCLA — "Unconscious verbalization" — and was able to smile indulgently at her own terrors. Unconscious verbalization — but of course! And meanwhile, Pamela reminded herself triumphantly, she had made it! She was ready to go and wipe the floor with them, ready to take her revenge, to get some of her own back — at last.

8

Nobody paid much attention when she opened the French window and slipped into the room. Aunt Eleanor merely glanced at her for a moment over the top of her spectacles and vaguely smiled. Pozna went on reading *Spiritual Something or Other*, and Mr. Bull did not look up from his crosswords. She picked up a couple of magazines from the table and retired to the remotest corner of the room.

Seven letters. Bird from South America. Mr. Bull frowned, then hopefully whispered "Jabiru." He counted the letters on his fingers. Damn it — there were only six.

"Getting tired?" Mrs. Marsden asked solicitously, as Alec put down the book and reached for his highball.

Under the black bristles the sea anemones parted, the white teeth flashed. "Not a bit," he said with that rich accent which suggested principalities in the Caucasus, ancestral halls in Montenegro or Walachia.

He took a gulp of whiskey and water, wiped the anemones on a lemon-colored silk handkerchief, and picked up the book again. "*Ça me passionne*," he added, incapable evidently of voicing his enthusiasm in anything less expressive than French. He flashed another smile, then recommenced his reading. "'Do what you are doing now; suffer what you are suffering now. Nothing need be changed but your own heart. Holiness consists in willing everything but sin, everything that happens to us by God's order.'"

Mrs. Marsden looked up from her embroidery. "How true that is!" she cried.

"*Tout à fait merveilleux!*" said her Social Secretary.

"Read it again."

Stifling a yawn, Pozna went back to the beginning of the paragraph. Stitching away at a crimson pomegranate, Mrs. Marsden listened with focused attention. "Nothing need be changed but your heart." But how hard it was to begin! And would she ever reach the point of actually *willing* the miseries of daily life? Willing her arthritis, willing the income tax, willing this headlong flight of the days toward old age and death, willing all her anxieties over Pamela?

At the other end of the room the little voice gave

vent to Pamela's feelings in an almost noiseless chuckle.

"It is by obeying," Pozna read on, "that we are made free."

"What tripe!" Pamela said to herself, and opened the magazine she was holding. Half a dozen corpses on a battlefield confronted her. Profoundly bored, she moved on to the new fashions from Italy. Lovely clothes, and the girls were beautiful. But then they had boy friends, they had fathers, they had mothers who didn't drink and aunts who weren't stinkingly rich. Angrily she turned the page. On the right-hand side was a bright pink advertisement of tenderized ham; on the left, the Annunciation by Fra Angelico. And then a double-page spread, in full color, of a gigantic plate of corned beef hash.

"What is man?" Pozna was declaiming. "An angel, an animal, a void, a whole world . . ."

From corned beef hash Pamela turned to the latest starlet. Five feet five and a half. One hundred and seventeen pounds. Bust, thirty-eight; waist, twenty-three; hips, thirty-eight and a half.

"Man is a nothing surrounded by God, destitute of God, hungry for God; a nothing capable of God, a nothing, if it so desires, filled with God."

"Lies," Pamela thought derisively. It was all a pack of lies. No, it wasn't even lies. To tell a lie, you must know the truth. And there wasn't any truth. There was only this senselessness of unrelated items in a magazine; there was only this monstrous jumble of thighs and corned beef hash, of corpses and Annunciations, of strapless bras and Pozna reading about God.

From behind the Chinese screen came a whistle and four faint syllables that might perhaps have been "Insect powder."

Mrs. Marsden looked up from the pomegranate and glanced around the room. Alec was reading, Dudley had his crosswords, Pamela was wasting her time, as usual, on a magazine. There seemed to be nothing here to account for what she had heard. But *had* she heard it?

As though in answer to her question there was a whispering in the empty fireplace. The words were indistinguishable; but at least they had been spoken.

Mrs. Marsden was filled with a sudden fluttering excitement. Pozna read on, but God had retreated into the unregarded background. The near, the only important realities were this tiny voice and the thrilling fact that, though Moira had gone, Kapila had remained — for *her*!

"How could we deny self, if there were not, within us, something different from self?"

"Alec!"

She touched his arm. He looked up and gave her one of those irresistible smiles of his. "What is it, Princess?" he asked.

She had been going to tell him about Kapila; but

now she changed her mind. If she told Alec, she would have to tell Dudley too; and then good-by to any hope of getting an important message. For Dudley would start by saying that he couldn't hear; and then, when he *did* hear, he'd try to be funny.

"I'm feeling rather tired," she said to Pozna. "I think I'll go to bed."

9

SHE started to roll up her embroidery. In her room, she was thinking exultantly, she'd have Kapila all to herself.

Out of the fireplace came another whisper — of approval surely, of loving encouragement.

Taken by surprise, Pamela looked up from that absolutely fascinating picture of a deformed rat, whose parents had been exposed to atomic radiation, and was appalled by what she saw. Why, she hadn't started yet, she hadn't even decided what she was going to do! And here was Aunt Eleanor running out on her.

"You're not going to bed?" she asked anxiously. And when her aunt nodded, "But it's only a quarter past ten," she protested, and would have liked to add, "You double-crossing old . . ."

"I've got the beginnings of a headache," Mrs. Marsden explained.

Pamela jumped up. "Let me get you some aspirin," she cried and started for the staircase.

Mrs. Marsden checked her. It wasn't necessary. She'd take some when she was in bed.

"I'd like to bring it to you," Pamela insisted.

Touched by so much solicitude, Aunt Eleanor put an arm round the girl's shoulders, gave her a good hug, and kissed the averted cheek.

"Poor waif!" she said to herself, remembering Moira's phrase, and then, "Love, love." It was the only cure. Patience and love.

Rigid with loathing, Pamela suffered herself to be embraced.

". . . her neck," said the little voice from the fireplace, and broke into infinitesimal laughter.

"Did you hear something?" Pozna asked excitedly.

But Mrs. Marsden was determined to keep Kapila to herself. "No," she said coldly, "I didn't."

Pozna opened his mouth to speak, then remembered that he was only a Social Secretary and refrained.

Mrs. Marsden turned and walked across the yellow carpet to where Dudley was sitting in his pool of lamplight. She moved with poised deliberation; but inwardly she was bubbling with elation. Another minute or two and she'd be alone, the door locked, the lights turned out, in touch at last, at last, with the Beyond.

She laid a hand on Dudley's shoulder. "Good night," she shouted; for his hearing aid was off.

"Good night," he said absently, without looking up from the puzzle.

Mrs. Marsden looked at the pink tonsure with its silver halo, and smiled affectionately. "You may be a stupid old Doubting Thomas," she began with a teasing laugh.

"What's that?" He looked up and turned on his machine.

"... a stupid old Doubting Thomas," she repeated, "but I forgive you."

Mr. Bull smiled back at her. "And you may be a credulous old Witch of Endor, but I adore you." He took her hand and kissed it. "Shall I tell you what I was thinking about this evening?" he asked in a lower tone; and when she nodded, he said, "Ravello."

"Ravello," she repeated.

"Do you remember those red slippers?"

"What makes you think I could forget?"

There was a silence.

"Back to Thurber!" Pamela said to herself as she looked at them. It was the moment, obviously, for the little voice to come in.

"Tris-stan," she whispered, "at s-seventy . . ."

She broke off in confusion. It was not the voice that had spoken, it was herself — and Pozna was looking at her, Pozna was furious. She turned away almost in tears. All those dreams about getting some of her own back — and now this flop, this utter failure.

Mrs. Marsden said a last good night to her old friend and moved toward the staircase.

"I think I'll go to bed too," Pamela muttered and, dodging past her aunt, ran up the stone stairs two at a time.

"Wait for me," Mrs. Marsden called to her.

The talk with Dudley and the prospect of being, in a few moments, alone with the living pledge of her eternal life had filled her with a happiness that could express itself only in affection, only in altruism. More love was what this poor child needed, and more love was what she would give her.

"Wait!"

Obediently, but with manifest reluctance, the girl came back from the end of the gallery and took her stand near the top of the stairs.

"Dear child!" she heard Aunt Eleanor saying. But if the old girl thought she was going to make any answer, or even look at her, she was making a big mistake.

Mrs. Marsden climbed a few more stairs, then halted, glanced up at that blank and stony face, then turned to look back at the room below. Dudley, she saw, was furiously scribbling, Alec had walked over to the radio and was fiddling with the dials. Only love, she was thinking, could rouse this poor child from her stupor of negation, and only laughter could carry love's message.

"Look at her," she cried in a tone of what was meant to be the tenderest kind of teasing fun, "look

at her, gentlemen!" As Dudley raised his head, as Alec looked up from the radio, she waved a jeweled hand in Pamela's direction. "Juliet on the balcony — waiting for her Romeo."

The blood rushed up into Pamela's cheeks and she was filled with a hatred so violent that she began to tremble.

Mr. Bull blew a kiss, Pozna dutifully shouted, "Bravo!" then resumed his search for a program.

"Juliet in blue jeans," Mrs. Marsden playfully continued.

On the blank face above her an expression of ferocious mockery appeared for an instant and was gone again.

"Isolde in a girdle," Pamela willed the little voice to say. This time it obeyed. "Isolde in a girdle."

Mrs. Marsden started violently and looked over her left shoulder. Pamela had to bite her lip to prevent herself from laughing aloud. Failure had been turned into a triumph more complete than anything she had dared to hope for. Below, in the living room, the radio started to play a waltz. *One two three, one two three — The Gypsy Baron*. The music seemed to be coming from somewhere immensely far away, and there was Pozna, there was Mr. Bull, there was Aunt Eleanor — like midgets, like marionettes.

"Isolde," said the little voice, as she laughed in secret triumph, "Isolde with false teeth."

And suddenly there were those caterpillars again, there were those centipedes, crawling up her throat, crawling between her breasts. Unspeakably horrible — and yet she wanted the crawling to go on forever.

She looked at the little creature on the stairs, and saw only the ridiculous caricature of Aunt Eleanor.

"Just a little old hag," she thought with a kind of indulgent ferocity.

"Just a little old hag," said the voice.

Mrs. Marsden turned and, her face distorted with terror, started once more to climb the stairs.

"A hag with money, a hag with parasites."

This time the whisper was immediately in front of her, and so close, so menacing, that Mrs. Marsden instinctively raised a hand to shield her face.

Incomprehensibly — was it in Magyar, was it in Rumanian? — Pozna began to sing in tune with the violins.

"Listen to him!" said the voice, whispering derisively. "How he *loves* you!" And then, "Filthy, filthy."

Mrs. Marsden struck wildly at the empty air in front of her.

"Filthy!" The word, it seemed, was being uttered within an inch of her unprotected eyes.

Throwing back her head, she struck again and recoiled, lost her footing and, with a terrible scream, fell backwards. There was a crash of bone against marble, a thud of flesh. The body twisted, slithered, came to a halt at the foot of the stairs. From over-

head, as Pamela looked down in horror, came a peal of almost inaudible laughter.

10

BY ONE o'clock the house was quiet again. Lying on her bed, Pamela stared at the ceiling. Now on one side, now on the other, an invisible bedfellow kept whispering, "You killed her, you broke her neck, broke her neck, broke her neck."

She put her fingers in her ears and shut her eyes. But all that happened was that she saw poor old Mr. Bull, with his hands over his face, sobbing like a child. And there, once again, was Pozna, white as a sheet, kneeling by the body. She heard his deep voice and then her own — tearful, abject.

"You did it."

"I didn't. I swear I didn't."

"I heard you playing those tricks before you went upstairs," he began. Then the butler came running in, and he broke off. They lifted the body. Shuddering, Pamela turned away.

"He knows," said the little voice in her ear. "He'll tell them."

All her giant invincibility oozed out of her; she was filled with a cringing terror.

But when the doctor came, Pozna dropped no hint of what he knew. "I guess she just slipped," he said and, looking squarely at Pamela, "Isn't that *your* opinion?"

She nodded without speaking.

Dr. Hancock sighed, shook his head, said something idiotic about accidents in the home and safety first, then pulled out his pen and began to write.

Five minutes later the ambulance came, and the thing under the sheet was taken away. Dr. Hancock took his leave. Still crying like a little boy, Mr. Bull was led off to bed.

"Alone at last," said Pozna as he sat down beside Pamela on the yellow sofa. He took her hand and, with a leering parody of old-world gallantry, lingeringly kissed it, then looked up into her face. Under the bristles the red sea anemones parted, the white teeth gleamed in a sardonic grin. "I congratulate you," he said. "You've made about six hundred thousand dollars this evening."

"Six hundred thousand . . . ?" she echoed, uncomprehendingly.

"That's what it'll come to after you've paid Uncle Sam and the attorneys."

"You mean . . . ?"

"Don't pretend you didn't know."

"But I swear."

With a gesture of the most possessive, the most insulting familiarity, he laid a hand on her head and patted it, as though she were a pet animal.

"You don't have to put on an act for me," he said. "I'm not the police."

"It's not an act." Her voice trembled and broke. "It's the truth."

"Quite, quite," said Pozna indulgently. "You were so damned innocent you never even suspected you were going to inherit anything. And at the same time you loved your dear old Auntie so much that you hoped she'd live forever. What an adorable child!" He gave her head another little pat and smiled at her. She met his eyes for a moment, then turned away. "Look at me," he ordered. And when she mutely refused, "Look at me," he shouted and, taking her chin between his thumb and forefinger, he turned her face toward his. Her eyes filled with tears, her lips began to tremble. Pozna laughed and, leaning forward, kissed her on the mouth. She uttered a cry of horror and tried to avert her face; but the hand under her chin was too strong for her. Red under the bristles, the sea anemones pouted, parted. Slowly, deliberately, he kissed her again, then released his hold, administered a little fillip on the tip of her nose, and said, "Six hundred thousand! We could have a lot of fun, don't you think so?"

Pamela looked at him for a moment, then turned away and violently shook her head.

"Okay," he said indifferently, and then, after a little pause, "It's difficult," he added in a thoughtful tone, "it's difficult to foresee exactly what they'll do about it. Would it be murder, would it be manslaughter?" He got up and walked over to the table where the glasses and the bottles were standing. "Of course the defense would plead insanity. It would be a choice between the penitentiary and the asylum." He uncorked the bottle. "Scotch?"

For all answer, Pamela jumped to her feet and made a dash for the stairs.

"Run," Pozna shouted derisively, "run!" He drank down his whiskey and then, as she disappeared through the archway at the further end of the gallery, "We'll go on with our little chat tomorrow," he said.

"Tomorrow," Pamela whispered, as she lay there staring at the ceiling. "Tomorrow." She thought of those red moist lips and shuddered. But if he told them — what then? They would come and ask her questions. "Did you hate your aunt? Did you sometimes wish she were dead? Answer truthfully. Were you, or were you not, trying to scare her? And why did you do it when she was going up the stairs? Didn't you know it was very dangerous? Or did you do it just *because* it was dangerous? Just because you hated her, just because you wanted her to die, just because you hoped . . ."

"No, no!" Pamela cried aloud.

But then why had she gone to the trouble of practicing in the summerhouse? "I'd like to murder her," she heard her own voice repeating. But that was just a joke, that was just one of those things people said. And so were the things about Isolde — Isolde in a girdle, Isolde with false teeth. Just jokes, just kidding.

From the pillow beside her came the kind of

amused whistle with which one greets an all too obvious fib. Then the little voice whispered, "Filthy, filthy!"

"But that wasn't me," Pamela protested. "I swear it wasn't. It was . . ."

And suddenly she was on that roller coaster again, falling, sickened with horror, toward destruction. "Unconscious verbalization," she tried to say. But the comforting magic of science had lost its power. "You do *this*," Miss Dillon had said as she breached the barrier that surrounded the wineglass. "And you run the risk of *this*" — of attack, of invasion, of a knife at the very heart of your being.

"It wasn't me," Pamela repeated.

"Liar."

"It was you, it was *you*!"

There was a long silence; then she heard the whistling on the other side of her.

"You and me — it's the same."

And all at once Pamela saw herself sitting in front of a row of faceless inquisitors. "Answer truthfully. Did you, or did you not?" "No, I swear. It was someone else." And then, minute but perfectly distinct, that whisper in the air. "You and me — it's the same."

"It's hopeless," she said to herself.

11

FAR off, the chiming clock in the library struck the half hour. Faint and shrill, like a mosquito buzzing at her ear, the little voice said, "Get up."

Obediently she got up, put on her slippers, opened the door, and tiptoed along the corridor to the archway leading onto the gallery. It was here, under the archway, that she had heard Aunt Eleanor calling: "Wait for me!" And an hour later, in the same place, it had been Pozna's voice, derisive, menacing: "We'll go on with our little chat tomorrow."

Tomorrow, at the mercy of the inquisitors — or else of those hands, those lips, under the bristles, like disgusting animals.

She shuddered and started to move along the gallery. At the head of the stairs she halted. It was very dark, but in her mind's eye she could see everything, everything, exactly as it had happened.

"Go down," the little mosquito at her ear commanded.

She clenched her teeth and began to walk down, deliberately, stair by stair, down through the remembered image of Aunt Eleanor striking at the empty air, down through the scream, the fall, the twisted body at the foot of the stairs, down, down and then, like a sleepwalker, across the living room to the French window. She unbolted it and stepped out onto the terrace. The frogs were still croaking, and on the horizon, between the live oaks, lay the pale glimmer of the sea. She crossed the terrace, she entered the summerhouse. On the table, she

heard the voice saying, there was an ash tray and in it a book of matches. Her hand fumbled in the darkness, touched, grasped, lifted. "Strike a match." She struck it. Enormous on her pedestal, Venus jumped out at her, and the hand with which she was trying to hide her bosom seemed to be pointing at that little cupboard, over there, in the left-hand wall. She moved forward, and instantly there was a noiseless commotion of enormous shadows rushing across the dome, along the floor, around the walls. The flame burned her fingers. She dropped the match and was in total darkness. There was a whistling in the dome above her head, a thin high peal of laughter. And suddenly it was not a single voice, but a whole chorus of voices, chuckling, squeaking like bats, chattering in a muted frenzy of excitement. The roller coaster took another headlong swoop — down, down into a bottomless terror, into the absolutely certain knowledge that something infinitely worse even than this was approaching, second by second, through the darkness.

Then, abruptly, there was silence. She could hear the frogs again, could hear a rustling in the oak leaves as one of the peacocks stirred in its sleep. And now it was a belated truck, roaring along the highway. The roaring faded, faded and was gone. And why shouldn't she go too? What was to prevent her from running back to the house and putting on her clothes, from taking her purse and checkbook and then hitching a ride — up north, to San Francisco, to Portland, anywhere? What was to prevent her? she asked herself almost defiantly. The silence remained unbroken. There was nothing to prevent her. Nothing whatever, except that you and me, you and me — it's the same.

"It isn't the same!" she cried aloud.

"Isn't the same!" the echoes in the dome repeated.

But even as she spoke her feet had begun to move again. She stretched out her hands in the darkness. Here was the back of a metal chair, here the pedestal and one of the statue's feet. She raised her right hand and touched a smooth columnar thigh, raised it again and found, higher than her head, the crook of an elbow. Her fingers traveled down to the hand, felt the marble dimples between the knuckles, then came to the outstretched index — pointing, pointing inflexibly at what she had to find. She moved forward, pushed aside another metal chair, moved forward again and here, under her fingertips, was the feel of plaster and then, as she moved her hand a little to the right, the feel of wood. She fumbled for the latch, found it, raised it. Noiselessly, the cupboard door swung open. There was a smell of dust and cobwebs. She began to tremble uncontrollably. Then, against her will, she reached into the cupboard. Hanging from a nail in the back wall was a coil of rope. And suddenly, as she touched it, there they were again, whistling under the dome, and laughing, laughing.



According to Police Commissioner Francis Adams there were 12,470 arrests in New York City last year in the 16-21 age group, an increase of 15.8 per cent over 1953. Lawlessness and lack of respect, which are prevalent the country over, are the direct result, says ELIJAH ADLOW, Chief Justice of the Municipal Court of Boston, of what has happened to American communities since the turn of the century. Can the trend be reversed? A native Bostonian educated in the public schools and at Harvard College and Law School, Judge Adlow has had to sentence many of the young offenders who have come before him in the course of his twenty-seven years on the bench. The cases which he cites are all true.

TEEN-AGE CRIMINALS

by JUDGE ELIJAH ADLOW

I

AN ATTEMPT to protect juveniles from the contaminating influences of adolescents and adults has resulted in the establishment in many places of separate and independent courts for juvenile offenders. My court has no jurisdiction over juveniles, which means that all offenders under seventeen years of age are handled by the judges of a specially constituted Juvenile Court. This does not mean that the juvenile is a stranger to my court. In fact, one of the alarming conditions that contribute to the contemporary moral crisis derives from the number of crimes which are committed, in whole or in part, by juveniles. For the purposes of this article I shall not limit my observations to those under seventeen years of age, but shall consider all adolescents.

Not long ago two girls, aged nine and eleven, appeared in my court and by their testimony involved fifteen men in charges of most serious sex offenses. It was evident from the testimony given by these girls that in certain instances the girls solicited the men to commit the acts with which they are now charged. This is not the first time that unusually young girls have become involved with men. Since the beginning of World War II the abandonment of domestic responsibilities by many mothers in exchange for jobs in industry has left countless children in America to rear themselves. It was inevitable that some of these children would speedily show evidences of neglect. The direct result of this absenteeism from the home was noticeable during the war, when many cases involving indecent assaults on children and similar offenses were brought into the courts. The judges expected that with the return to normalcy, and the return of mothers to their homes, the condi-

tions would abate. Unfortunately, a good many mothers who left home for a job are still working, and their families are expected to bring themselves up the best way they can.

What makes the revolt of modern youth serious is that it bears little resemblance to what was once viewed as juvenile delinquency. There was a time when the difference between a bad boy and a playful boy was merely one of degree. Today the crimes of violence in which the young indulge can never be mistaken for boyish pranks. The many cases of malicious destruction of property that have entailed great loss to the public are not the cumulative consequence of youthful exuberance but the product of calculated and planned mischief. The many assaults with dangerous weapons, some of which have had fatal consequence, are the acts of irresponsible desperadoes which differ little from the planned attacks on society by adult outlaws.

More alarming are the thefts and holdups. The petty pilferings that once represented a boy's transgressions were largely restricted to doormats, ash barrels, and milk bottles. But in the past few years I have had an eighteen-year-old boy in my court who, while employed by a wholesale electric supply house, loaded \$10,000 worth of electric equipment on a freight elevator, lowered the elevator to the ground floor, and then secured a truckman to cart away the loot. Three boys, all seventeen years of age, were before me charged with breaking and entering and larceny. After getting an automobile, these boys broke into a Surplus War Goods Store and carted away \$3500 worth of merchandise. Two others in the same age group looted the warehouse of a jewelry novelty wholesaler and carried away \$6000 worth of merchandise. After making

their getaway they stored the loot in a safe place and canvassed the community until they found an operator of a jewelry store who would buy the goods from them. There is nothing "juvenile" about this kind of delinquency.

Recently four boys, all under twenty-one, brazenly attempted to secure the release of a sixteen-year-old girl who was in the custody of the Massachusetts Youth Service Board at the Lancaster School for Girls. This is not the first time that young desperadoes have attempted to force the release of inmates in correctional institutions. The bold daring revealed in these escapades merely reflects the cold-blooded indifference of modern youths to the penal consequences of their acts. Nothing is done halfheartedly. So far as youth is concerned, its war against society is total war.

No juvenile groups have yet duplicated the adventures of Murder, Inc. Yet there is ample evidence of their imitation of the extortion and blackmail gangs that have enjoyed nation-wide notoriety. Several months ago five boys between fifteen and seventeen were tried before a Suffolk County jury for extorting money from young boys by threatening them with bodily harm. Despite the conviction of two of these defendants by the jury, the disposition of the cases by probation of the offenders revealed a reluctance on the part of the court to take the entire matter very seriously. In this the court was displaying an attitude consistent with that of courts the country over, of indulging in wishful thinking wherever juvenile delinquency is concerned. If there is a serious juvenile delinquency condition in America today, the courts must share a part of the responsibility for it, but that share is insignificant when compared with the major factors which underlie the condition.

2

WE MUST remember the setting in which the modern youth plays his role. He reacts to environment as grownups do. It would be absurd to expect that at a time when adult America is indulging in an orgy of lawlessness, youth should reveal moderation and restraint. We cannot deny that the standards of communal morality have been lowered by this generation. An age that has witnessed more drinking, more gambling, and a more widespread indulgence in luxuries and comforts than ever before is bound to witness a gradual disappearance of those primitive virtues which sterner and more sober generations nourished and applauded.

The authority of parents has been weakened. And for the impairment of this most important element in character building the parents themselves are to blame. In many homes parents have viewed their responsibilities in a detached and indifferent manner, and their children could really be said to have been left to bring themselves up. I

have had frequent occasion in recent years to interview young people who intended to marry and who applied to me for a waiver of the five-day law. I always inquire of these young people whether they have consulted their parents. I have been particularly careful to bring home to servicemen who are away from their parents the propriety of confiding in them before taking such a serious step as matrimony. While some have assured me that they already had obtained their parents' approval, I have been shocked at the number who reply, "Whatever I do is all right with my folks."

A generous application of liberal principles, so called, has resulted in parents' overindulging children and allowing them to do as they please. That they should gratify every whim, express themselves freely, do just as their "little hearts" desire, and have everything they want has been not only tolerated but encouraged. Instead of inhibiting violent tendencies and molding character by strict supervision and guidance, parents have deliberately refrained from stifling the impulses of youth lest some latent talent be frustrated. As a result, bedlam reigns where once was "Home, Sweet Home."

A generation that has been encouraged to express itself freely will little hesitate to join in those "pranks" which amount to vandalism and the malicious destruction of property. The monuments which have been disfigured, the public buildings that have been damaged, and the streetcars that have been wrecked combine to discredit a theory of child guidance which frowns upon restraint. Children can hardly be expected to respect the property of strangers when their destructive tendencies have known no curb in the home.

Frequently these youngsters come from good homes; their parents are excellent people, and no effort or cost has been spared to fit the children properly for their place in society. Consider the hoodlumism revealed by the raids on girls' dormitories by college boys in recent years, and it will readily appear that delinquency is not merely a problem of the slums. If children from the so-called better homes can share in this epidemic of disorder, what can we expect from those who have been denied the care of good and considerate parents? Children who are brought up in an atmosphere of drunkenness and brawling, who witness parents committing assaults upon each other, and who daily see the laws of God and man violated in their homes would have to be more than human if the atmosphere in which they were brought up did not leave its stamp upon them. Such homes are nothing less than breeding places for crime, and the records of our courts go to prove it.

A substantial portion of the young offenders brought into court come either from broken homes where the parents are living apart, from homes rendered destitute by the chronic alcoholism of one or both parents, or from homes presided over by par-

ents with long criminal records. The stories disclosed by the police about conditions in these homes are unfit to print. Some are beyond belief. If the conditions which exist in some were ever brought to light, the public would wonder why the delinquency problem is not worse. It can be said with truth that some of these children never had a chance.

3

MODERN youth has a great deal of time on its hands. Actually, a shortsighted legislative policy has forbidden young people to engage in many pursuits which once afforded opportunities for wholesome employment. I have seen prosecutions under the Child Labor Law which did more harm than good. I have in mind particularly the owner of a cleansing and dyeing shop whose fifteen-year-old brother helped him after school and who was brought into my court for violating the Child Labor Law. If a young man is not as anxious to work as he might be, let us remember that laws like that have helped estrange him from habits of industry.

There can be no question that the improvement in the condition of the average man, with its increase in earnings, has contributed radically to the change in attitude of parents. Most of them overlook the part which strict discipline, scanty allowances, and hard work played in their moral and physical upbringing. Instead they are determined to give to their children what was denied to them. They buy them better clothes, provide them with larger allowances, enable them to participate in sports, to attend movies, to enjoy summer vacations, and to do all those things calculated to make life agreeable. They not only relieve them of the little tasks or chores which once were a part of a boy's life, but they even frown on the performance of any manual labor, particularly for hire. The industry that was once encouraged in youth as a virtue is now regarded as an interference with the right to enjoy life.

This generosity on the part of parents has had an evil effect on the generation upon which it has been lavished. The little gifts which once provided the great incentive to youth for obedience and industry are now without effect. What was once awaited as an act of kindness and generosity is now demanded as a right. And the kindness of parents which makes occasional work unnecessary has resulted in building up in Young America a pronounced aversion for manual labor and toil. Fifty years ago the popular hero of fiction for our youth was Horatio Alger; today it is Superman. Instead of having its feet on the ground and being conscious of the stern realities of life, our younger generation has its head in the clouds and looks down on its parents as old-fashioned and out-of-date. The parents wanted a generation of "gentlemen" and they got them.

They forget that it is important that they be "men" first. On behalf of our youth, it can be said that the parents wanted it that way.

Equally devastating to youth is the noticeable weakening of the moral viewpoint wherever we turn. The nineteenth century may have been hypocritical in its severity, but it extolled virtue and denounced vice and sin. There are serious differences of opinion as to the long-range implications of nineteenth-century austerity and severity, but for youth it meant a high moral standard which served to inhibit lust, to promote modesty and respect, and to encourage obedience to law.

This moral viewpoint has been weakened today by an amazing combination of social, economic, and political factors. One hundred years ago gambling was considered the pastime of the wicked; today it has the sanction of authority in the form of legalized pari-mutuel betting. One hundred years ago the moral forces in America waged a relentless war against alcoholism and managed to keep the evil under a fair measure of control; today we are paying an exorbitant price for the experiment of Prohibition in the form of an unlimited distribution of alcoholic beverages. What is called the licensing system is nothing more than a token regulation. As a consequence teen-age drinking has become a major aspect of the problem of juvenile delinquency.

Equally marked are the changes in concepts of decency and honor. We read in the daily paper that a judge has ruled in the Federal Court that even though a man had been convicted on several occasions of violating liquor and gambling laws, he is still worthy of becoming an American citizen. On another occasion we read of a judge stopping deportation proceedings against a criminal who had twice been convicted of manufacturing slugs which could be used in slot machines. This judge's pronouncement to the effect that such a crime did not involve the element of moral turpitude should suffice to alert us to the depreciated moral viewpoint of today.

Let us examine the headlines a bit further. A judge before whom an embezzler stands, makes the injudicious remark, in condoning the offense, "His pay was too low." What effect has such comment on the moral viewpoint of youth? Or let us consider the extreme in official bungling, when a deputy warden in a state prison publicly applauded the conduct of a group of prisoners who had mutinied against prison discipline. When public officials condone lawlessness, is it any wonder that young people become indifferent to high standards?

How has the class war in America affected youth's moral viewpoint? Whether one believes in labor's right to strike or not, it must be apparent to everyone that the chronic condition of unrest on the labor front, punctuated by occasional outbreaks of violence and lawlessness, has had sinister implications for the cause of law and order. Its impact

on young people has been noticeable, as is evident from their readiness to join in any mass demonstration promoting any cause.

Several years ago 3000 New York City high school children picketed the mayor's office for four days shouting, "We want more pay for our teachers." On the fifth day there was no demonstration; it was Saturday and there was no school.

In glancing through the newspapers of the last few years, we can find ample evidence of the activities of boys and girls as agitators. They picket City Hall to protest against closing a fire station or abandoning a school site. They join a strike called in protest against a change in the high school curriculum or the transfer of an athletic coach. Possibly these children have serious notions regarding the objectives which such practices promote; but, at the same time, the whole thing coincides with what their juvenile minds regard as "good fun." That the ultimate consequences of these demonstrations are to exalt insubordination and to weaken the arm of constituted authority hardly occurs to them. They have become pawns in the hands of those who thrive on agitation and unrest.

Not only our youths but our grownups have wilted under the spectacle of a viciously waged class war. In no small measure has the indifference of authority to the violence and lawlessness of the labor struggle resulted in a disrespect for law. On the political front the condition is equally disruptive. In recent years there has been an intensification of the struggle for political power in the United States. And the condition is evident at all levels of the political hierarchy. It derives principally from the fact that party government has been supplanted by gang government, and the officeholder wields power by virtue of his personal ascendancy. As a consequence he is campaigning for office 365 days in the year. Those who seek to replace him are equally active and vigorous. This war is being waged with the weapons of the forum; with crimination and recrimination; with sly innuendo and downright bombast. Young people are spectators in this war, and they gaze at the spectacle somewhat bewildered. They emerge from the experience with a feeling that a great many people are being entrusted with the powers of government without regard to their merit or personal integrity. If youth is waging a revolt against authority today, it is because conditions on the home front have done much to discredit authority.

Recently in Redwood City, California, a school-teacher took his pupils to a nearby courthouse in order to show them "how justice works." In court the judge helped the show along by asking to see the teacher's driving license. When the judge discovered that the teacher's license had already expired, he immediately issued a summons to the teacher to appear before him on the charge of

driving without a license. Such a judge is a menace. Instead of exalting the teacher in the eyes of his pupils, he discredited him and thereby undermined his authority in the classroom. In every sense he was contributing to the delinquency of a group of minor children. Every day in the year, and all over the United States, people who should know better are doing equally stupid things with no other objective than to appear smart.

4

TO WHAT extent has the cultural setting in which modern youth lives been responsible for the moral breakdown? No one can deny that the world of today is a much more interesting place for boys and girls than that of the nineteenth century. They have movies, radio, television, and the modern newspaper. Millions of dollars are being spent each day to provide programs that will arouse their interest and entertain them. Some of these items are educational as well as entertaining. Doubtless many of them serve to improve the moral viewpoint of those reached by them. Others have questionable value as educational items, and there are some which are a distinct menace to the morals of the community.

We must never underestimate the role played by suggestion in influencing the behavior of youth. Thirty years ago, in the city of Boston, a boy who had escaped from a correctional institution sent out word that he intended to steal a car and race it through certain streets of Charlestown which were known as "The Loop." No such insane stunt had ever been attempted before. True to his word he appeared on the designated night and entertained thousands who had gathered to watch him, while the police, racing after him on motorcycles, made desperate but futile attempts to apprehend him. Since that night, over thirty years ago, hundreds of boys have imitated his escapade. They have stolen cars; they have killed and injured many innocent citizens. This one insane venture sufficed to set in motion a crime wave which has made the "loop speeder" a chronic problem to authority in Massachusetts.

Let us analyze a few more items which reveal youth's readiness to imitate. Several years ago a slightly deranged veteran stepped out onto the parapet at the ninth floor level of the Hotel Touraine in Boston. For hours he held a crowd spell-bound on the street below while he refused to return to a place of safety. It was unfortunate that the episode was publicized. Within a few days similar exhibitionist stunts were staged in different cities in the United States. Need I remind you that every example of unusual behavior reported in the press or portrayed on television is usually followed by a multitude of similar stunts all over the United States? Consider the outbreaks on college cam-

pus. Not even Harvard, Yale, and Massachusetts Institute of Technology could avoid the epidemic of exhibitionism which transformed sections of their student bodies into rioting mobs.

5

IF SOCIETY is bewildered by this spectacle of youth in revolt, its peace of mind has not been improved by the variety of suggestions which have been advanced to meet the situation. These all savor of the new liberalism. They ignore the part which the weakening of parental control over youth has played in precipitating the present crisis. Expanding the probation system, providing more public playgrounds, and raising the age limit for school attendance are but a few of the palliatives recommended. But no sober analysis of the problem can ignore their futility.

Human behavior is linked with character, and the process of character building commences at infancy and acquires its basic strength and quality in the home. No public agency can supply the training and instruction which a well-managed and properly supervised household affords. No one can replace parents in the training of children, and the sooner the new liberalism discovers this the sooner will it be on the right road to a solution. If society wishes to strike at the root of the evil, it must wage its campaign against those parents who refuse to discharge their responsibilities faithfully. The desire of women to retain their place in industry since the war is not without sinister implication. If the condition becomes fixed, we must expect an aggravated delinquency situation. While woman legally has a right to participate in industry, there is no moral sanction for abandoning a much more sacred responsibility. And the great decision which the modern woman must make is whether she prefers the career of motherhood to that of a worker. She cannot undertake both and succeed.

Few people see the long-range implications of juvenile delinquency. Few people realize that a majority of the men in the prisons in America today commenced their criminal careers between the ages of eight and thirteen. Some of these unfortunates had a predisposition to crime; others became criminal through their associations. As for the congenital delinquent, nothing we could have done would have spared him his fate. But the child who might have grown into an honorable career had it not been for the undesirable associations which brought him to his sad estate has a just grievance

against a society that did not insulate him from these vicious influences. Policies which deny this protection to the coming generation are policies which will assure a bumper crop of criminals for the future.

I have already mentioned the calamitous consequences to the entire Boston community of the exhibitionism of the automobile-stealing, loop-speeding Jimmy Sheehan. His little crime wave turned into a major outbreak of juvenile delinquency. And the same imitation that multiplied the Jimmy Sheehans and the parapet jumpers is being discovered in the duplication of the crimes portrayed in the movies, on the radio, and on television. Left to his own resources the modern delinquent would still be indulging in the petty pilfering that once satisfied his criminal urge. In an atmosphere filled with suggestion, his criminal aspirations cease to be juvenile. It is because he is so much more dangerous today that he can no longer be treated as a child.

Within a year a seventeen-year-old boy with a record of previous arrests for larceny was apprehended in the act of stealing in a department store. As the store detective put his hand on him, the boy drew a razor and slashed the detective across the face. In my opinion this boy is a confirmed and dangerous criminal. I sentenced him to the Concord Reformatory. He appealed and I learned later that in the Superior Court his sentence was modified to one year in the House of Correction. Whether this judge's leniency was justified, only time will tell.

Whether the generation which has disquieted our era can be set right is a great question. Some have faith that various expedients of correction and reform provide a ray of hope. In the opinion of realists, however, who have seen society struggling in vain with the problem of crime, a large portion of the delinquent group must be charged off as lost. They are the casualties of the new liberalism. The only hope for the future lies in the resurgence of the home as the basic institution of the modern world. We must recapture the spirit of the home which our parents and grandparents knew, and young people must be brought up and not left to bring themselves up. The position of the parent must be restored to its former place of authority, and the power to govern the household must be asserted with kindness when possible and severity when necessary. Then, and only then, will character thrive and the foundation be laid for a law-abiding society.



In an ancient Cape Cod cottage, the Farm House, the walls of which were decorated by his uncle, the artist Frank W. Benson, DR. WYMAN RICHARDSON spent some fifty summers. Here he came to know the moods and ever-changing beauty of Nauset Beach and the great salt marsh within; here he developed his extraordinary knowledge of the shore birds; and here he guided his family and friends on happy expeditions for the striped bass or the blue crab. From his posthumous book, The House on Nauset Marsh, which will be published this month by Norton, we have selected the following paper.

THE BIG OWL

by WYMAN RICHARDSON, M.D.

OF ALL the bird sounds, perhaps the hooting of the Big Owl — the great horned owl — is at once the most thrilling and the most fearful. It has great carrying power and seems loud when coming from afar; yet, when it arises from close by, it is as soft as the cooing of a mourning dove. It has the quality of ventriloquism, and only with great difficulty, if at all, can its source be definitely located. I remember the first time I heard it. One foggy morning I was walking through a path which ran along a ridge in the pitch pine forest northeast of the Farm House. Suddenly, from the next ridge, the sound came booming out: "Whoo-Whahoo! Whoo! Who?" Prickles went up and down my spine. I wasn't exactly afraid, but I glanced over my shoulder, half expecting to see an Indian dodge behind a tree. "Whoo-Whahoo! Whoo! Who?" it came again. This time there could be no doubt. It was asking the same old question.

I have heard that Grand Old Man of the River, the great blue heron, in his croaky, sneezy way, ask it as he slowly flaps south through the night. I have heard the hermit thrush, in measured cadences, fill the dark pine woods with the same question. And I have heard the challenge of a flock of geese as, high through a frosty sky, they spear their way toward sunnier climes. But, of them all, the most insistent voice is that of the Big Owl.

Possibly the owl was simply questioning my right to be there, for after I had crossed the next ridge and dropped into the hollow beyond, I caught a glimpse of a ghostly gray shadow drifting quietly out of sight through the trees. And shortly I discovered, near the top of one of the larger pines, the nest of sticks from which he or his mate had flown. It was late March, and I did not climb the

tree to investigate further. I had read too many stories of the ferocity of such owls, especially when they have young in the nest.

Since then, I have heard the Big Owl many times in many places. Once, last summer, two of them crooned a duet from the meadow just below the Farm House. It was ten o'clock of a black, drizzly night in September when first we heard them. I went out in the dark bareheaded, the better to listen. One was lower-pitched and had a curious catch in the second syllable. (Horned owls usually, but not always, hoot in a series of five.) The other, following almost immediately after the first, was just a third of an octave higher. Also, it was softer in tone and more coaxing. I wondered which was the husband and which the wife. One would have thought that the softer, higher-pitched voice belonged to the lady, but somehow I have an awful feeling that those low, booming notes were hers. If so, there could be little doubt who was the boss of that family.

It occurred to me to try squeaking like a mouse — an art at which I consider myself an expert, and one which will frequently attract nearby owls of any kind. The moment I began squeaking, both the owls stopped hooting. For a while, I kept on, and then I suddenly felt as if those great birds were floating by, right over my head. The night was black dark and I could barely make out the peak of the barn roof. All at once, the thought of my exposed and balding pate overwhelmed me, and I made for the house.

I sat silently by the fire for a few minutes. Sure enough, soon the duet began again. Was it my imagination, or was there in fact a more defiant quality to that low-pitched, vibrating hoot?

I do not know how common such a harmonized duet is among the horned owls. I have heard it

once since, in a spot some hundred miles from the Farm House. In every respect it was identical with the first performance, save that it occurred in late December, only a month or so before nesting activities usually begin.

You don't often get a good look at the Big Owl. He will drift off silently before you, a slightly lighter shadow against the darker shadow of the woods, and quickly disappear. Only owls have feathers so constructed that the wingbeat, be it ever so powerful, causes nary a sound. The Big Owl apparently can see perfectly well during the day, though he does most of his hunting by twilight, moonlight, or starlight. In this respect he is unlike some smaller owls, which in daylight may huddle quietly against a tree trunk and allow a close approach. I once was shown a tiny saw-whet owl, no bigger than your fist, sitting in a thick cedar less than two feet away. Not so the Big Owl. You are lucky if you startle him close by and he shows you his white neckpiece as, flying silently off, he twists his great round head to look down at you.

Once, and only once, I had a close view of him. We were sitting before a low fire one evening in May, and were seriously considering lighting the lamps. Suddenly a dark shape swooped down in front of the window and lit atop a small cedar not sixty feet away. We crept out the back door and peeked around the corner of the house. And there he was! He looked for all the world like a huge black cat, sitting there in the top of the little tree, his big head bent slightly forward and his cat's "ears" cocked, obviously looking to the meadow below for his supper. Again the prickles went up and down my spine. I was half glad, half sorry, when he finally slipped off the tree and disappeared into the gloom.

There are other "big" owls, of course. There is the snowy owl, monarch of the beaches, whose fierce golden eye warns all and sundry to stay clear. And there is the barred owl, also a big owl, but by and large a friendly fellow who is likely to make his winter residence right in the middle of the city park. His seven-syllable hoot, with its sharply down-inflected ending, has a gentler quality. I won't say that it doesn't have the eeriness which is peculiar to all owls, but it seems more down to earth and nearer home. And then there is the great gray owl, about which I know nothing. But, to me, the great horned owl is the only Big Owl.

Not always do they hoot or croon duets. Once we heard, my wife and I, a strange, high-pitched call. It suggested some bird in distress and we went to investigate. As we came nearer, we found it more and more difficult to tell whence the sound was coming. Consequently we separated to try to bracket it. And then, as we converged, a big bird swept out of a small pine and sailed off into the forest. Was the Big Owl trying to entice some unwary bird into the range of his talons? Or, if not

a bird, possibly some unscrupulous mammal bent on taking advantage of a creature in distress?

No, not always do they sing duets. Have you ever heard, in the dead of night, a searing, blood-curdling scream? A scream that jumps you out of your bunk with your hair on end? Be reassured. It's not a woman being foully murdered. It's the Big Owl, who has missed his pitch and allowed some dainty morsel, perhaps a skunk, to escape his clutch.

Many people hate the Big Owl. "He's a bad actor," some say to me. "He takes a lot of ducks."

"Well, what if he does?" say I. "He has a taste for duck, and so do I. But I bet he takes a lot more rats than either of us."

He takes crows, too, and while I happen to like crows (but not to eat), I know that they are not always welcome. Crows destroy duck eggs, and the Big Owl does more to control the crow population than does man with all his gadgets.

All this reminds me of a story my father used to tell. One day he was out in the brush, shooting partridge with a man we may call Mr. X. A kingfisher came by overhead and Mr. X. shot him.

"What in the world did you shoot that kingfisher for?" asked my father.

"Oh," said Mr. X. "Kingfishers destroy more trout than any other living thing."

A short time later the two hunters came upon a huge black snake which Mr. X. up and shot.

"For heaven's sake!" cried my father. "What did you shoot *him* for?"

"Why, don't you know," replied Mr. X., "that black snakes destroy more kingfisher's eggs than any other living thing?"

The philosophy of those who are so keen on predator control often seems to me much the same as Mr. X.'s. I would think it far better to see to it that abundant feeding and nesting areas are provided, and to let the owls and crows fight it out between themselves.

Come, some night in February, and stand for a while in the tall wood. There is no sound other than the rustle of a light breeze through a few tenacious oak leaves. Overhead, a scattering of bright stars twinkles through the branches in a vain attempt to pierce the gloom of the forest. And then from a distance comes that vibrating, awe-inspiring call. Nearer and nearer it approaches, until at last it seems to fill all surrounding space. Soft, yet queerly penetrating, it reaches into your soul.

As the sound dies away in the distance, there comes from afar the muted whistle of a locomotive. Strangely, it seems to have captured a trace of the eternity in the Big Owl's voice. "Whoo-Whahoo! Whoo! Whoooo!" goes the train.

And "Whoo-Whahoo! Whoo! Who?" repeats the owl.

Dare you answer?



THE BOOK OF KELLS

To Willy Pogany

by PADRAIC COLUM

FIRST, make a letter like a monument:
An upright like the fast-held hewn stone
Immovable, and half-rimming it
The strength of Behemoth, his neck-bone,
And underneath that yoke, a staff, a rood
Of no less hardness than the cedar-wood.

Then on a page made golden as the crown
Of sainted man, a scripture you enscroll,
Blackly, firmly, with the quickened skill
Lessoned by famous penmen in our school,
And with an ink whose lustre will keep fresh
For fifty generations of our flesh.

And underneath it, the Evangelist
In raddled coat, on bench abidingly,
Simple and bland; Matthew, his name, or Mark,
Or John, or Luke; the book is at his knee,
And thereby its similitudes — Lion,
Or Calf, or Eagle, or Exalted Man.

The winds that blow about the world, the four
Winds on these pages have their colors join:
The Northern Wind — its blackness interpose;
The Southern Wind — its blueness gather in;
In redness and in greenness manifest
The splendour of the winds of East and West.

And with these colors, on a ground of gold
Compose a circuit will be seen by men
As endless patience, but is nether web
Of endless effort — a strict pattern:
Through knots and scrolls and loops your line keeps on,
The going-forth and the return one.

Axal, our angel, has sustained you so,
In hand, in brain: now to him seal that thing
With figures many as the days of man,
And colors like the fire's enamelling —
That baulk, that letter you have greatly reared
To stay the violence of the entering Word.

*Adjutorium nostrum, in nomine Domini
Qui fecit caelum et terram.*



A veteran of nearly twenty years of successful writing for stage and radio, ARNOLD SUNDGAARD describes himself as a "journeyman writer." He began his career with the Federal Theater and with Writers' Projects in Chicago and New Orleans, and has since devoted himself principally to libretti and musical plays. In spare moments he has written a book, The Miracle of Growth, taught at three universities and a college, and worked with Leonard Bernstein on the Omnibus program about Beethoven. His work includes Everywhere I Roam, in collaboration with Marc Connelly; Down in the Valley, with Kurt Weill; three operas with Alec Wilder; and a jazz opera (composer unannounced) currently in progress. His long, close association with contemporary music well qualifies Mr. Sundgaard to discuss the position of jazz in 1955.

JAZZ, HOT AND COLD

by ARNOLD SUNDGAARD

1

IN THE record catalogues jazz has a place of its own. It follows "Popular Music," which is a vastly longer list. You will find in the jazz section, just as in the folk division, no mention of composers as such. The names of Arlen, Berlin, Carmichael, Gershwin are omitted. Instead you will find the names of Armstrong, Basie, Condon, Dodds, Eldridge, Freeman, Getz — the men who make the stuff. These craftsmen are themselves composers in that they possess the remarkable gift of spontaneously scoring music as a group.

A song of itself is not jazz, no matter what its origin. Jazz is what the jazzmen searching together bring to it, take from it, find within it. Spirituals, blues, stomps, ragtime, quadrilles, folk ballads, popular songs — all these and more are the subjects of their creative scrutiny. Even the most sensitive and skilled of jazz arrangers like Duke Ellington and Ralph Burns cannot put down all that is actually played. Much is left free for improvisation, and no precise method of notation has been developed to indicate its rhythmic and emotional complexities. In most cases no formal score whatever is followed. The song and its arrangement become for these men a means to an end. The music used, in other words, is somewhat incidental to the inspired uses to which it is put. For this reason jazz, within the realm of music, thrives on endless exploration and ceaseless discovery.

Coming, as it frequently does, as an outcry of a hurt suppressed or an exuberance released, jazz strives to speak for and to the individual. Because of this the group through which it speaks and from whom it must find its support is seldom a large one. As Henry "Red" Allen said one night, "If you got

too many up there at once you start to get in each other's way!" So here are voices speaking alone, speaking personally, yet drawing strength and deriving character from the group. The "combo," as it is called, becomes almost a term of affection. The word has been cut down from "combination," which means "a union or aggregate made by combining persons or things together so as to effect a purpose." While intended originally to describe restraint of trade, it could serve quite easily as a description of love. And, like love, the playing of jazz is one of the few rituals which permit such a feeling of shared joy, one of the few arts in which creation and performance are simultaneous.

Jazz, by its very nature, is a kind of freedom rooted in the sense of responsibility. Each soloist is guaranteed unrestricted freedom but he must exercise this privilege always with the other men in mind. Between them they possess and treasure a common rhythm supporting a community of sounds out of which the single voice is sustained and strengthened. A symphonic performance, somewhat in contrast, demands a rigid control by composer and conductor; a discipline in which the musicians expect and are expected to submit to an outside will. (Imagine the pandemonium if the second trumpet of the Boston Symphony suddenly stood up and took a few riffs on his own!) But in a jazz group the total effect is the result of total contribution. The music exists without a strong central authority. Perhaps this sounds dangerously close to the classical hope for anarchism. In a sense it is exactly that, and in its less skilled practitioners the result is indeed anarchy. When functioning at its best, however, there is unbelieva-

ble order as each performer gives and is given, as he sends and is sent. This responsibility does not begin and end with the performers. In contrast to an alarmingly large body of contemporary music, jazz expects to be listened to. It does not pretend to be soporific even when accused of being an aphrodisiac.

Jazzmen are a proud and independent lot; they refuse to conceal themselves behind a potted palm. While great moments of jazz can be recorded, remembered, and even revered, the art itself cannot be wrapped, stamped, and packaged like dehydrated noodles. On the contrary, active participation here and now is the very lifeblood of its existence. "The most inventive improvisation comes only when the conditions are compelling," Gerry Mulligan has stated. And the remarkable thing about jazzmen is that if nobody else will listen to them they will play for themselves. Hence the jam session in its original meaning. Hence the obsessive faith in their own striving. Hence the disdain of a commercialism which seeks — and they know it — to standardize, to stabilize, and ultimately to crush this lonely, loving art.

2

HISTORICALLY the journey that jazz has taken can be traced with reasonable accuracy. That it ripened most fully in the redolence of New Orleans seems beyond dispute although there are a few deviationists who support other theories of its origin. Around 1895 the almost legendary Buddy Bolden and Bunk Johnson were blowing their cornets in the street and in the funeral parades which have always enlivened the flamboyant social life of that uncommonly vital city. At the same time, it must be remembered, Scott Joplin was producing ragtime on his piano at the Maple Leaf Club in Sedalia, Missouri; and in Memphis, W. C. Handy was evolving his own spectacular conception of the blues.

Jazz in its beginnings, however, relied more on a variety of traditional ballads and songs than it did on new compositions. "Tiger Rag," for example, is an inspired lift from an old quadrille, evidences of which still cling to the notes. Most of the music grew out of fertile memories and atavistic impulses rather than out of conscious study. "Head music" they still call it, and one of the reasons Bunk Johnson joined Buddy Bolden's band was that he didn't have to read notes in that organization. Even to this day there are jazzmen who are reluctant to admit they can read music, because of the stigma which adheres to the conservatory-trained professionals.

Exactly why jazz developed the way it did on the streets of New Orleans is difficult to determine even though a spate of explanations have poured forth from the scholars of the subject. Obviously the need for it there was coupled with the talent

to produce it and a favorable audience to receive it. During those early years the local urge for musical expression was so powerful that anything that could be twanged, strummed, beaten, blown, or stroked was likely to be exploited for its musical usefulness. For a long time the washboard was a highly respected percussion instrument, and the nimble, thimble fingers of Baby Dodds showed sheer genius on that workaday, washday utensil.

Also in New Orleans there was the lively tradition of the "second line" at street parades, which was made up of eager youngsters imitating the elite among the adult performers. Louis Armstrong, Kid Ory, Omer Simeon, Wingy Manone, George Lewis, Barney Bigard — all of whom are abundantly alive and still playing with the vigor of youngsters — were graduates of the "second line." There was a truly intense rivalry between the various burial and marching societies and all took great pride in their musical prowess. And then, as a final environmental fillip, in the area known as Storyville there was as fine a group of brothels as any city ever boasted, and the managers of these mansions were absolutely without prejudice toward any form of art which would enhance the sense of elation among their patrons. As Jelly Roll Morton said of the district, "everything in the way of hilarity" was sought and sold there. There are those who still look askance at jazz because it was partially a product of this and other Bacchanalian playgrounds. But to condemn jazz for that reason is as foolish as it would be to destroy a Greek vase because of the presence of Silenus blatantly pursuing the maidens across a Grecian meadow.

This favorable situation of responsive patron and stimulated performer allowed the new music to thrive. One thing seems apparent in the development of the style which it evolved: the Negro bandmen (and those influenced by them) seem to have applied their own special vocal technique and feelings to the instruments which fell into their capable hands. Spirituals and blues were an integral part of their heritage, and both forms of lament take on a strong, driving quality when sung by Negroes without the debilitating effects of formal musical training. As they sang, so they played. Fused to this tradition of singing there was the equally profound effect of the "stomp," which grew out of their own primitive folk dances. These were the racial colors and local textures, Creole and working class amalgams, applied to the new music, and it is logical to assume there would be no abrupt change in feeling simply because of the acquisition of cornets, clarinets, "trambones," violins, and tubas. That the vocal and instrumental styles were similar is still evident in the musicianship of Louis Armstrong, whose voice and trumpet employ the same basic style of jazz phrasing.

When Storyville closed down in 1917 under the inexorable pressure of history, the musicians of

New Orleans began to wander under the pressure of economic necessity. The easiest and most convenient mode of exodus was by riverboat, on which some of them had already begun to play under Fate Marable, an early bandsman who specialized in dance music for the Mississippi voyagers. Around each bend in the river these musicians encountered fresh approval for their form of music. Some of them lingered for a time in Memphis and St. Louis but it was in the favorable climate of Chicago that most of them became most firmly established. There in the South Side they found a home which possessed certain essences comparable to those of the French Quarter in New Orleans.

The story of the twenties in Chicago is almost too familiar to need repeating here. What seems pertinent is to observe that jazz, once dispossessed, gravitated toward a particular kind of environment in which its existence was not only possible but, seen in retrospect, probable. The South Side of Chicago during the twenties was Storyville on a much larger scale, and because of this the New Orleans music continued an unbroken development there.

The first real threat to the inner strength and natural development of jazz came in the thirties with the depression and repeal. These twin pressures provided, for the first time, a completely new set of circumstances with which the music had to contend. There was now a second exodus, this time away from gin-mills and steady employment. In one sense the music was, as it had never been before, homeless. In another sense its home was everywhere. Fragmentation set in and the musicians were scattered like the other uprooted families of the period. Some of them found a subsistence employment playing rent party music — “pitchin’ boogie” it always had been called — and there was a brisk revival of boogie-woogie, which had languished during the twenties. Little of it is heard today; it was at its best on a battered upright piano with the landlord howling outside the door and the tenants howling within. Whether boogie-woogie was the victim of rent controls, low-cost housing projects, or a change in musical taste is hard to say. All that remains is warm memories of Jimmy Yancey, Pine Top Smith, and Cow Cow Davenport assisting in raising the rent through song and a communal effort.

The most sensationally successful of all jazz derivatives was swing, which thrived in the late thirties. Here was a music that could be danced to with zest and listened to with pleasure. (That it provided its younger auditors with heroes such as Shaw, Sinatra, and Goodman is more of a sociological enigma than a musical phenomenon.) But swing lost its strength and vitality by allowing itself to become a captive of forces concerned only with how it could be sold; not how it could be enriched. Over and over it becomes apparent that

jazz cannot be sold even when its practitioners can be bought. Like truth it is a spiritual force, not a material commodity.

During the closing years of World War II, jazz, groping for a fresh expression, erupted into bop. Bop was a wildly introverted style developed out of a certain intellectualism and not a little neuroticism. By now the younger men coming into jazz carried with them a GI subsidized education and they were breezily familiar with the atonalities of Schönberg, Bartók, Berg, and the contemporary schools of music. The challenge of riding out into the wide blue yonder on a twelve-tone row was more than they could resist. Some of them have never returned. Just as the early men in New Orleans didn’t know what the established range of their instruments was, so these new musicians struck out in directions which might have been untouched had they observed the academic dicta adhering even to so free a form as jazz.

3

SINCE the heyday of bop, recent though it may seem to some, further fragmentation has developed into what is referred to as “progressive.” These are the younger men, most of them still in their twenties, playing today. The occasional designation for them as “cool” is merely a subheading for conversational and record-blurb convenience. The term means little except that it suggests a certain control and lack of frenzy. The music in this stage of its evolution is inclined to be contemplative and introspective. In performance and as a person Chet Baker, for instance, is completely without any of the effusive histrionics or gregariousness of a Fats Waller or a Charlie Shavers; the quiet mastery of mood and meaning emerging from his incredible trumpet tends to command a hushed, almost reverent respect for the statement within him.

The progression implied in the term “progressive” has been twofold. For the musician there has been a phenomenal advance beyond the rigid rhythmic and harmonic limitations of the older music. Some of this is so striking that the leader of a small dance band, listening to Lee Konitz and Gerry Mulligan for the first time, cried out, “They knock me out, those kids. Where do they get those frantic chords?” For the listener to this music there has been an advance, or at least a change, from the old bar and bedroom atmosphere to the trappings and flavor of a Student Union recital lounge.

One of the cashiers at the Basin Street in New York City, mourning over the sedateness of the clientele, said, “Mothers bring their children to hear the first few sets each night when these guys play. That’s why we got a few rows of chairs as well as tables. You’d think it was Town Hall or something!” And it is true — the quality of the

applause is strikingly similar to that of Town Hall and the intent faces could be transferred to the Rathskeller at the University of Wisconsin or the Lion's Den at Columbia and nobody would notice the difference. "In the old days," the cashier continued, "they used to say the music was so loud you couldn't hear yourself talk. Now they get sore if you even whisper!" A strange, new audience, no question of that—they listen as avidly to Oscar Peterson as they listen to the Bach Aria Group.

Some of the music now being developed seems valid, warm, and forceful as in the case of Mulligan; some of it borders on the self-conscious and seems coldly intellectual as in the case of Brubeck. The brilliant performance and startlingly original arrangements of Mulligan have won the admiration and respect of such established professionals as Benny Goodman and Alec Wilder. Brubeck has been acclaimed by college audiences from one jumping campus to the next. Both Mulligan and Brubeck, along with an increasing number of others, seem to be evolving an art form out of jazz in which the musically trained mind will be able to bring to his work the exhilarating innocence and freedom of folk expression. Not that either performer (and others with similar backgrounds) is "folk" in the older sense of the word; both are too sophisticated for that. But they seem to sense the necessity of speaking the jazz idiom out of their own convictions.

The question inevitably arises: Which of all these forces is truly jazz? It is a little like asking: What is art? The answers, now found in many languages, are numerous and various.

4

THE shelf on jazz in the music room of the New York Public Library fairly bulges with volumes in French, German, and Italian. It seems strange to read in German a book called the *Jazzlexikon* in which you will find scholarly résumés of such eminent jazzmen as Dizzy Gillespie and Cozy Cole. And there are currently in the releases of several record companies examples of jazz as played in Denmark, Sweden, and Australia. Obviously the form and style are no longer limited to our own country. And jazz, as a youthful form of art, is listened to as avidly in London as in Palo Alto or Ann Arbor.

The musicians now entering the field of jazz are invariably more educated in formal music than were the contemporaries of King Oliver and Jack Laine. There is no escaping the force of history even at the cost of a pristine folk expression. There are those who long for a return to Dixieland, believing that the sounds produced there are evidence of a True Church. But no art can be completely restored by the archaeologists who uncover it; they only can point out where and when corruption began.

Let us try to recall the beginnings of jazz. The form around which much of the early music developed, the blues, was a simple twelve-bar phrase. It was the very essence of simplicity. Not that the blues were or should be the limits of jazz possibility, but an examination of their treatment may indicate how a song lends itself to improvisation and stylistic freedom. One of the oldest, and so described affectionately by Jelly Roll Morton, is "Mamie's Blues," which begins:—

Two nineteen done took my baby away,
Two nineteen took my babe away,
Two seventeen gonna bring her back some day.

Within those three simple lines is compressed all the Odyssean anguish necessary for musical exploration. There is no need here for involved rhyming and qualifying clauses—that is the function of the music. Let the trumpet state what departure means and the clarinet will describe what being alone means. Let the trombone tell how long it is between departure and return and then all three, supported by string bass, drums, guitar, or banjo, will find a way to say that hope exists and will survive the agony of separation.

Does this seem too simple an explanation? Then how explain the richness of emotion and variety of expression which emerge from such a simple song when played by skilled jazzmen? Are not these words the materials of their special poetry?

When I saw you this morning, baby,
why did you walk away?
When I saw you this morning, baby,
why did you walk away?
Can't believe that you don't want me,
I thought our love was here to stay.

In order to amplify and enlarge the impact of such a simple yet fecund idea the musicians have, from time to time, tried to enlarge the scope of their instruments and the intricacies of their arrangements. It would seem sometimes that they wanted to get more out of their horns than was mechanically possible; just as it has seemed sometimes that they tried to get more out of life than was humanly possible. About many jazzmen one feels the urgency in them to live, and to live at the outermost limits of human possibility. This urgency seems unwise to the cautious of this world and disheartening to the vanquished. To many others, accustomed to a less oblique conception of living, it is a little like mountain climbing and the pursuit of white whales in that its suppression is impossible and its explanation difficult.

For the younger progressives of jazz, the exploitation of the blues has been done so thoroughly and well by the older men that they feel the necessity to look elsewhere for their musical source material. The rigidity of the mellowed blues form and its strict chord structure doesn't permit them

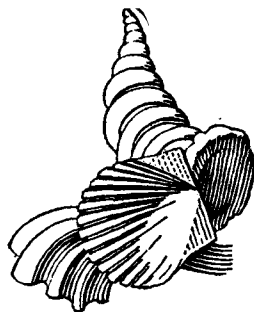
sufficient freedom for the development of their present ideas. They hold the blues in high regard and realize that if the pattern is changed they are no longer the blues. It is like adding a fifth line to a quatrain; it may be a poem but definitely it is not a quatrain. In other cases, as in a song like "Sweet Georgia Brown," the melodic line seems to have been developed directly out of the progression of chords which in turn dictate, more or less, the harmony. The popular songs of Kern or Rodgers or Porter offer more challenges and freedom, both rhythmically and harmonically, and almost all the men beyond the stream of Dixie work with this as material instead of the older pieces. In many cases new music, none of it with words, is being written which will provide the musical challenges their virtuosity suggests to them.

The driving force behind all jazzmen is somewhat the same and the search for fresh and vivid expression is the basis of musical growth. When asked why he played the way he did a member of one of the younger groups said, "I guess it's the only way I can talk the way I feel. I mean what I've got to say I can say best this way." When asked, "Well, what is it you want to say?" he looked far in the distance, then tried to answer. He took seriously the fact that words are not the only means of man's expression and if he wished to be heard fully he would have to seek another kind of voice. But what he seemed to be saying with the evanescent words of his music — in this case he spoke through a trumpet — was that life is ephemeral and let us make the most of it. Poets have suggested, too, as he was doing with his music, that there is joy to be found in the human situation as well as an inescapable sadness. Is it any wonder that a serious concern for this complex of emotion should

drive a verbally inarticulate man to the bosom of his music?

For a youth in search of identification, the urgency to life, which he finds in jazz, becomes a vital symbol of hope and extramundane aspiration. A parent may look on in horror at what he considers the baser aspects of this music. And there is no denying that with a force so delicately powerful somebody will cunningly try to mix in with it an element of fraud and deceit. But this calls for honesty, discernment, and understanding rather than suppression, because jazz, like the existence of blood and bone and flesh, is an affirmation of life and should be permitted the freedom to find its own true voice and not be shamed into silence.

Since the time of New Orleans, jazz has run the gamut from simplicity to complexity. Life, it has been observed, has run a similar course. If jazz is a reflection of life, as it seems to be, why then has it aroused such antagonism among many people? First, I think, because it challenges complacency. Secondly, because it refuses to be bridled by the accepted and equivocal standards of society. Thirdly, because it is never still; it does not hesitate to press forward on every boundary of the emotions no matter how they may be denied. But most of all it has tried to speak without guile or circumvention to the troubled mind and bewildered heart. As long as doubt and loneliness exist this music will try to speak to them. There will always be people who do not wish to listen; to them the music is disturbing and they either deny the existence of bewilderment or they wish to escape its deeper meaning. But disturbances of the mind and heart cannot be quieted by logic or quelled by ridicule. As long as this is true, jazz — as a voice from within — will find expression and survive.





An Atlantic Story



*A graduate of Queens' College, Cambridge, T. H. WHITE published his first novel, *Loved Helen*, in 1926 when he was a young schoolmaster at Stowe. He scored his first major success in this country with *The Sword in the Stone*; and then, when he had resumed writing after the war, he again hit the target of the *Book-of-the-Month Club* with his novel, *Mistress Masham's Repose*. Atlantic readers will remember his charming story, "The Fairy Fire," which appeared in the November issue.*

A LOVE AFFAIR

by T. H. WHITE

I GOT out of the bus in a bad temper — bored, exhausted, and angry about being driven across Ireland in these bloody vehicles, which had remarks written on them in Gaelic that nobody could understand. *Korus Umpar Airan*: that was what it sounded like. Ridiculous. And Ireland, the one individualistic place which of all places ought not to be nationalized, had turned its transport over to the Farewell State of Mr. De Valera. "Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness."

But damn the Nationalists for making me change at half a hundred stops, as it seemed; for writing *Telefón* on telephone boxes which could just as well have been described in the words of the Italian who invented them; and, more than all, and even more unreasonably, double-damn them for making me bring these two untrained shooting dogs a couple of hundred miles. I had a setter and a pointer, and they had to be taught shooting. Both had been sick more than once, and we were not welcome in nationalized conveyances, and we had had to suck up to ten thousand bus conductors for mere tolerance. The thing was to get the dogs to be sick on the step of the bus. Some conductors could put up with this, some could not. Through Mullingar, through the various bishoprics, we had pressed on with bloody, green-hatted energy. My less rabid companion in the dart was a schoolmaster from the east coast.

This teacher or *ollamh*, who had taught me whatever I knew of his beautiful but infuriating language, was real. He was a short, determined master — a teaching man who had somehow married a birdlike woman who might have been a ballet

dancer. His wife once told me that if he drank one dram too much of whisky, his heart would actually throb the bed. His heart, like a bird's, really shook his frame, and so it did hers, and so did hers his. They were angels — as if he had been Toscanini and she some famous duchess from Knowle.

He got out of the bus behind me and looked on with amusement while I fussed with bags and baggage. It was night by now, and the vehicle took itself off, diminishing across the boundless turf and under the boundless skies of Mayo, burrowing along in its own cocoon of light between the two, until its bright windows were only a glowworm of the vasty moorland — but still full of women from market and drunk farmers and black shawls and untidy parcels, all of which I equally loathed for the time being. As a matter of fact, the deeper we had got into the adored province, the more we had been recognized by friend after friend, the less the busmen had persecuted us, and the better we had been teased or quizzed or welcomed, until the final conductor had practically been tugging my famous whiskers in good humor and warmth of heart.

I was in no mood for all this. Many months on the east coast and in England, among the fillers-up-of-forms, had reduced me to the natural meanness of civilization. I was convinced that we had caught the wrong connection at Mullingar, lost our cartridges or guns at Ballina, been robbed somewhere intermediately, and probably had not got the right kind of ration books or passports or identity cards or dog licenses or shooting permits or practically anything else for where we were meant to be. Those months had made me forget

that the body cannot be nourished on bits of paper. I had forgotten that man needs only water, food, fire, and sleep — in that order — none of which were well represented by printed forms. I had forgotten that in the west this fact was remembered. Also, I had forgotten that if you were robbed, you were robbed. The world did not come to an end for that reason. And the incidence of larceny at Piccadilly Circus was above 5000 per cent higher than it was anywhere west of Ballina.

Séamus O'Flynn, the teacher who was taking a fortnight's holiday at my shooting lodge to help with the dogs (for he was a passionate shooter and trainer of animals), examined my gyrations with sympathetic amusement. I had been bullying him for the last fifty miles about where the cartridges were. He knew that they were either where they were, or were not. He came from the south of Ireland. Although he did not quite share the same accent, he did share the same culture as the western Gael; and he looked down upon me with a friendly smile, rather as the giant Gulliver must have examined the Lilliputians.

Incidentally, in the troubles, Séamus had been on the run, chased by the race and policy then represented and still represented by me. His life had been in his own hands then, and in the hands of his compatriots. I disagreed with his political views, as he disagreed with mine. We held a neutrality of esteem on these subjects. I think he would have shot me if told to do so by authority — because he was a Catholic and therefore conditioned to accept orders.

I do not think that anything would have persuaded me to shoot Séamus, because I had been brought up to protest against authority. I might, as an armed guard detailed to take him away and execute him, have said: Well, run, you ass, while I pretend to do up my bootlace. But I would not have given him this law, I admit, if there had been a sergeant watching, who could shoot me for sparing him.

These heart-searchings were getting us no further toward the situation in the now ill-lit hamlet — the bus had been the main illumination — in which I was dashing about, like a cockchafer in a hatbox, proclaiming that the skis and the pemmican and the snow-glasses and the *pitons* and the important parts of the oxygen apparatus and the infrared camera and every single file of the card index had been lost or stolen, or had strayed, so that we should never get up my mental Everest.

Some amused silence on the part of observers must have brought me to my senses, for I looked up at last. There was Cathal Barrett standing in the light of the grocer's window — where he had been taking a glass of whisky while waiting to meet us. He was a wiry fellow of sixty or more, with a drooping blond mustache and faded blue eyes, out of which he regarded me with the wonderful, polite,

protective attention which only the best ghillies in Scotland can afford to their lairds.

He had taken over both dogs the moment we alighted, and was holding them on tight leads, so that their forelegs were almost on tiptoe with immobility. This maddened me still further. The Irish, I thought. Barbarians: cruel to animals! As a fact, it was far the best way to hold headstrong puppies, who, if allowed a long leash, simply throttle their windpipes on the end of it; whereas, if only given an inch or two, they support their jawbones on the collar. It was to be at least ten days before it dawned on me that Cathal had been handling setters when my own nurse was handling safety pins.

I took the dogs from him insultingly, signifying that, robbed and benighted as I was, I was ready to mount the local taxi which he had hired for us, with what remained of our luggage.

As to the luggage — what a good word "luggage" is, by the way; we had *lugged* it across Ireland — the few pieces not there at the time were delivered, without charge, before breakfast next morning. We ascended the taxi.

Five miles further into the bog, wedged together with dogs and gunboxes and the faintly anxious-looking Cathal — he was anxious not to be rude to me in return for my rudeness — our headlights turned to the right through a broken gateway into a tunnel of overgrown rhododendrons, and into, precisely, the year 1889.

2

IN GUERNSEY, in the Channel Islands, the city of Paris has preserved Victor Hugo's ridiculous home exactly as he pompously left it. For a small fee, it is possible to enter the house and to experience the uneasy feeling that at any moment the old gentleman may open the front door with his own key, stump upstairs smelling faintly of tobacco, and sit down on his water closet — which has blue cabbage roses on the enormous bowl, and the sort of piston which one has to pull upward in a cataract of Hugo-like noises.

Glenaffron Lodge was like this, and for good reason.

In 1889, when Cathal Barrett was scarcely born, its absentee landlords had walked out of it, perhaps on account of some minor unpleasantness about being shot by the locals, and had never come back. For all anybody seemed to know, they might by now have become extinct, though their heirs and assignees did have a solicitor somewhere in Kent, from whom I had hired the mansion.

Cathal's parents and himself had, since that momentous day, farmed the land and studiously inhabited only the kitchen, dusting the other rooms fairly often, preserving everything *in situ* against the never-coming day of the master's return.

How glorious, in the era of atomic weapons and

of proximity fuses, to be able to step straight into a smoking room of the nineties — dank and musty, with mildewed leather fringes on the bookshelves — and to pick up the calabash pipe set down by some indignant sportsman in a Norfolk jacket and spats, his backside still tingling from the traditional charge of buckshot inflicted by the tenantry! There, on the round mahogany table, was the very latest number of the *Strand Magazine* with the globe of its street-lamp on the cover. There for the more highbrow ladies, if I am not getting my dates mixed, was an *avant-garde* periodical calling itself the *Nineteenth Century*, and in it — could it have been? — an article by some subaltern called Churchill or by the new writer called Kipling. The smoking cap, unless this is an exaggeration, hung on the door; certainly the deerstalker hung in the hall, among the antlers.

In the ladies' bedrooms there were curling tongs and rolls of false hair and red books with their covers licked, in lieu of rouge, and bits of rice paper for face powder. In the men's bedrooms there were cycling breeches and dancing pumps with bows on them, and cut-throat razors marked for the days of the week. Yes, and there was a half-empty bottle of Rowland's Macassar Oil, still sporting its astonishing list of patrons.

The advertisements in the magazines were entrancing. In blacker ink than we now have, on shinier paper, they displayed babies reaching for cakes of soap out of hip baths; cones or pyramids of some mysterious substance which could be ignited against asthma; ladies in bloomers leaning on bicycles; dressmakers' busts with knobs instead of heads and cages instead of legs and undivided bosoms leaning forward. The illustrations of the stories were engraved with wonderful detail, showing coy maidens with masses of high hair being grasped in moonlit woods by inhibited gentlemen in high collars. In the Irish stories there were fairies here and there, with dragonfly wings and toadstools and bits of shamrock and plenty of jolly Paddies leading pigs on strings. While in the humor to comment on words, by the way, what an excellent word "shamrock" is: its first syllable is definitive. Nobody in the west cared a fig about its symbolism.

Then there were ancient salmon flies in the drawers, with eyes of gut, now unreliable, and bushy hackles, but still recognizable as Jock Scotts or Alexandras; and machines for turning over the tops of cartridges or measuring their charges; and heavy wooden reels with brass fittings; and glove-stretchers of ivory; and tarnished, silver-topped bottles; and a letter or two from Tommy at Simla; and a dance program with its white pencil still attached; and a gamebook in which somebody had defiantly entered $3\frac{1}{2}$ brace of grouse.

In the drawing room, there were fans and peacock feathers and pampas grass.

Among the kerosene lamps, and plush chairs, and tablecloths with bobbles on them, and stereo-

scopic holders for viewing three-dimensional pictures of the Sphinx, and stuffed pheasants, and mothballs, and albums with clasps, and carriage whips, and enormous hats with sea gulls transfixed by jet hatpins, and boot trees, and dangerous engines for making aerated water, and little flower vases for buttonholes, and golf balls of gutta-percha and a cleek — among these, since it was Ireland, there were inevitably two or three pieces of eighteenth-century silver — candlesticks and the like — with good cut-glass decanters and several empty claret bottles. Over everything there was a microscopic film of dust.

So forgotten, so lost, so distant, so remote from shops was this blissful abode of peace that the Barretts had killed a sheep for our provision; and this, without a refrigerator, we were gradually to consume from top to toe during the next fortnight of summer weather.

3

YES, the word was sanctum or sanctuary. Into this sanctum, Cathal ushered us with deference — by the soft light of an oil lamp with a smoked chimney.

He was a man, we slowly discovered, who was as singular as the house which he inhabited. He was a poet.

There is a secret world of literature, unknown to professional writers and even to collectors of folklore, which covers the globe in an infinitely thin veneer. All the people in this coating know each other, but are unknown outside the layer. They publish in the back pages of *Old Moore's Almanack*.

From Chicago to Calcutta to Cork, under signatures or initials or names of the pen, "Erin Go Braw" addresses his melodious rhymes to P.J.W., while Evan Williams tunes a note of exhortation to "Aussie Boy." Their subjects are Spring, Moonlight, Patriotism, Colleens, Mother Love, or the merits of one another. They often set versified riddles or anagrams or conundrums. Their interests are studious, their craftsmanship complicated, their minds similar to those of chess players, and their courtesy, if sometimes inclined to a learned dig or leg-pull, invariably above suspicion. Presumably they are lonely people with infinite leisure, living in lighthouses and weather ships and wigwams and igloos and Irish bogs, looking forward to the publication of next year's *Old Moore*, doing all the puzzles of this year, inventing the most subtle diversions and "cracks" and "teasers" with which to encourage, improve, reprove, or entertain their friends.

Cathal was one of them. He was one of the chief bards of the *Almanack*. He frequently set a conundrum to "Semper Fidelis" in the Antipodes; was locally famous and spoken of with awe for having appeared in print; and he was certain that I, as a professional writer, would make fun of him. I do

not mean to do so. It is difficult to rise to the top of any profession, and, the more recondite the profession is, the greater the competition. If I have any claim to be the equal of Cathal, it is that I, in open struggle, heat after heat, on Radio Eireann, was once acclaimed the leading Bard of Erin myself, and was awarded more than one prize of five shillings.

The chastity of the Irish is a subject which never ceases to baffle the Anglo-Saxon. Perhaps they mature later, perhaps it has something to do with their very ancient cenobitic form of Christianity, perhaps there is an economic reason tied up with the poverty of small, unfruitful farms — but the fact is that the Gael marries late. It is a little difficult in the modern world to imagine people who do not divorce one another and who wait to be married until they are fully grown — indeed, until they are middle-aged. Perhaps it is because they mate for life, and expect to be continent and faithful, that they marry so slowly and with such precaution. Perhaps also the occasional violence of the Irish — their eruptions — may be due to repression of the carnal instincts. Until they are wedded, the menfolk of Mayo are called “boys.” Cathal remained a boy until the last decade of his life.

Imagine that lifetime on the heathery mountains, and the keen eyes, once brilliantly blue, missing no movement of sheep or cattle, wild goose or hare, hawk or solitary neighbor. What secret longings must Cathal have had, what thwarted and complicated puzzles or daydreams, as he shepherded on the high shoulders of Slieve Fyach in the lonely sunlight. He was noticeably gentle with animals. He had held the dogs that evening on the short leash to help them, not to punish. To beat a dog — and this was rare among keepers — would have struck him as madness. For forty-five years, since the beginning of manhood, he had loitered about Glenaffron in rain or shine, often with his still hand on the head of the dog which helped with the herding — patient, waiting for something, silent and watchful as the dog beside.

So there we were, in this astonishing house with its faithful and accomplished gamekeeper who had bided sixty years for his master to come home and had dusted the calabash or meerscham at least once a week. He was slightly on the defensive, could not quite make us out for not being cross about that charge of buckshot in his employer's trousers, knew perfectly well that I was a bigger gun than he was in the literary world, and, while expecting the Saxon insult which he had every reason to foresee

after our first meeting, still watched me with grave and accommodating politeness — while I trained the setter and the pointer quite amiss. The most difficult thing in the world is to know how to do a thing and to watch somebody else doing it wrong, without comment. Cathal managed it.

After nearly fifteen years, when I know better about dogs, I realize that he was training me, just as I thought myself to be training them.

But the point of the story is a love affair. It was over the course of more than one year that I finally discovered its features. He concealed it from me, with the sensitive reticence of the Gael, and I made no particular efforts to ferret it out.

Perhaps it was a commonplace in Mayo.

At one time, when over sixty and a bachelor, it had struck this sandy-mustached, moist-eyed bard and ghostly ghillie that he was now in an economic position to get married. So he had put into action the existing machinery.

He had sent for the local matchmaker, provided him with a bottle of whisky to take away, and had stated his financial position with its possibilities. Leave you all to me, the matchmaker had said, for I have the very girl you need.

The matchmaker had then put the necessary bottle in his pocket, had walked across the mountain into the next glen, and had set the bottle on the table. Glens are as separate from one another as fjords are.

On sight of the matchmaker and the bottle, which had not to be broached until the decent moment, the daughter of the house, a strong and pretty girl about eighteen, had been sent forth to count the chickens. It had been stated, after ceremonious nuances, that Cathal had such and such assets, while the girl might expect in dowry a pig and a cow. The bottle had then been uncorked.

Cathal, over sixty, met his bride, under twenty, for the first time, actually at the altar where they were married.

A deplorable state of affairs!

The only trouble about it was that my schoolmaster and myself were a bit of a bore to the Barretts, during our harvest stay, eating that putrefying sheep. They could never be sure of being alone together; and, however tactful we were about absenting ourselves on mountains or coughing when approaching their small hayfield, they had too little time, what with suckling the happy babies and dodging behind the haycocks for another heart-warming hug, to attend to the less lovely and gentle duties of hospitality.



The son of a famous French physiologist, JEAN MAYER came to the United States before the war to pursue his studies; but the war called him home, and as a Gaullist he fought for five years with the Free French forces. He got a Ph.D. at Yale Medical School in 1948, a D.Sc. from the Sorbonne, and in 1950 joined the faculty of the Department of Nutrition at the Harvard School of Public Health, where his studies on obesity have attracted wide attention.

EXERCISE DOES KEEP THE WEIGHT DOWN

by JEAN MAYER

I

OBESITY has become a national obsession. Technical journals, newspapers, magazines, radio, and television daily dispense a barrage of propaganda. Much of this campaign is ineffectual. Occasionally it is harmful, because it is based on misstatements. Some of these are intentional mercenary lures, advertising "health foods" or "thinning foods." Some are promises based on witchcraft ("Eat all you want and lose weight").

Other inaccuracies are more serious yet, since they emanate from respected "experts." Chief among such pronouncements is the claim that exercise is of no value as a reducing aid.

The view that exercise expends relatively little energy is erroneous. If it were true, strenuous physical activity could be of only small importance in maintaining the balance between calorie intake and calorie outgo. This balance, of course, determines the extent of overweight. Another false idea is that, *at any level of calorie intake*, an increase of physical activity is automatically followed by an increase in appetite and is therefore self-defeating as a weight-control measure. The facts show that exercise is the great variable in energy expenditure and that exercise does not necessarily increase food intake. An increase in food intake follows an increase in exercise only under limited conditions.

The first misconception, the minimizing of the cost of physical activity, could be avoided by anyone who had occasion to look thoughtfully at a table of "Recommended Dietary Allowances" such as has been elaborated by the League of Nations, the United States National Research Council, and other national and international agencies. For example, the daily allowances for men given by the National Research Council vary from 2400 calories for "sedentary" men to 4500 calories for "very active" men. Laborers, soldiers in the field, and athletes are advised by the NRC that they may

require up to (and occasionally more than) 6000 calories. The range of 2400 to 6000 calories should dispel the myth that physical activity plays but a negligible role in the daily energy balance.

One of the most striking illustrations of what happens if you don't compensate for the increased energy expenditure caused by physical activity is provided by the systematic studies made by the busy little nutritionists of the Third Reich. These happy hearts, while gallantly building for a thousand years, had set themselves the problem of finding out the degree of undernutrition compatible with continued production of coal by foreign miners impressed into service in the mines of the Ruhr. The Nazis discovered that it did not pay to try to reduce the intake of these prisoners to a level corresponding to that suitable for sedentary activities. The health of the victims disintegrated and their production fell to nothing — proof that steady physical activity consumes a perceptible quantity of calories.

And yet, how frequently we are exposed to assertions such as "A pound of fat can be worked off only by walking thirty-six hours, or splitting wood for seven hours, or playing volley ball for eleven hours." The enemies of exercise visualize any given wearying performance as being accomplished in a single uninterrupted stretch. The energy expenditure accompanying physical activity takes place, however, whether the activity is performed in a day or a decade. Splitting wood for seven consecutive hours would be difficult for anyone other than Paul Bunyan, but splitting wood for half an hour a day — in no way an impossible assignment for a healthy man — will add up to the desired seven hours in a fortnight. If this thirty-minute lumbering operation represents a regular practice, it would be, according to the very reasoning of the foes of physical activity, calorically equivalent to 26 pounds of

body fat a year. Similarly, a half hour per day of handball or squash would add up to, in the course of twelve months, a good 16 pounds of body fat.

Energy expenditure in most types of activity, where only parts of the body are moved, is directly proportional to body weight. A tennis player who weighs 150 pounds expends about one per cent of the cost of playing tennis in moving his racket, about 99 per cent in moving his body. In the case of a heavier man, expenditure would be proportionally greater. A 200-pound player going through the same movements would expend in work one third more than his 150-pound opponent. He will either lose more weight or need more food to cover the expense of his three sets than does the thin man. For the "mean" man, then, examples of energy expenditure per hour *over that of sitting* are: walking (not running), 100 to 550 calories, depending on the speed; swimming, up to 685 calories; skiing, up to 950; climbing, the same; skating, up to 685; and cycling, up to 585.

These hourly energy expenditures above the resting level of sitting are still lower than the peaks reached in athletic competition. For a sport like rowing such peaks may approach 1300 calories per hour. A caloric expenditure of 500 to 600 calories per hour above the resting level represents a degree of physical activity which can be endured by the average out-of-condition adult for a half hour without undue discomfort. A trained man should feel all the better after a full hour or more of such exercise. For those for whom translation into foods is more meaningful than caloric counts, the expenditure corresponding to thirty minutes of this kind of exercise is equivalent for our "mean" man to an average piece of pie decorated by a standard scoop of ice cream. Regular exercise, it becomes clear, can be a substitute for regular deprivation.

Moreover, if excess body weight is such that it impairs body movement, the cost of exercise will actually increase faster than does body weight. It follows that an overweight person will require more energy (and hence, unless fed more, burn a greater amount of body fat) for the same amount of exercise than will a person of normal weight. Twenty per cent overweight will increase the cost of walking, skiing, golfing, by at least 20 per cent, and it will increase the cost by more if the overweight makes the exerciser more clumsy and less efficient.

The dependence of the cost of physical activity on body weight has another important consequence. Any increase of calorie intake above the balance level will cause only a modest increase in weight in a physically active individual, because of the energy cost in moving the extra poundage. By contrast, in a sedentary individual, less energy will be expended moving the extra weight; weight gain, therefore, will be more rapid and more pronounced. If a Swiss mountaineer suddenly increases his food intake by a moderate amount, he will quickly

stabilize his weight. He will use up the increase to carry uphill the two or three pounds which he at first accumulates. His streetcar- or auto-riding Zurich brother lacks such an automatic self-correcting mechanism. The latter may add five or ten pounds before the slow increase in heat loss (sometimes referred to as "increase in basal metabolism") which follows the expansion of his waistline eventually starts matching the daily addition to his caloric consumption of, say, a dessert at supper. The active man has two brakes on weight gain: increased cost of exercise (a very potent one) and increased basal metabolism. The sedentary brother has only the less effective increased basal on which to rely, and he will curb his progressive fattening much more slowly.

Readers who are familiar with the conditioning of race horses and of boxers know that exercise, as much as or more than rationing, is relied upon to avoid overweight. By contrast, a constant universal practice in fattening young hogs, geese, or steers consists in restricting their activity by cooping them up in pens or tethering them. Whatever misguided "health educators" may preach, farmers all over the world agree that the first step in the production of lard or of *pâté de foie gras* is to prevent the producing animals from increasing their energy expenditure by unhampered wandering.

2

THE second widespread misconception, somewhat more difficult to dispel, is, regrettably, embodied in a proposition which not only sounds plausible but is also in part true. It is the oft-repeated allegation that exercise is of no value in weight reduction because an increase in physical activity *always* causes an increase in appetite and food intake which is at least as great in energy value as the energy expended in exercise.

That an increase in appetite follows an increase in activity in a normal animal or person is true enough. It explains why the weight of most adults is relatively constant. A fine adjustment of appetite prevents the body from burning away its substance when the individual is called upon to perform at a higher level of exertion than has been his custom. This adjustment of caloric intake to caloric expenditure admits of definite limitations even in a normal person. Energy expenditure must not be raised above a certain upper limit; it must not be lowered below a certain minimal limit.

These statements can be substantiated by observation of laboratory animals as well as of human beings. In the Nutrition Department at Harvard, my collaborators and I have studied the way the food intake of white rats varies when their exercise is varied. We used a motor-driven treadmill and accustomed a large group of rats to running on it. Then we divided the large group into a number of

smaller groups, which were exercised, respectively, for one, two, three, up to ten hours daily; we measured their food intake during a few weeks of this regimen and their weights after it. Finally, we compared them with rats which had been left unexercised in their cages.

We learned that rats exercised one or two hours daily did not eat more than did the unexercised rats; indeed, they ate somewhat less. From two hours onward, increasing duration of exercise was accompanied by increasing food intake, up to a duration of eight hours of exercise, which represented the peak that rats could endure. Higher durations could not be maintained. The animals became exhausted, ate less, and lost weight. Swimming the rats, instead of running them, gave the same results.

The range of inactivity, in which decrease in food intake no longer responds to decrease in activity, can be truly termed the sedentary range. Above this comes the range of normal activity where appetite and exercise are attuned. Above the normal range is the exhaustion range, where an increase in activity is no longer followed by an increase in appetite but by a decrease. This last is obviously an unstable situation which cannot be endured indefinitely. Neither the sedentary nor the exhaustion range represents a normal mode of life. Animals are not meant to be caged. They are not designed to be pushed beyond the limits of what the body can stand. In the central zone, that of normal activity, appetite reveals itself as a sensitive and reliable mechanism for equating energy intake to energy expenditure.

Such conclusions, gathered from presumably reluctant rats, also apply to man. The sedentary range is presented in its extreme form by the studies of Dr. James H. Greene of Iowa City, who "collected" two hundred patients in whom the beginning of obesity could be traced directly to a sudden decrease in activity resulting from a change in occupation, blindness, fractures, and the like. A massive experiment immediately after the war, on millions of young men discharged from the active life of fighting units and "rehabilitated" in classrooms and offices, has perhaps not received enough attention. Returning veterans had a tendency to put on weight rapidly. This was not due exclusively to a return to home cooking and a peaceful atmosphere, but to a very sedentary life as well.

The role of decreased activity seems of particular importance in childhood obesity. Numerous articles and books have been written on why obese children eat more than non-obese: as an escape from tensions at home, as a substitute for the affection of one parent or of both, as a result of parental neglect or oversolicitousness, because of desire for importance, as a compensation for excessive shyness. But, although a few psychiatrists, such as Hilde Bruch, have observed that obese children

are often inactive, it is only recently that the basic assumption has really been questioned. Do obese children overeat, or do they get their surplus of calories from underexercising?

Penelope Peckos and Peggy Crooke Fry, two able nutritionists who studied Boston school children, concluded that lack of activity was the dominant feature in the development of obesity. The studies we conducted with Dr. Mary Louise Johnson, using high school girls from Newton and Brookline, Massachusetts, gave similar results. A very careful examination of the dietary intake of equal groups of overweight and normal-weight girls, matched for age and height, showed that the obese students fell into two groups. One, by far the larger, consisted of girls who ate a little less than the normal-weight girls but who exercised considerably less. All the "sitting" activities were emphasized at the expense of walking and active sports. Watching television consumed four times as many hours in this group as it did in the normal-weight group. There was also a small group of active obese girls, who ate more than and exercised as much as the normal. This latter group, incidentally, was of the red-cheeked, cheerful variety. Dr. Johnson found that this group appeared more muscular, so that, while "overweight," they were probably less "overfat" than the inactive group.

All these findings inevitably bring us to the conclusion that, with respect to physical activity, obesity is in many instances truly a "disease of civilization." Mechanization and the development of modern means of transportation combine to decrease physical exercise. For many individuals, physical activity is depressed to such an extent that the sedentary state is reached, and excessive calories accordingly accumulate as fat.

We eat less, probably, than our grandfathers did. The sight of an old-time wedding menu is enough to demonstrate this point. But, in order to get to the wedding, grandpa had to walk or ride horseback for long distances even in the dead of winter. Also, old-fashioned dancing was generally more strenuous than the modern variety. By the time our grandparents were home, they had expended a large part the surplus calories they had accumulated.

On a primitive farm, both the husband and the wife worked in the fields, plowing, hoeing, harvesting. The use of oxen for many of the farming operations imposed a slow rhythm on the farmer. As better plows and other improved implements became available and as tractors were introduced, the productivity of the farmer soared. Today he no longer requires the help of his wife for the heavy work of the fields; she has become a housewife, with perhaps only the relatively minor chores of a vegetable garden or the milking of cows and the care of rabbits or chickens. Meanwhile the physical expenditure of the farmer has hardly decreased; the new implements are heavy and continue to involve

a lot of vigorous manual activity; driving a big tractor requires considerable muscular effort, and gone are the pauses at the end of the furrow. Now the farmer's work is only slightly less arduous and it is much more continuous.

It is only when the degree of farm mechanization symbolized by, say, milking machines is reached that the energy expenditure of the farmer really drops. Meanwhile, if the appetite of the farm woman has declined too slowly, either because her activity has dropped into the nonresponsive sedentary zone or because customs and the necessity of still providing big meals for her menfolk have influenced her unduly, she has become fat.

3

IT is always a dangerous operation to tell modern suburbanized or urbanized women, young mothers or career girls, that in the physiologic sense of the term they don't perform a great deal of work. It is prudent to add quickly that what is meant is that hard physical work and tiring activity are not necessarily synonymous. Most of the occupations of the modern active woman may be tiring, but they don't involve a great deal of pushing, or of carrying considerable loads for long distances, or of picking up heavy objects several times a minute. Ironing and climbing stairs are perhaps typical of today's common heavier expenditures. These involve, respectively, elevating repeatedly a 10-pound object and continuously (for a short period) the weight of the body. Although the care of several small children or, moving downtown, the strain of working for an exacting executive may be nerve-racking, it still does not compare with a day spent hoeing potatoes, as far as calories expended are concerned.

The result of all this is that, by and large, overestimates of the energy needs of women have been traditionally tremendous. In addition, caloric requirements of women were overestimated, because they were not *measured on* women, but were *calculated for* women. Several recent surveys in England, in Scotland, and in the Middle West, in which the caloric intake of normal-weight housewives and career women was determined, have shown that these women consumed only 1500 to 1900 calories, instead of the 2200 to 2400 calories which had been postulated for them. In our experience in Boston, the only women who ate what the textbooks and official tables prescribed for either sedentary or light activity were grossly overweight women who were getting rapidly more obese. Any woman who was conscientious enough to eat what is widely represented by nutritionists to be the ideal diet for the modern American woman would quickly find herself in this obese category.

There is one serious situation, as a matter of fact, where this dilemma arises; it is during pregnancy. To the normal diet, already overestimated calorically, are added, at least for the second half of the pregnancy, 300 or 400 calories for the growth of the baby. No second thought is given to the fact that, in Western societies at any rate, the mother's physical activity is so far decreased during that latter period by rests and the slowness of her movements as to have already compensated, in large part, for her increased requirement.

The poor girl is nevertheless given a model diet, rich in milk, meat, eggs, butter, and warned of the terrible consequences, for herself and for her child, of skimpy intakes. Further, she is weighed twice a month and threatened with even more terrible consequences, again for herself and for her child, if she puts on too much weight. In all this, the caloric intake of women is badly estimated, again fundamentally because of the lack of appreciation of the influence of exercise.

We — and nature will not permit us to forget this — are the sons (and daughters) of the cave man. For hundreds of thousands of years, natural selection succeeded in producing a group of tough, resourceful mammals, who could roam the vast, empty stretches of wilderness, spend days in pursuit of herds of game, migrate from Central Asia to the shores of the Atlantic, cross deserts and climb mountains in search of a better environment, run for their lives before their enemies, remain on the go all day — sometimes, even, all night and all day.

We their children, modern Westerners, sleep all night in comfortable beds, ride to work, sit all day in front of our desks, or stand before our workbenches. We ride back home, sit before the dinner table, sit to read our papers and magazines, sit at a motion picture or in front of our television set — and so to bed. We are using our bodies and their marvelous regulatory mechanism in a way for which they were never designed. Small wonder that, living thus on the fat of the land, so many of us become fat. The wonder is that, for many others, appetite does adjust to this extraordinary set of circumstances.

If we want to avoid obesity, we must either exercise more or feel hungry all our lives. To increase our exercising, we must be trained from youth in sports which we can pursue for a major part of the years ahead; typical of these are tennis, swimming, and mountain climbing. This necessary training requires a major reorientation of the athletic programs of our schools, and a multiplication of the generally inadequate facilities for adult exercise. The results will be worth the havoc visited upon our habits. We will be able to keep trim and hard — instead of being either obese and flabby or thin, flabby, and starved.

In the August Atlantic we shall publish a second article by Dr. Mayer, drawing the distinction between overweight and obesity.



Attached to the British Embassy in Washington for nearly four years during the war, ISAIAH BERLIN became an almost legendary figure in the capitals of both nations while still in his early thirties. Historian and philosopher, he is today a Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford. On the occasion of the tenth anniversary of President Franklin Roosevelt's death the BBC invited Mr. Berlin to speak on F.D.R. as Europe saw him. This is what he said, and his words recapture a perspective and an influence which we are in danger of forgetting.

ROOSEVELT THROUGH EUROPEAN EYES

by ISAIAH BERLIN

1

IT is an undeserved honor for me to be allowed to commemorate so great a man; especially as I cannot claim any special connection with him — I never met him, and although I spent more than three years in Washington during the war, I never even saw him. I regret this, for it seems to me that to see and, in particular to hear the voice of someone who has occupied one's imagination for many years, must modify one's impression in some way, and make it more concrete and three dimensional. However, I never did see him, and I heard him only over the radio. Consequently, I must try to convey my impression without the benefit of personal acquaintance, and without, I ought to add, any expert knowledge of American history or of international relations. Nor am I competent to speak of Mr. Roosevelt's domestic or foreign policies, nor of their larger political or economic effects. I shall try to give only a personal impression of the general impact of his personality on my generation.

When I say that some men occupy one's imagination for many years, this is literally true of Mr. Roosevelt's effect on the young men of my own generation in England, and probably in many parts of Europe, and indeed the entire world. If one was young in the thirties and lived in a democracy, then, whatever one's politics, if one had human feelings at all, or the faintest spark of social idealism, or any love of life, one must have felt very much as young men in Continental Europe probably felt after the defeat of Napoleon during the years of the Restoration: that all was dark and quiet, a great reaction was abroad, and little stirred, and nothing resisted.

It all began with the great slump of 1931, which undermined the feeling, perhaps quite baseless, of economic security which a good many young people of the middle classes then had. There followed the iron thirties, of which the English poets of the time

— Auden, Spender, Day Lewis — left a very vivid testament; the dark and leaden thirties to which, alone of all periods in history, no one in Europe wishes to return, unless, indeed, he laments the passing of Fascism. There came Manchuria, Hitler, the hunger marchers, the Abyssinian war, Spain, the peace ballot, the Left Book Club, M. Malraux's political novels, an article by Virginia Woolf, least political of writers, in the *Daily Worker*, the conversions of idealistic young liberals and radicals to Communism or to strong sympathy with it, often for no better reason than that it seemed the only force firm enough and strong enough to resist the Fascist enemy effectively. Such conversions were sometimes followed by visits to Moscow, or by fighting in Spain and death on the battlefield or else bitter and angry disillusionment with Communist practice; or, particularly after the Soviet political trials and purges, by some desperate and unconvinced choice between two evils of that which seemed the lesser.

The most insistent propaganda in those days declared that humanitarianism and liberalism and democratic forces were played out, and that the choice now lay between two bleak extremes, Communism and Fascism — the red or the black. To those who were not carried away by this patter the only light in the darkness was the administration of Mr. Roosevelt and the New Deal in the United States. At a time of weakness and mounting despair in the democratic world, Mr. Roosevelt radiated confidence and strength. He was the leader of the democratic world, and even today upon him alone, of all the statesmen of the thirties, no cloud has rested — neither on him nor on the New Deal, which to European eyes still looks a bright chapter in the history of mankind. It was true that his great social experiment was conducted with an isolationist disregard of the outside world, but it

was psychologically intelligible that America, which had come into being in reaction against the follies and evils of a Europe perpetually distraught by religious or national struggles, should try to seek salvation undisturbed by the currents of European life, particularly at a moment when Europe seemed about to collapse into a totalitarian nightmare. Mr. Roosevelt was therefore forgiven by those who found the European situation tragic for pursuing no particular foreign policy — indeed for trying to do, if not without any foreign policy at all, at any rate with a minimum of relationship with the outside world; for that was to some degree part of the American political tradition.

2

His internal policy was plainly animated by a humanitarian purpose. After the unbridled individualism of the twenties which had led to economic collapse and widespread misery, he was seeking to establish new rules of social justice. He was trying to do this without forcing his country into some doctrinaire strait jacket, whether of socialism or state capitalism or the kind of new social organization which the Fascist régimes flaunted as the New Order. Social discontent was high in the United States; faith in businessmen as saviors of society had evaporated overnight after the famous Wall Street crash, and Mr. Roosevelt was providing a vast safety valve for pent-up bitterness and indignation, and trying to prevent revolution and construct a régime which should establish greater economic equality, social justice and happiness, above all, human happiness — ideals which were in the best tradition of American life — without altering the basis of freedom and democracy in his country.

This was being done by what, to unsympathetic critics, seemed a haphazard collection of amateurs, college professors, journalists, personal friends, free lances of one kind or another, intellectuals, ideologists — what are nowadays called eggheads — whose very appearance and methods of conducting business or constructing policies irritated the servants of old established government institutions in Washington and tidy-minded conservatives everywhere. Yet it was clear that the very amateurishness of these men, the fact that they were allowed to talk to their hearts' content, to experiment, to indulge in a vast amount of trial and error, that relations were personal and not institutional, bred its own vitality and enthusiasm.

Washington was doubtless full of quarrels, resignations, palace intrigues, perpetual warfare between individuals and groups of individuals, parties, cliques, personal supporters of this or that great captain, which must have maddened sober and responsible officials used to the slower tempo and more normal patterns of administration. As for

bankers and businessmen, the feelings of many of them were past describing; but at this period they were little regarded, since they were considered to have discredited themselves too deeply, and indeed forever.

Over this vast, seething chaos presided a handsome, charming, gay, intelligent, delightful, very audacious man, Mr. Franklin Delano Roosevelt. He was accused of many weaknesses. He had betrayed his class; he was ignorant, unscrupulous, irresponsible. He was ruthless in playing with the lives and careers of individuals. He was surrounded by adventurers, slick opportunists, intriguers. He made conflicting promises, cynically and brazenly, to individuals and groups and representatives of foreign nations. He made up, with his vast and irresistible public charm and his astonishing high spirits, for a lack of virtues considered more important in the leader of the most powerful democracy in the world: the virtues of application, industry, responsibility.

All this was said and some of it may indeed have been just. What attracted his followers were countervailing qualities of a rare and inspiring order. He was large-hearted and possessed wide political horizons, imaginative sweep, understanding of the time in which he lived and of the direction of the great new forces at work in the twentieth century — technological, racial, imperialist, anti-imperialist. He was in favor of life and movement, the promotion of the most generous possible fulfillment of the largest possible number of human wishes, and not in favor of caution and retrenchment and sitting still. Above all, he was absolutely fearless.

He was one of the few statesmen in the twentieth or any other century who seemed to have no fear at all of the future. He believed in his own strength and ability to manage, and to succeed, whatever happened. He believed in the capacity and loyalty of his lieutenants, so that he looked upon the future with a calm eye, as if to say, "Let it come, whatever it may be, it will all be grist to our great mill. We shall turn it all to benefit." It was this, perhaps, more than any other quality, which drew men of very different outlooks to him. In a despondent world which appeared divided between wicked and fatally efficient fanatics marching to destroy, and bewildered populations on the run, unenthusiastic martyrs in a cause they could not define, he believed in his own ability, so long as he was in control, to stem the terrible tide.

He had all the character and energy and skill of the dictators, and he was on our side. He was, in his opinions and public actions, every inch a democrat. All the political and personal and public criticism of him might be true; all the personal defects which his enemies and some of his friends attributed to him might be real; yet as a public figure he was unique. As the skies of Europe grew

darker, in particular after war broke out, he seemed to the poor and the unhappy in Europe a kind of benevolent demigod who alone could and would save them in the end. His moral authority, the degree of confidence which he inspired outside his own country — far more beyond America's frontiers than within them at all times — has no parallel. Perhaps President Wilson in the early days after the end of the First World War, when he drove in triumph through the streets of London and Paris, may have inspired some such feeling; but it disappeared quickly and left behind it a terrible feeling of disenchantment. It was plain even to his enemies that President Roosevelt would not be broken as President Wilson had been. For to his prestige and to his personality he added a degree of political skill — indeed virtuosity — which no American before him had ever possessed. His chance of realizing his wishes was plainly greater; his followers would be less likely to reap bitter disappointment.

Indeed he was very different from Wilson. Indeed they represent two contrasting types of statesmen, in each of which, occasionally, men of compelling stature appear. The first kind of statesman is essentially a man of single principle and fanatical vision. Possessed by his own bright, coherent dream, he usually understands neither people nor events. He has no doubts or hesitations, and by concentration of will power, by directness and strength, is able to ignore a great deal of what goes on outside him. His very blindness and stubborn self-absorption, in certain situations, enables him to bend events and men to his own fixed pattern. His strength lies in the fact that weak and vacillating human beings, themselves too insecure or confused to be capable of deciding between alternatives, find relief and peace and strength in submitting to the authority of a single leader of superhuman size to whom all issues are clear, and who marches toward his goal looking neither to right nor to left, buoyed up by the violent vision within him.

Such men differ widely in moral and intellectual quality, and, like forces of nature, do both good and harm in the world. To this type belong Garibaldi, Trotsky, Parnell, De Gaulle, perhaps Lenin too — the distinction I am drawing is not a moral one, not one of value but one of type. There are great benefactors, like Wilson, as well as fearful evildoers, like Hitler, within this category.

The other kind of effective statesman is a naturally political being, as the simple hero is often explicitly anti-political and comes to rescue men, at least ostensibly, from the subtleties and frauds of political life. The second type of politician possesses antennae of the greatest possible delicacy, which convey to him, in ways difficult or impossible to analyze, the perpetually changing contours of events and feelings and human activities around him. He is gifted with a peculiar political sense fed on a capacity to take in minute impressions, to

integrate a vast multitude of small, evanescent, unseizable detail, such as artists possess in relation to their material. Statesmen of this type know what to do and when to do it, if they are to achieve their ends; which themselves are usually not born within some private world of inner thought or introverted feeling, but represent the crystallization of what a large number of their fellow citizens are thinking in some dim, inarticulate, but nevertheless persistent fashion. In virtue of this capacity to judge their material very much as a sculptor knows what can be carved out of wood and what out of marble, and how and when, they resemble doctors who have a natural gift for healing which does not directly depend upon (though it could not exist without) that knowledge of scientific anatomy which can only be learned by observation or experiment or from the experience of others.

This instinctive, or at any rate incommunicable, knowledge of where to look for what one needs, the power of divining where the treasure lies, is something common to many types of genius, to scientists and mathematicians no less than to businessmen and administrators and politicians. Such men, when they are statesmen, are acutely aware of the direction in which the thoughts and feelings of human beings are flowing, of where life presses on them most heavily; and they convey to these human beings a sense of understanding their inner needs, of responding to their own deepest impulses — above all, of being alone capable of organizing the world along lines for which the masses are instinctively groping.

To this type of statesman belong Bismarck and Abraham Lincoln, Lloyd George and Thomas Masaryk, perhaps to some extent Gladstone, and to a minor degree Walpole. Roosevelt was a magnificent virtuoso of this type, and he was the most benevolent as well as the greatest master of his craft in modern times. He really did desire a better life for mankind. The great majorities which he obtained in the elections in the United States during his four terms of office, despite the mounting hostility of the press and perpetual prophecies on its part that he had gone too far and would fail to be re-elected, were ultimately due to an obscure feeling on the part of the majority of the citizens of the United States that he was on their side, that he wished them well, and that he would do something for them. And this feeling gradually spread over the entire civilized world. He became a legendary hero — they themselves did not know quite why — to the indigent and the oppressed far beyond the confines of the English-speaking world.

3

As I said before, he was, by some of his opponents, accused of betraying his class; and so he had. When a man who retains the manners, style of life, the

emotional texture and the charm of the old order, of some free aristocratic upbringing, revolts against his milieu and adopts the ideas and aspirations of the new, socially *révolté* class — and adopts them not from motives of expediency but out of genuine moral conviction, or from love of life — inability to remain on the side of what seems to him narrow, corrupt, mean, restrictive — the result is fascinating and moving. This is what makes the figures of such men as Condorcet or Charles James Fox, or some of the Russian, Italian, and Polish revolutionaries in the nineteenth century, so attractive; for all we know, this may have been the secret also of Moses or Pericles or Julius Caesar. It was this gentlemanly quality, together with the fact that they felt him to be deeply committed to their side in the struggle and in favor of their way of life, as well as his open and fearless lack of neutrality in the war against the Nazis and Fascists, that endeared him so deeply to the British people during the war years.

I remember well in London, in November, 1940, how excited most people were about the result of the presidential election in the United States. In theory they need not have worried. Mr. Willkie, the Republican candidate, had expressed himself forcibly and sincerely as a supporter of the democracies. Yet it was absurd to say that the people of Britain were neutral in their feelings vis-à-vis the two candidates. They felt in their bones that Mr. Roosevelt was their lifelong friend, that he hated the Nazis as deeply as they did, that he wanted democracy and civilization, in the sense in which they believed in it, to prevail, that he knew what he wanted, and that his goal resembled their own ideals more than it did those of all his opponents. They felt that his heart was in the right place, and they did not, therefore, if they gave it a thought, care whether his political appointments were made under the influence of bosses, or for personal reasons, or thoughtlessly; whether his economic doctrines were heretical; whether he had a sufficiently scrupulous regard for the views of the Senate or the House of Representatives, or the prescriptions of the United States Constitution, or the opinions of the Supreme Court. These matters were very remote from them. They knew that he would, to the extent of his enormous energy and ability, see them through.

There is probably no such thing as long-lived mass hypnotism; the masses know what it is that they like, what genuinely appeals to them. What most Germans thought Hitler to be, Hitler, in fact, largely was; and what free men in Europe and in America and in Asia and in Africa and in Australia, and wherever else the rudiments of free political thought stirred at all — what all these felt Roosevelt to be, he, in fact, was. He was the greatest leader of democracy, the greatest champion of social progress, in the twentieth century.

His enemies accused him of plotting to get America into the war. I am not competent to discuss this controversial issue, but it seems to me that the evidence for it is lacking. I think that when he promised to keep America at peace he meant to try as hard as he could to do so, compatibly with helping to promote the victory of the democracies. He must at one period have thought that he could win the war without entering it, and so, at the end of it, be in the unique position, hitherto achieved by no one, of being the arbiter of the world's fate, without needing to placate those bitter forces which involvement in a war inevitably brings about, and which are an obstacle to reason and humanity in the making of the peace.

No doubt he trusted too often in his own magical power of improvisation. Doubtless he made many political mistakes, some of them difficult to remedy. Some say he was disastrously wrong about Stalin and his intentions and the nature of the Soviet state; others, with equal justice, point to his coolness to the Free French movement, his cavalier intentions with regard to the Supreme Court in the United States, his errors about a good many other issues. He irritated his staunchest supporters and most faithful servants because he did not tell them what he was doing; his government was highly personal and it maddened tidy-minded officials and humiliated those who thought that his policy should be conducted in consultation with and through them. His anti-imperialism at times (in Yalta, for example) assumed gaily irresponsible forms. He vastly oversimplified many issues. He overestimated his own capacity to build a new world by the sole use of his own prodigious powers of manipulation in the course of breezily informal dealings with other statesmen on a purely personal basis. All this sometimes exasperated his allies, but when these last bethought them of who most of his ill-wishers were in the United States and in the world outside, and what *their* motives were, their own respect, affection, and loyalty tended to return. No man made more public enemies, yet no man had a right to take greater pride in the quality and the motives of some of those enemies. He could justly call himself the friend of the people, and although his opponents accused him of being a demagogue, this charge seems to me unjust. He did not sacrifice fundamental political principles to a desire to retain power; he did not whip up evil passions merely in order to avenge himself upon those whom he disliked or wished to crush, or because it was an atmosphere in which he found it convenient to operate. He saw to it that his administration was in the van of public opinion and drew it on instead of being dragged by it. He made the majority of his fellow citizens prouder to be Americans than they had been before. He raised their status in their own eyes, and in those of the rest of the world. It was an extraordinary transformation of an in-

dividual. Perhaps it was largely brought about by the collapse of his health in the early twenties, and his marvelous triumph over his disabilities. For he began life as a well-born, polite, agreeable, debonair, not particularly gifted young man, something of a prig, liked but not greatly admired by his contemporaries at Groton and at Harvard, a competent Assistant Secretary of the Navy in the First World War; in short, he seemed embarked on the routine career of an American patrician with moderate political ambitions. His illness and the support and encouragement and political qualities of his wife — whose greatness of character and goodness of heart history will duly record — seemed to transfigure his public personality into the strong and beneficent champion who became the father of his people, in an altogether unique fashion.

He was more than this: it is not too much to say that he altered the fundamental concept of government and its obligations to the governed. In this respect Lloyd George was no more than a forerunner. The welfare state, so much denounced, has obviously come to stay: the direct moral responsibility for minimum standards of living and social services which it took for granted, are today accepted almost without a murmur by the most conservative politicians in the Western democracies. The Republican Party in 1952 made no effort to

upset the basic principles — which seemed utopian in the twenties — of Mr. Roosevelt's social legislation.

But Mr. Roosevelt's greatest service to mankind (after ensuring victory against the enemies of freedom) consists in the fact that he showed that it is possible to be politically effective and yet benevolent and civilized: that the fierce left and right wing propaganda of the thirties, according to which the conquest and retention of political power is not compatible with human qualities, but necessarily demands from those who pursue it seriously the sacrifice of their lives upon the altar of some ruthless ideology, or the systematic practice of despotism — this propaganda, which filled the art and talk of the day, was simply untrue. Mr. Roosevelt's example strengthened democracy everywhere — that is to say, the view that the promotion of social justice and individual liberty does not necessarily mean the end of all efficient government; that power and order are not identical with a strait jacket of doctrine, whether economic or political; that it is possible to reconcile individual liberty and a loose texture of society with the indispensable minimum of organization and authority. And in this belief lies what Mr. Roosevelt's greatest predecessor once described as the last best hope on earth.



THE MURMURING FOUNTAINS, ROME

by JOHN ACKERSON

Bemused, wherever you may turn,
Glitters a lavish waterfall,
Till rainbows arc from swaying fern
To towers of the Aurelian wall;

But best, oh very best of all,
The sea-green mouth and bronzen urn,
Dark cypresses, the bells that call,
Tremble, and one's poor eardrums burn;

Now lilting, gay, now fierce and stern,
Out of the past the tales grow tall;
Your being has but one concern,
By flowing music held in thrall;

Bemused, you seek to rend the pall,
The ancient singers to discern,
As by a slab of Trajan's hall
In cadences the waters yearn.



eyes of MARTHA BACON, one of the most charming. She first saw him in the company of her father, Leonard Bacon, the poet, and her impressions go back to that unclouded year, 1928, when they were all together in Florence. The author of two volumes of verse and a novel, Miss Bacon is now a member of the editorial staff of the Atlantic.

DESTINY AND DIONYSUS

by MARTHA BACON

1

IT WAS a fine spring night. The stars hung like almond blossoms over Florence, shedding a scent and a lyric over the turgid Arno; above the Torre del Gallo, Jupiter hung like a sword. The professor of astronomy invited me to the pedestal.

"Shut one eye and look and you will see three moons." There were indeed three moons. The astronomy professor continued with his disquisition. "We measure in units of distance called light-years. The light from that star took twenty-five years to reach you. You do not see the star to which I am pointing now, but only the light of it, which started on its way to the earth before you were born."

I must take my stand from that star and let the light take me back rather than forward, back to the moment at which the light started, and I find myself in Forte dei Marmi, on the coast of Liguria, below La Spezia.

Between the sea stabbed with brilliant July sunlight and the garden full of zinnias, rooted in sand, are Faust and his daughter, Jane, come to pick us up for a swim.

He is a huge man, over six foot three; he is in his late thirties and the look of his youth has left him, the hair is thinning on his massive head. His cold blue eyes are at war with the heated modeling of the jaw and lips. He is Michelangelo's man, the shoulders big, the limbs well cut, the hands heavy with stub fingers. Jane resembles him as the lion cub resembles her sire. Her thick hair burns like brass in the sunlight; her blade-like twelve-year-old body stands ready to pierce the sea.

Faust, Jane, my sisters Helen and Alice, Bigboy, the Fausts' Newfoundland, Celia, our Sealyham, and Piero, who is anybody's big socialist cat, run across the baking sands, giving a wide berth to the hornet-haunted clumps of sage, to the sea. Piero stops before we get to the beach to hunt for lizards; Bigboy splashes in first of all; Celia, torn between love of people and hatred of water, remains an agitated dot at the edge of the surf: "Come back, come back. You will all drown."

Faust has a project this summer; the stars are his project and Forte dei Marmi is the place to pursue it.

During a Mediterranean summer everything that is serious happens at night. In the early morning before the heat begins we are in pursuit of music and art. At eleven we swim, at noon we eat figs and *prosciutto* and drink wine. The rest of the day we sleep under white nets to keep off the mosquitoes. At twilight we rise, as the evening primroses, taller on their long stalks than we are, open their yellow eyes to Arcturus in the west and to Capella coming over Carrara, escaping the shark's-tooth range by inches. The sand is cool now and we have lit a bonfire on the beach. We are grouped around Faust, who with his worker's hands and scholar's lips translates into his own terms the universe.

"Do you see that necklace of stars almost directly above you? That is called Corona. Those are not stars of the first magnitude. They are thousands of light-years away. There is Polaris, there is the Great Bear, the Little Bear, Io and her son. Later on in the year you will see Orion and the weeping Pleiades. There will be Sirius and there, invisible, will be the dark companion whose atomic substance outweighs our solar system." And the voice continues, impressing upon us the precise number of light-years at which we are standing off from Vega, whom we are approaching, as it happens, at a really nerve-racking pace.

"Mother, Mother, the stars are going to fall on me!" It is astonishing that this holocaust, the sun, plagued by whirlwinds, constricted by earthquakes, hurling flaming gas a million miles into outer space, rises so punctually over Italy. Faust makes the stars real. Faust makes it possible to believe that time is what it is, a great ring of pure and endless light that comprehends the dinosaur, the drowned body of the author of *Prometheus Unbound*, the undrowned bodies of the authors of *Point Counter Point* and *The Furioso*, who at this moment sit clasping their thin knees on the other side of the fire, their glasses gleaming like four stars, admonishing us drily not to fall into the flames.

Faust makes the stars real. Our summer at Forte dei Marmi is over and we are again in Florence. It is time for other realities. All Gaul is divided into three parts, the sum of the squares of the legs of a right-angle triangle is equal to the square of the hypotenuse; the minuet from *Don Giovanni*; Austrian tyranny, Papal tyranny, four wars of independence and now the blue-jowled Duce who has brought prosperity and plumbing to the land of the Caesars. For Faust, however, there are three essential realities. "Repeat after me: Homer, Shakespeare, Dante. Chaucer had talent, Milton could barely write English. Aeschylus, yes, Sophocles, maybe, no gentleman would read Euripides."

Faust works furiously at the typewriter from early morning until late afternoon and rounds off the day with six sets of tennis before dinner. He is split by two necessities: what the public will read and what he longs to write. The split is an agony and he drinks to soothe it, until he cannot tell friend from foe. In a flood of unrecognizing anger he turns upon his butler, Elia, and catches him by the throat, pinning him over the balustrade while the Italian household alternately wrings its hands and marvels. It is midnight or after and my father is summoned from across the garden. My father is subject to unpredictable spasms of common sense.

"Hullo, Faust. Drop that butler."

Faust drops the butler, who is all unrestrained gratitude and goes to bed, and the two gentlemen retire to the library, to get even more drunk as gentlemen will, to read Aeschylus, and to talk of daughters.

"There's just one thing about Jane, the thing we begin with. Jane is perfect. Jane is my daughter. I have no mother but I have a daughter, Jane."

2

THE mother is a memory. In 1900 her son, Schiller Faust, is a child eight years old, sitting in a carriage with his father and his brother, Wolfgang Goethe Faust. They are driving home from the graveyard on the outskirts of the California town where the mother has just been buried. Schiller Faust chooses this moment to tell his father that he doesn't believe in God. He is soundly and instantly thrashed for this impropriety by the fierce German immigrant whose passion for the classics of his native land has led him to name his sons magnificently but not to do much else for them.

The future looks dark for young Schiller Faust. He is bound out to a neighboring farmer, pitches hay, feeds the hogs, and sleeps in a barn, getting what schooling he may when his master will let him. Yet in this life of brutalizing labor he acquires a passion for poetry, reading it by sunlight, by moonlight, by candlelight, memorizing it when he can't find the time to read it, and filling his

voracious need by writing it. His head ringing with poetry, he gets through high school, grows to an enormous size, and blunders into the University of California, where his friends nickname him Heine. He studies Greek, becomes a brilliant student but fails, out of sheer cussedness, to turn up for the exams. Diplomaless he shakes the academic dust from his sandal and makes his way to New York and there becomes for the nonce a subway guard, so poorly paid, so hungry that he staves off his pangs by snatching discarded sandwiches from the trash barrel. At the outbreak of the First World War he joins the Canadian army but finds it unchallenging and deserts at a moment when desertion can well mean the firing squad. But the gods are with him and lead him safely through the Maine woods and back to California.

The war is ended and he becomes a husband and a father and a writer. He is perhaps one of the most successful writers of the twentieth century. For Schiller Faust is Max Brand; he is also Evan Evans, Frank Austin, George Owen Baxter, Lee Bolt, Walter C. Butler, George Challis, Peter Dawson, Martin Dexter, Evin Evan, John Frederik, Frederick Frost, Dennis Lawton, M.B., David Manning, Peter Henry Morland, Hugh Owen, Nicholas Silver, Henry Uriel, and Frederick Faust. On subways, in trains, on boats, in lighthouse stations, in doctors' offices, people will while away the time reading the novels that he grinds out every afternoon between two and five. They are westerns and sports stories, hairy-chested popular tales with good workmanlike plots, written in clean, serviceable prose that whips a story from the gate to the finish line without a pause and that adds up to a count of twelve novels a year. He writes for a fortune and gets it. Alive in him like a nerve is the instinct for poetry. He spends long painful mornings, not wooing his muse, but ravishing her. But she resists, and though he masters tennis and Greek and makes success his slave, the muse evades him.

He lives like a medieval prince in his Florentine villa. His swimming pool and tennis court are the envy of the petty aristocracy for miles around. He runs a pack of Newfoundlanders and keeps the stars in sight with a telescope on his terrace. He has a weak heart which threatens momentarily to kill him; and against the advice of a battery of doctors he puts the heart in its place by drinking deep, smoking like Vesuvius, playing tennis like a champion, driving an Isotta Fraschini a hundred kilometers an hour through the Rhône valley, and keeping a work schedule that would murder a stevedore. He argues that the heart is a muscle and should be exercised. He loves his family and tyrannizes. He wants your happiness, wants to live and arrange it for you. He marries you, delivers you, buries you, thrashes a daughter, dries her tears, charms the women, and sees what the boys in the back room will have. And the novels are

stacked like cordwood in the offices of Brandt & Brandt. He writes them faster than they can be printed. Faust is a one-man factory.

And in 1931 Basil Blackwell brings out in a limited edition a small volume (89 pages) called *Dionysus in Hades*, of which there are five hundred copies extant.

In elevated and measured iambs, irregularly rhymed, Faust tells his own myth, the story of wine and hope and a hard journey and a lost woman.

Accompanied by Silenus and a rout of dancing satyrs and bacchantes, Dionysus descends into Hell, where he pleads with Persephone to restore to him his mother, Semele. He is permitted to see Semele, but Pluto warns him that it is not in his power to free her. He must go to Prometheus for help. Dionysus continues his journey through nether Hell and comes at length to the Titan, who from the midst of his torments tells him that Zeus has been defeated. The god has denied to men the gift of immortality, but Prometheus has brought them the illusion of hope and Dionysus has brought them the illusion of wine, and out of these two illusions comes the everlasting life of mortals. Dionysus learns that Semele may live only if he will surrender her to forgetfulness. He therefore leads her to Lethe, where she drinks and is re-created in Heaven as Thyone, the goddess of rapture, and Dionysus returns to the island of Cos, "to the beautiful and blind life on earth."

It is not poetry for our time. Indeed it is so far removed from present trends that one is put to it to discuss it at all. The diction is lofty and Parnasian, smooth as cream, and there is not a line in it whose reference would be obscure to a citizen of the Age of Pericles. He has whipped the verse into submission, and only occasionally the elegiac outcry that he seeks splits the boundaries that he has descried for himself.

He fears not contemporary literature; neither regards he Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. But Hollywood gets him. Although he has sworn by the nine gods that he will never live in California and that he will never work for the movies, he does both. He goes to MGM at the usual hyperbolic figure to do a series called *Young Doctor Kildare*. MGM takes his method of writing screen treatments as a standard. From henceforth they are written in the present tense with action and dialogue as an integral part of the text, rather than as narrative with directions interpolated at the whim of the cameramen, the technicians, and half a hundred associate directors and producers — a notable economy from the point of view of the studio lot. By this means, expenses can be cut in half.

His big movie is *Destry Rides Again*. In a cloud of dust and with a pounding of hoofs it stars young James Stewart and brings Marlene Dietrich back to the screen, superb in flounces and long black stockings, half strumpet, half angel, to sing in her

throaty Berlin voice against the saloon and prairie backdrop that is the temple of an American myth. Faust is after all a myth-maker, and the despised medium serves him better than he knows. Destry and Brandy roar through the film, Centaur and Bacchante, and the Stetson hat and the ruffled petticoat are as classic in their way as the helmet and the chiton. It is a *succès fou* with the fans, and the critics are chanting yet.

As it has been in Florence, so is it in California. The talk still teems with Homer and the house with people, some of whom are a pretty far cry from Ilium. Faust drinks with Irish poets, polo players, physicists, and movie stars, and plots stories — he keeps a few acquaintances for the special purpose of bouncing plots off them, as he puts it. He supports promising artists and once promising drunks and anyone who touches him for a dime or a job or both. He plays the horses at Santa Anita, staking long shots across the board, obscure neutral-colored geldings with vague names like King Pharamond and Bubbling Boy who pay fourteen to one and win. His generosity is equal only to his output, and those who benefit from him far outnumber his pen names. He writes poetry — Dionysus drives him to it and the mornings are sacred to poetry. He is outrageous, ungovernable, adorable. He loves and hates and strikes the board and has an opinion on every subject — Rembrandt, Bach, and Einstein. "You can have Mozart, you can have Froisart, but no Brahms and no Keats."

He hasn't forgotten the stars. He keeps the telescope on the roof of the Burlingame Avenue house with which to order their courses. Between rushes of *Doctor Kildare* he is teaching Morris, the Negro butler, the science of astronomy.

Morris's dark hands place the roast before him.

"Do you remember that star I showed you last night? The bright one?"

"Yes, Mr. Faust."

"That's Venus. Go out and see if she's still there."

Morris returns. "She's still there, Mr. Faust."

"Good." He arises from the table and goes to her, returning presently to tell us that all is well with Venus.

At Santa Maria Infante it is all over. He struggles for a year to get into the war and finally goes as a correspondent for *Harper's* to cover the Italian campaign in May of 1944. The correspondents are warned to wait for the first wave and to follow the second one in, but Faust does not wait. What his weak heart cannot do, a German mortar shell does. The light from the star has reached us now, and we find ourselves in the presence of the dark companion.

Among the ruins, I also breathed the past
And the sweet clover, I without a name
Where Dionysus sat, until at last
Sorrow, not for the Greeks, upon me came.

THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY
EDWARD
WEEKS

MOVING Day," says my friend Dick, "is the one day in the year when a man should never be at home. Women can do the moving so much more competently without our help." And, he might have added, without our irritation. It is the slow cumulative shedding that wears a man down.

The preparation for our annual trek to the country begins several days before the moving van is expected to arrive, and I recognize the signal when I am told to bring home from the office as many cartons as possible — and two balls of that tough Manila twine. "Well, here we go again," I think to myself.

We change our life each time we move, and this transition from city to country injects a new quizzical strain into the family discourse. The fur coats are sent off for summer storage with the remark: "You haven't worn that coonskin of yours twice in the whole winter — I can't see why we pay to keep it!" The rugs in the bedrooms are rolled and sent to the cleaner, and this brings up a disquisition on *The Keeping of Dogs in the City*, especially stubborn Kerry Blues. My heavy suits and my one set of long woollies, used for early fishing, excite a diatribe on *Moths and Men Who Won't Shut Closet Doors*. The house is no longer as pleasant to live in, and the chance of doing any further work here is destroyed when my wife says ominously, "Mrs. Gordon is coming first thing tomorrow. If you don't pick up your papers, she will." I know, I know.

Ever since last October I have been happily establishing little nests of paper about the house: intimate papers in

the bedroom — notes for articles, letters I want to keep, newspaper clippings. These have been accumulating on the mantel over the bedroom fireplace; and, as a warning to Mrs. Gordon not to touch, the piles have been weighted down with various heavy objects. In my workroom downstairs lies another nest: Manila folders, old notebooks, a small group of typed pages, source material for a book which my secretary has skeptically entitled "Chapter One." And up in the library is a third nest, manuscripts not my own, which I have been editing over weekends. If Mrs. Gordon picks them up, willing, vigorous cleaner that she is, we shall have scrambled eggs to put back into their shells. So I begin to segregate.

The sight of my being tidy brings down an avalanche from another quarter. "What *are* you going to do about your books? I've told you we haven't any more space for them here but you *still* keep bringing them home. I've seen what you do with them — now clear them out!" This dismays me, for I thought my book-disposal plan had worked out rather quietly. The new ones I really wanted to keep I placed in the proper shelves after weeding out an equivalent number in which my interest had faded. The discards I simply piled up on the floor of the coat closet and in the attic, awaiting the day when I could give them away or take them back to the office. I hate to part with books, but it seems the day has arrived.

All this induces a kind of numbness at the base of the skull; instead of saving steps, we begin climbing up and down stairs, from the cellar to the attic, for the darnedest trifles, goaded on by little arrows. "Have you packed the liquor?" "Do you know where the dog's summer collar is? Remember how you held us all up looking for it last year!" "Must I have your entire fishing gear with me in the car?

The movers won't swipe it. Be sensible!" We reach the crescendo the night before Moving Day with the packing of the kitchen "Things." For some reason, unknown to me, this must be done between midnight and 2 A.M., and it is done in the cartons which I brought home five days earlier. When the last kitchen "Thing" is in its place and the silver has been packed, when the numb-

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

As a stimulus for summer reading, the Atlantic will supply on request a list of fifty outstanding books for children published since 1940. The books have been selected by Virginia Haviland of the Boston Public Library, Julia Sauer of the Rochester Public Library, and Elizabeth H. Gross of the Enoch Pratt Free Library in Baltimore. Write EDWARD WEEKS, Editor of the Atlantic, 8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Massachusetts.

ness of fatigue has reached almost paralyzing density, my mentor remarks, "If you retired and we moved to Virginia, this would never happen!" At that moment, were I anything more than a cat's-paw, I would put my toothbrush in my pocket, ease out the door, find my way to the Club, and spend the next twenty-four hours sleeping. . . .

The tender green, the tender, immaculate green of the countryside. The little cottage is so still. The last carton, the steamer trunks, the final suitcase, have at last been deposited, and when I cut the Manila cord with my fishing knife, the tall bottles are produced and we sink into the welcoming arms of a Martini. Desmond, the Kerry Blue, who has zoomed through the woods, lies panting on the front steps, and I in the bamboo chair with a cigarette and a cool glass. The sea breeze drifts in through the screen. The mentor is seated on the yellow sofa, and as she catches my eye she lifts her glass and says, "To the Snookery, this foolish, heavenly little place!" Which explains so much. It is utterly still, and the stars are out when Desmond, stiff-legged, and I take our inspection of the dark. I look up at our lighted bedroom and I know that, tired as I am, at five-thirty tomorrow dawn I shall be awake, listening to the birds I haven't heard since last migration.

Reading with zest

Louis Kronenberger, the drama critic of *Time* magazine, is an essayist, perceptive, witty, and urbane. His favorite period is the span 1710 to Napoleon, and it is natural that in his new book, *The Republic of Letters*, Essays on Various Writers (Knopf, \$3.75), his best pieces and his warmest appreciations should appear in the first half and be devoted to his heroes and heroines of the eighteenth century. Mr. Kronenberger is not a critic of the passionately analytical school, and he very surely points out a fallacy of the New Criticism when, in the midst of an enthusiastic and highly entertaining tribute to Byron, he remarks that "current criticism in its obsession over what makes the clock tick . . . all too often fails to notice whether it tells the right time."

If Mr. Kronenberger does not reveal any noticeable new vistas in a landscape which has been much trodden, he does succeed in refreshing our appetite with his very felicitous comments. Speaking of his most formidable hero, he says that Dr. Johnson was "a man who makes literature come to him rather than one who goes out to it, a man for whom art is rather a confirmation than an enlargement of experience." And this definition serves them both. Mr. Kronenberger does very well by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; he very nearly induces me to reread *Robinson Crusoe*, and his enjoyment of Pope is so sane and so civilized that I am impelled to go back for another helping.

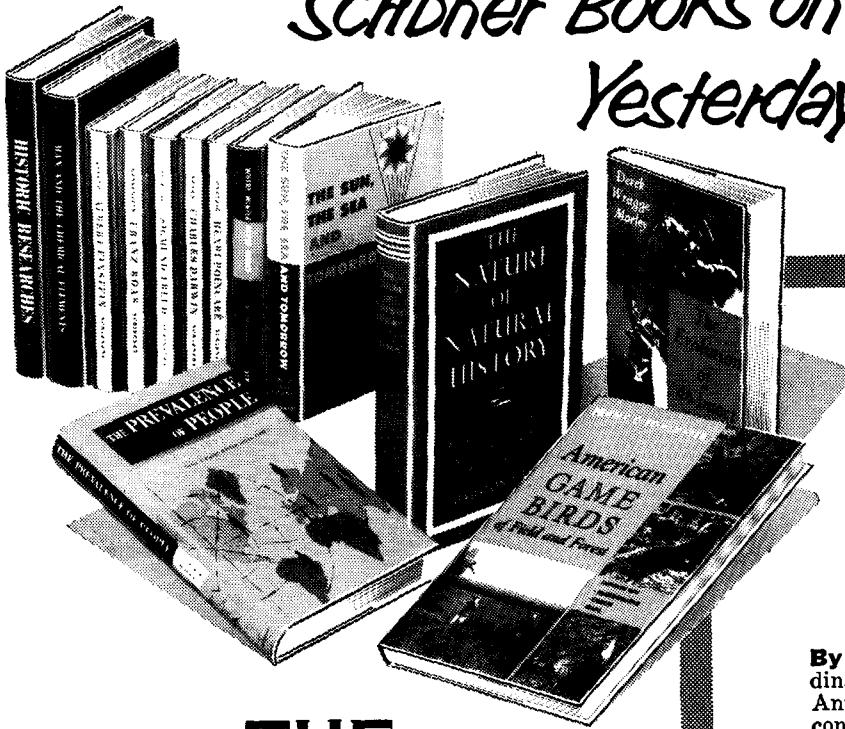
The essays in the second half, devoted to modern writers, have less warmth and a rather flickering illumination. The best of these papers are on Chekhov, Max Beerbohm, and H. L. Mencken. Speaking of Mencken he says, "In his debunking, Mencken revealed a gimlet eye for the pretentious, the counterfeit, the absurd; no one has shown up quackery with keener relish or more notable results. And for doing all this, Mencken had a brilliantly right style — vivid, daring, now and then bullying, and always a little unscrupulous." But when it comes to Shaw, Strachey, and Virginia Woolf, the electric light bulb flickers and the words, though civil, are chill. Enjoyment of an author's work is the source from which Mr. Kronenberger draws his most penetrating remarks, and when it only half exists his comments are shrewd and observant but without spark.

The quality of the Swiss

Paul Hyde Bonner has a good deal in common with John Galsworthy, who indeed might serve as his model, for in Mr. Bonner's novels, and especially in his new one, *Excelsior!* (Scribner's, \$3.50), is that constant intuitive concern for a family of property, a family whose loyalties, jealousies, and conflicts are sensitively divulged. The story takes place in Zurich, and the family is that of Robert Egli, an octogenarian banker with the astuteness, the privacy, and the strength of the Swiss. Robert Egli has an iron will and a sharp temper — so much temper that the family has been warned not to cross him for fear of bringing on a heart attack. He is clear-headed and supremely in command of the banking house which has made his fortune. Towards his children, his two sons in particular, he is unsparing, and in family conferences he enjoys imposing his rule and forethought upon Walter, his eldest and apparent successor. Jacques, the younger son, has escaped to Manhattan where as a broker he has flourished on his own account. When war comes he is sent back to Zurich in the somewhat transparent disguise of the OSS, and it is this family reunion in the mountain sanctuary of Switzerland which sets the stage for the novel's crisis.

The book is dominated by Robert Egli, and I cannot overstate my admiration for the sagacity and firmness with which he is portrayed. He rules his children, and reserves his love for his charming French mistress, Baroness de Marty. He is a connoisseur with a magnetic romantic streak in him to which all women respond, and his philosophy of money he vividly expresses in a scolding talk with Walter: "You — both of you, and Jacques too — think of money as something personal, something to keep and hoard. . . . Well, let me tell you, it is not that. It is a trust, a public trust. It is credit and valuta, both of which are needed to protect our little country against the ravages and competition of bigger, richer states that have *matières premières*. We have no coal, no iron, no petroleum, no copper.

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We could not exist on the sale of cheese and kirschwasser. It is on money that we survive — my money, your money, the bank's money — invested in every part of the globe. . . ."

Such a patriarch would of course reduce his family to a pecking order, and peck they do at each other and in ways that are amusing and true to life. Mr. Bonner savors that which he writes about — a good meal, a fragrant woman, or a speedy drive on a dangerous road. His zest creates in others a zest for the life he is describing, and while his canvases do not have the scope of *The Forsyte Saga*, in his pleasure in what is excellent and his respect for quality and sacrifice, he does indeed remind me of the great Edwardian.

The pigboats

Commander Edward L. Beach, USN, writes with a veteran's knowledge of the submarine. During the war, over a period of twenty-nine months, he participated in ten consecutive war patrols against Japanese forces, and on the last four patrols he was executive officer and navigator. In such rugged experience and in his intimacy with other survivors as young as himself he found the source for his first book, *Submarine!* a series of biographical studies of our audacious submarine commanders, of the hazards they ran, and of the courage with which they met their fate.

With such masculine material at his fingertips I suppose it was inevitable that Commander Beach should be encouraged to do a novel about our subs and their relentless hunting of the Japanese merchant fleet. *Run Silent, Run Deep* (Holt, \$3.95) is a capacious narrative, wholesome, unquestionably authentic in its battle scenes, and yet suffering from shortcomings which make it a less invigorating story than what the author must have seen in his mind.

The story is plotted about three men: Edward G. Richardson, a graduate of Annapolis, commander of the *Eel* and holder of the Medal of Honor, who is the narrator; Jim Bledsoe, fresh from Yale's NROTC; and Bungo Pete, which is the nickname for the captain of a Japanese destroyer, an opponent of formidable skill. Jim is trained under our hero and at last is given command of the old *Walrus*; out he goes, only to be pursued and sunk by Bungo Pete. Whereupon the *Eel* sets out for revenge. Ninety-five per cent of the book is devoted to submarine operations, and the skipper, who has to see what is going on, is constantly being washed off the bridge in order to have a wider view. But he keeps bobbing up, and eventually there are medals and congratulations and he is posted home to collect his lady. There is nothing subtle about this, and the characterization is so elementary that the men are almost indistinguishable. The really good writing is reserved for the infighting and the operation of the ship, and even here, in a book of this size, a good deal of repetition is inescapable.

BOOKS

The Editors Like

Fiction

THE SEAGULL ON THE STEP by *Kay Boyle*. (Knopf, \$3.50.) The allegory on international relations underlying this tale is not particularly effective, but the tale itself, about an American girl caught up in some peculiar shenanigans in southern France, is highly readable.

THE DAY OF THE MONKEY by *David Karp*. (Vanguard, \$4.50.) A native rising in an unidentified British protectorate is used to illustrate various forms of political folly, from misguided brutality to ineffectual enlightenment.

TOO NEAR THE SUN by *Gordon Forbes*. (Rinehart, \$3.50; Dell, 35¢.) Sex, liquor, and chatter fill this tragicomic novel about a psychopathically jealous lover. Mr. Forbes has a wonderful ear for bright jabber and has also constructed the most deadly drunken party in several seasons.

Explorations

QATABAN AND SHEBA by *Wendell Phillips*. (Harcourt, Brace, \$5.00.) Mr. Phillips describes two archaeological expeditions that he headed in southern Arabia — one highly successful, the other an expensive disaster. Both are fascinating mixtures of historical discovery and slam-bang adventure.

THE GATES OF THE SEA by *Philippe Diolé*. (Messner, \$4.50.) A new sort of travel book, the author's Sicilian observations are half on the island and half under the surrounding sea.

THE UNDERWATER NATURALIST by *Pierre de Latil*. (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.75.) Basically, this is a report on certain Mediterranean fish, but it is so packed with amusing asides and good fisherman's yarns that it cannot be classed as an ichthyological specialty.

SORCERERS' VILLAGE by *Hassoldt Davis*. (Duell, Sloan & Pearce — Little, Brown, \$5.00.) Mr. Davis, who dotes on Africa and Africans, describes his hunt through the Gold Coast for a rumored school of witches. Lively, funny, sympathetic, full of picturesque oddities, the book is a delight.

RETURN TO LAUGHTER by *Elenore Smith Bowen*. (Harper, \$3.50.) An anthropologist who studied an African tribe by living with it describes the effect this experience had on her, which turns out to be not quite what one would expect.

Biography

GILBERT STUART by *James Thomas Flexner*. (Knopf, \$2.50.) Short, fast, vivid, and scholarly, Mr. Flexner's life of the great and gaudy portrait painter is very nearly a model of what a short biography should be.

KEATS by *John Middleton Murry*. (Noonday Press, \$4.00.) An expansion of an earlier study of Keats, including new material on Fanny Brawne and a belligerent refutation of the recently advanced theory that the poet carried on a love affair with another lady.

YOUNG SAM JOHNSON by *James L. Clifford*. (McGraw-Hill, \$5.75.) Mr. Clifford undertakes to lift the fog surrounding pre-Boswell Johnson, and does it thoroughly and with considerable spirit.

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in the *JULY* issue

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Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO



IT MAY be a crying shame that Melville is not better known in Ethiopia or that the leading poet of Liechtenstein has not been published in America; but some of the things which are happening in the field of intercultural relations impress me much more than many of the things which the inveterate viewers-with-concern think should be happening.

A group of foreign newspaper critics from thirteen countries recently toured the United States at the invitation of the State Department, and my meetings with them left me with fresh evidence of the continuing rise of interest abroad in American writing. An Italian critic from Genoa wanted to know about the very newest talents in American fiction; he was already familiar with the principal figures of the Mailer-Capote generation. An Icelandic critic was anxious to be briefed on the new developments in American poetry. A Turkish critic told me that the state-subsidized theater in Ankara — having already produced (in addition to Broadway hits) one *avant-garde* American dramatist not seen on Broadway — is seeking to enlarge its American repertoire with other experimental works.

Similarly in the United States, foreign fiction has lately occupied an increasingly conspicuous place on publishers' lists. South African writers have made an impressive entry into our reading world; and the Japanese, after a long absence, are re-entering it. The Indians have increased their representation; so, too, have the Australians. These days, in fact, the assiduous reader of current fiction is the busiest of armchair travelers.

Around the world in fiction

Written in 1928, *Some Prefer Nettles* (Knopf, \$3.00) is said by American authorities on Japanese literature to be one of the major works of Japan's foremost living novelist, **Junichiro Tanizaki**. The story focuses on a husband and a wife who, though neither has anything against the other, have recognized that their marriage has gone dead. The wife, Misako, is a stylish young woman

drawn to foreign ways, but her modernity is still a pretty thin veneer. The husband, Kaname — a well-to-do, sophisticated bourgeois — has also cultivated Western tastes, but in his unhappiness he is beginning to be attracted by the old Japanese way of life. The cultural conflict between the old and the new is the real theme of the novel, and Tanizaki implies — in the best Japanese tradition, he shrinks from the explicit — that the dilemma is more or less insoluble.

The novel's ending leaves everything unsettled. The presumption is that Kaname will henceforth try to be as Japanese as the times permit, but there is a melancholy suggestion that his reversion to the Japanese past cannot help being a kind of reversion to childhood — a course which will not be possible much longer. The Japanese, Tanizaki said as far back as 1934, "have met a superior civilization and have had to surrender to it."

Tanazaki's prose — elegantly rendered into English by Edward G. Seidensticker — is beautifully limpid and flowing; nonetheless his artistry calls for a special kind of coöperation on the part of the reader. Its goal is to suggest much more than it says; and while the descriptive scenes are sharply drawn and brightly evocative, the characterization leaves the reader to draw inferences and form conclusions which the Western novelist would normally supply. Despite the resulting indefiniteness, *Some Prefer Nettles* has a compelling quality. It is a delicately composed and subtly shaded work of art.

From Australia there comes to us a big family saga, *The Tree of Man* (Viking, \$4.50) by **Patrick White**. This is the story of Stan and Amy Parker, who as newlyweds start out on the hard life of farming in the wilderness at the turn of the century; of their son, Ray, who grows up to be a petty adventurer and comes to a bad end; and of their daughter, Thelma, a prissy and emotionless creature, who achieves her dream of gentility by marrying a stockbroker and settles into a mold of desiccated snobbery. Mr. White, who has three highly praised novels to his credit, is obviously a writer of considerable talent. But the people in his present book seemed to me a drab lot, and their story has a rather dreary coloring.

It isn't often that this department puts in a good word for a histori-

cal novel, but salaams are in order for *The Twelve Pictures* (Putnam, \$3.95) by Edith Simon, an Edinburgh writer who won acclaim some years back with *The Golden Hand*. The book is a reworking of the medieval epic, the Nibelungenlied, which should not be confused with the story running through Wagner's *The Ring of the Nibelung*. There has been a good deal of scholarly controversy as to whether the Nibelungenlied had its origin in historical events to which mythical elements were added or vice versa. Miss Simon adopts the former view, and her intricately patterned novel is an imaginative reconstruction both of the historical nucleus of the epic — the overthrow of the Burgundian kingdom by the Huns in the year 436 — and of how the epic itself, with all its fancies, might have come into being.

Two aged Queens, Uta and Brunhilde, surviving in the ruins of Lorsch, are weaving a tapestry of twelve pictures depicting the events which led to the downfall of the Burgundian kingdom. In these pictures, they are molding the facts into a poetic legend which, they believe, will convey more truthfully than the literal truth the fatalities of the Burgundian drama. Their story tells how the heroic Siegfried, husband of Uta's daughter, Queen Kriemhild, was treacherously murdered by Kriemhild's own uncle and brothers, the rulers of Burgundy. It unfolds, in flashbacks to Siegfried's youthful adventures, the sources of this murder. And it relates how after her marriage to Attila The Hun, Kriemhild relentlessly sought vengeance against the killers of Siegfried.

The Twelve Pictures is a superbly imagined panorama of a world that is half legendary and half real, half Christian and half Pagan. But what is specially notable about it is a psychological depth in the characterization which is rarely encountered in historical fiction. Miss Simon's legendary figures are fascinating human creations.

Adventures in the Skin Trade, and Other Stories (New Directions, \$3.50) contains all of the tales by the late Dylan Thomas which have not previously appeared in book form (or which appeared in books now out of print). By far the most impressive item is the title piece, which is not really a short story but a fragment of an abandoned novel. It follows the movements of a dingy youth who

leaves a dingy middle-class home with the vague idea of getting a job in London, and who there drifts distractedly from one zany situation into another. This freewheeling tale is a fine example of Thomas's wildly original humor. "Wildly original," in fact, are the operative words for all of Thomas's fiction, with its vein of deep poetic feeling and its sometimes surrealistic vein of grotesquerie, its chilling intimations of horror and its earthy, ribald sense of fun.

Many of the pieces in this volume are not top-drawer Dylan Thomas. Many are definitely slight. All remind us by their language that we are in the presence of a hugely gifted artist.

Even in letters devoted to bewailing his insolvency, Dylan Thomas startles and delights. His correspondence with the American poet, Oscar Williams, who did so much to promote the sale of Thomas's work in this country, is one of the highlights of the seventh issue of *New World Writing* (New American Library, 50¢). In their sampling of foreign prose and poetry, their sponsorship of young American writers, and their choice of essays, the editors of this

lively collection have succeeded in maintaining a high standard of freshness and diversity. The current number contains, among other things, five Brazilian poets and a group of new British poets; a section of John Lehmann's autobiography; a striking short story by a hitherto unpublished American writer, Valerie Worth; a fine story of Dublin by David Marcus in which an Irish Jew, a Catholic priest, and a pretty girl are drawn together in a peculiar drama of love; and William Jay Smith's wonderful drawings of "Literary Birds" such as the big-barreled Papa Piper — "I sing like crazy, I fly like hell, / I crash boom-boom, get Prix Nobel, / My luck she is running *very* good!"

This America

Two of the best books ever written about American society have been written by Frenchmen. One, of course, was Tocqueville's classic, *Democracy in America* (now available in Knopf's "Vintage" series of paperback reprints; 2 vols., 95¢ each). The other was André Siegfried's *America Comes of Age* (1927), which H. L. Mencken described as "so good that it seems almost incredible." M. Siegfried has

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now written a fresh appraisal of the United States, *America at Mid-Century* (Harcourt, Brace, \$5.75); and it seems to me by and large a discerning piece of work. I have the impression, however, that the author's contacts with the American scene have not been quite as intimate and extensive as they were when he wrote his earlier study. An error such as the statement that in the 1952 election "most of the papers, even the Republican ones, upheld Stevenson" can hardly be dismissed as an inconsequential slip.

M. Siegfried's presentation is staidly methodical — Part I, The Geographical Aspect; Part II, The American People: Formation, Composition, and Psychology; Part III, The American Economy; and so on. His style is serviceable but undistinguished and singularly lacking in Gallic *esprit*. What is valuable about his book is that it enables us to see ourselves from a provocative perspective: it is written with a degree of detachment which no American could possibly achieve, and with a good-tempered objectivity which few foreigners have succeeded in achieving. M. Siegfried neither accepts any of our self-congratulatory pretensions nor does he indulge in scornful debunking. His tone is consistently calm and courteous; and though some readers will find plenty to quarrel with in his analysis, his unpalatable judgments have patently not been arrived at because of any anti-American bias.

Loosely speaking, M. Siegfried's overall viewpoint is that in the development of America, geography has triumphed over history and heredity — the links with Europe. American civilization is growing away from European civilization, in which Anglo-Saxon practicality was balanced by the critical, individualistic spirit of Mediterranean culture. With no suggestion of disdain — indeed with repeated emphasis on the blessings our society confers on its citizens — M. Siegfried argues that the American genius for large-scale organization is causing the individualistic and contemplative spirit to be progressively submerged in the collective practice of high output: we are moving toward a new and more *social* idea of human dignity. Immense though the differences are between the United States and Russia, M. Siegfried believes that they have one important point in common: both are inclined toward a technical conception of civilization.

This is not a novel line of reasoning, but there is a good deal of novelty and bite in M. Siegfried's development of it. His book is not one of those whose interest lies in a dramatic thesis: what is rewarding, here, is the multitude of trenchant observations about every aspect of American life.

Prince Bismarck sardonically observed that there was a special providence for drunkards, fools, and the United States. With rather different feelings, Oscar Handlin — a Harvard Professor of History who won a Pulitzer Prize for *The Uprooted* — also believes that chance has played an important, and on the whole favorable, role in the development of this nation. His new book, *Chance or Destiny* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$3.75), recounts and analyzes eight crucial "turning points" in American history, among them Cornwallis's surrender at Yorktown; the Fourth of July at Gettysburg; the sinking of the *Lusitania*; and Pearl Harbor. In his two concluding chapters, Mr. Handlin puts forward the view that, while history is in part determined by "intractable forces" — the evolution of institutions such as the family and the churches; the exigencies of economics and geography — history also contains an element of contingency which makes it impossible to chart its course in terms of general laws, as Marx, Spengler, and (with recourse to theology) Toynbee have attempted to do.

Mr. Handlin sees history as "a line made up of a succession of points, with every point a turning point" at which human passions, the weather, or a mechanical accident can decisively influence the direction of the turning. Without the avarice of the Queen of Spain, the miscalculations of Napoleon, and the sudden freezing of a harbor in Holland, Louisiana might long have remained foreign soil and impeded this nation's thrust to the Pacific. The haunting face of a young Spanish girl in California played a crucial role in the strange events which finally led to Russia's sale of Alaska. The Civil War might possibly have been averted, Mr. Handlin believes, had not an explosion aboard the man-of-war *Princeton* in 1844 killed President Tyler's Secretary of State, whose replacement by Calhoun led to an aggravation of the cleavage over slavery.

The two theoretical chapters give us no more than an outline of Mr. Handlin's thesis, for the problem of

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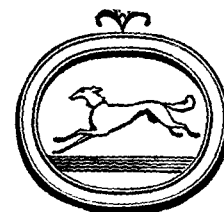
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chance and inevitability in history is certainly not one which can be seriously explored in twenty-two pages. Mr. Handlin, however, is a scholar who knows how to make the reading of history a seductive affair. His eight illustrative chapters — some of which have appeared in the *Atlantic* — strike me as masterly examples of dramatic exposition, incisive analysis, and felicitous writing.

Books and men

Somewhat belatedly, I'd like to pay my respects to *Party of One* (World, \$5.00), a selection of the writings of Clifton Fadiman. The book consists of 1) a few autobiographical pages; 2) a large miscellany of pieces about cartoonists, conversationalists, actors, teaching, musical comedy, radio and television, deathbed remarks, and so forth; 3) "Lead-Ins" (Introductions) to books and authors — *Moby Dick*, *War and Peace*, *Dostworth*, Henry James, Dickens; 4) other literary essays, which Mr. Fadiman places in the category not of criticism but of what the French call *causerie*; 5) "Puzzlements" — two pieces which state, modestly but with lapidary force, Mr. Fadiman's reasons for dissenting from the cult of Gertrude Stein and Faulkner. These last and the "Lead-Ins" belong among the highlights of the book. Other notable items are "On Being Fifty"; an essay on the lost art of conversation; and three perceptive reviews of the author of *Appointment in Samara*, which might all have been headed "Disappointment in O'Hara."

It is well known that Mr. Fadiman is an exceedingly clever, witty, and nimble writer; that he has read widely and remembered well; and that he is wonderfully adept at communicating his appreciation to others. What may have been obscured by Mr. Fadiman's renown as a suave master of ceremonies is a core of fundamental seriousness which, together with his good sense, good disposition, and the lively assets previously referred to, makes him at his best a really admirable essayist. What is distinctive about him can best be suggested by listing some of the things which he is not. He is not cantankerous, sour, spiteful, parochial, or fanatical; not arrogant, patronizing, or reactionary; not sanctimonious, glibly inspirational, nice-Nellyish, or mushy. In this dis-temperament age any literary commentator who is none of those things is something very valuable.



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ACCENT ON LIVING



WE HAVE long been taught to marvel at the thermal arrangements which keep the body temperature of otherwise dissimilar human beings at precisely 98.6 degrees. Why 98.6 is a better level than 70 or 118 need not concern us here. Much as we might wish to live hotter or cooler, we continue to be a 98.6 species, and this, we are assured, is all to the good.

But equally important, although receiving little or no attention in our schoolbooks, is another peculiar stabilizer, which affects our psychological processes. This control enables us, unlike the lower animals, to believe earnestly in all sorts of things which have no foundation whatever in fact; and in the variety of occasions on which it is called upon to function it seems far more remarkable than any mere thermostat. Scientists know this apparatus only as "the switch," and they are undecided as to its location in the human system.

My first realization of the switch came at age fourteen, when I was convalescing from an appendectomy. The surgeon, an old family friend, invited me to a dinner party, where I sat at the evening chain-smoking cigarettes. We were not allowed to smoke

at all at school, which caused us to smoke incessantly away from school. My performance was obviously excessive, even to me, and the surgeon queried me amiably as I was lighting my dozenth or fifteenth cigarette.

"Aren't you smoking rather a lot?"

The question was reasonable, but my answer must have seemed less so: the single monosyllable, firmly enunciated, "No."

Since that time, I have seen many switch-induced phenomena. It is what permits fat men to deny the scales; it sustains children against suggestions that their hands need washing; it is the mainstay of salesmen, alcoholics, and politicians. Cookery is an especially rich field for the contrary-to-fact utterance, and two fine examples come to mind from the kitchen.

A powerful argument with a friend over how to scramble eggs underlay one of these examples. I was expounding bacon fat instead of butter, no cream or milk whatever; and although I preferred a heavy iron skillet over a low flame, I was willing to admit the merits of the double-boiler or chafing-

dish method. The point on which I stood adamant was the rejection of cream or milk, however small the amount. It tends to curdle, I held, and this produces a watery, spongy result with a considerable flavor of scalded milk. Scrambled eggs of this sort turn the toast soggy, but my arguments were to no purpose. My opponent proceeded to beat the eggs and douse in the cream.

"They will curdle," I told him.

"Impossible, the way I do it."

The eggs did in fact curdle. The final product, which my friend served with the greatest satisfaction, was awash with a half-cupful of whey.

"What is that?" I asked him.

"What is what?" he responded.

"That watery stuff that you have left in the saucepan."

"Oh *that*," said my friend. "That is nothing. Nothing at all."

"Nothing?"

"No," he said. "It's just a little juice."

More spectacular was the switch demonstration which another friend gave me by cooking some meat cakes. My own version of a proper meat cake, which he had seemed to enjoy, was simple enough: top of the round,

with all fat and gristle trimmed off, finely ground, flattened out somewhat to the area of a bun, and fried in butter, with frequent turnings, over a low flame.

My friend proposed to cook his meat cakes over coals on an outdoor grill. The fire seemed to be right, but I noticed that he was using not ground lean round steak but a package of quick-frozen beef "patties." It was a variation from my method, he said, but he had happened on a particular brand which was entirely free from fat, and he had taken some pains to get the same brand this time.

He opened the package and stripped away a layer of paper. Absolutely no fat, he said, extending the top patty

for my inspection. It was gray, flecked with pink, and although I judged it to contain an outrageous amount of fat — at least 50 per cent — I said nothing. The rest of the package yielded identical patties, and my friend laid them out on the grill. It was hard to find meat cakes so free from fat, he remarked.

The meat had hardly begun to thaw, over the coals, when hissing and smoking of explosive proportions set in. The fat, dripping as if from spigots, was flaming up spectacularly. Too hot a fire, my friend said. He made no mention of fat, and he raised the grill into slots a couple of inches higher. The coals continued to flame wildly. The patties, diminishing to a

fraction of their original size, were becoming mere lozenges about the size of a silver dollar. My friend decided that they were "done." I agreed.

How the fiction of leanness could be preserved as we sat down to eat was more than I could imagine. To say nothing further about it would be to acknowledge what had actually occurred to his chef-d'oeuvre, and my friend had no such intention. He retrieved the label from the package of meat patties and handed it to me.

"That's what to ask for, the next time you want meat cakes," he said. "I don't know why more places don't carry this brand. Absolutely no fat in them."

CHARLES W. MORTON

THE WRONG WEIGHT

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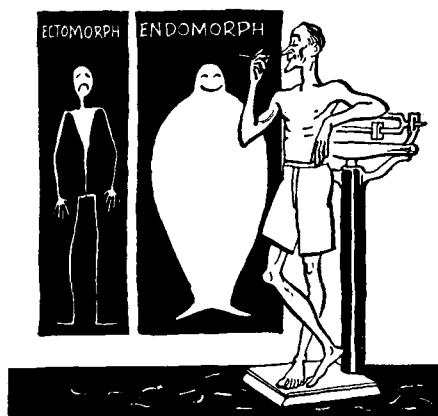
R. G. G. PRICE has contributed a great variety of light writing and criticism to *Punch* in recent years.

TWO years ago I was a thin man with a fat man's mind, and now I am a fat man with a thin man's mind. One Sheldon, whose views I am pinching from an essay by Aldous Huxley, has argued that bodily shape and temperament are closely connected. When I was tall and gaunt, what he calls an Ectomorph — and I cannot imagine an apter name — I ought to have been nervous, shy, and moody. (In his classification of types of temperament this is the Cerebrotonic.) Unfortunately I was as gay as a Technicolor carnival. Nothing worried me but being short of cigarettes. I lived a happy, relaxed, beachcombing kind of life and as I wandered about town there was an invisible *lei* round my scrawny neck.

Then under medical threats I gave up smoking. After the first shock was over, I put on weight fast. I took an interest in my food, which I was delighted to find had different tastes, and very soon I became soft and rounded, what Sheldon calls an Endomorph, and should have had the kind of temperament he calls Viscerotonic. I should have had an intense delight in family life. I should have loved eating in common, ceremoniousness, and company. I should have become indiscriminately amiable. Instead,

I became nervous, shy, and moody. My eyes stopped gleaming with fun and curdled and flickered towards the edges. I was always worrying.

There has been a further complication that Sheldon may not have considered: there is a time lag. I have spent so much of my life being teased for my thinness that I assume I am still thin. All those jokes about not having to open doors in order to go



through them have bitten into me. Now I never open doors far enough. In the old days my behavior was appropriate to my contours. Now there is a discrepancy. At parties there is usually a difference in the stances of thin and fat men. I used to be able to merge into the wallpaper, glass in hand, and get comfortably overlooked. Now when my fellow guests see me forcing my bulk against the wall they think either that I am drunk and overpropping myself or that I

am furtively looking for a secret passage to make my getaway. An attempt at unobtrusiveness that fails may mean social disaster.

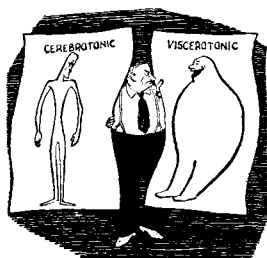
Obviously I have to get completely into one group or the other, and the jolly Viscerotonic sounds as if he got much more fun than the gloomy, introspective Cerebrotonic. I think the best way to do this is to take a hint from Sir Max Beerbohm's fable, *The Happy Hypocrite*. Lord George Hell, whose face bore a case history of dissipation, wished to woo an innocent maid, so he bought a mask so pure and saintly that he easily won her love; but by dint of wearing it his face changed underneath and his nature with it. The best way to become a Viscerotonic is to act like one. However much I quake inside my fatty envelope, I must be cheerful and sociable in public. I must tell stories and slap backs and be infectiously gay. The trouble is that this might take so much out of me that I would thin down and by the time I was an Ectomorph again my temperament would still be out of step. If I am going to lose weight it would be pleasanter to do it by smoking.

I notice that in this system of classification only one kind of fat man is included, the indiscriminately amiable. What about the magisterial-episcopal? This would surely be a much better goal for me. I should enjoy standing rocklike in the middle of the room while small men squirmed round me apologetically. In meas-

ured tones I should throw the weight of my considerable authority into the scales against Youth or Modern Art. My voice, I think, would be ruminative and rumbly. When it became necessary to rebuke presumption my jowls would shake with stately disapproval. I should be paternally jocose to the daughters of the richer families. Unhappily, no amount of deliberate character-adoption will blot out the memory of the past. I should never forget that in my cheery, emaciated, sensible days I should have considered my new self an appalling old man, and I should recognize this view as right.

Sheldon has a third category, physically described as Mesomorphs and temperamentally as Somatonics. As these are large-boned, strong-muscled heroes, I do not think that anything I do about tobacco will get me into their class. It is not one I find attractive. Cerebrotonics, in Huxley's words, "suffer acutely from the unrestrained bellowing and trampling of the Somatonic." So, I should imagine, do Viscerotonics, who must find bellowing and trampling very disturbing when they are ceremoniously eating in common.

It seems to me that neither the callous and competitive Somatonics nor the grim and self-searching Cerebrotonics would make nice friends for me, still less make good models. Unhappily, I am now coming to feel that even the merry Viscerotonics are not wholly admirable. Apparently they go in for telling everybody they meet exactly how they feel, and resemble — according to Huxley — liberal Protestant clergymen. If this be true, I am wrong in thinking that in the good old days I belonged to this group. Even when I was chain-smoking twenty hours a day there was nothing faintly clerical about me. I am much more likely to have categories of my own. I think that for many years I must have been a skinny and lighthearted Nicotonic and that probably my present condition can best be described as Megalomelancholic.



DER ARME DOLMETSCHER

by KURT VONNEGUT, JR.

KURT VONNEGUT, JR., is a native of Indianapolis who left Cornell in 1942 to serve as an Army combat intelligence scout. He was captured in the Battle of the Bulge and spent five months in a Dresden prison camp. He is now working for General Electric in Schenectady and writing a novel in his spare time.

I WAS astonished one day in 1944, in the midst of front-line hell-raising, to learn that I had been made interpreter, *Dolmetscher* if you please, for a whole battalion, and was to be billeted in a Belgian burgomaster's house within artillery range of the Siegfried Line.

It had never entered my head that I had what it took to dolmetsch. I qualified for the position while waiting to move from France into the front lines. While a student, I had learned the first stanza of *Die Lorelei* by rote from a college roommate, and I happened to give those lines a dogged rendition while working within earshot of the battalion commander. The colonel (a hotel detective from Mobile) asked his executive officer (a dry-goods salesman from Knoxville) in what language the lyrics were. The executive withheld judgment until I had bungled through *Der Gipfel des Berges foo-unk-kelt im Abendsonnenschein*.

"Ah believes tha's Kraut, Cuhnel," he said.

The colonel felt that his role carried with it the obligation to make quick, headstrong decisions. He made some dandies before the Wehrmacht was whipped, but the one he made that day was my favorite. "If tha's Kraut, whassat man doin' on the honey-dippin' detail?" he wanted to know. Two hours later, the company clerk told me to lay down the buckets,

for I was now battalion interpreter.

Orders to move up came soon after. Those in authority were too harried to hear my declarations of incompetence. "You talk Kraut good enough foah us," said the executive officer. "Theah ain't goin' to be much talkin' to Krauts where we're goin'." He patted my rifle affectionately. "Heah's what's goin' to do most of youah interpretin' fo' ya," he said. The executive, who learned everything he knew from the colonel, had the idea that the American Army had just licked the Belgians, and that I was to be stationed with the burgomaster to make sure he didn't try to pull a fast one. "Besides," the executive concluded, "theah ain't nobody else can talk Kraut at all."

I rode to the burgomaster's farm on the same truck with three disgruntled Pennsylvania Dutchmen who had applied for interpreters' jobs months earlier. When I made it clear that I was no competition for them, and that I hoped to be liquidated within twenty-four hours, they warmed up enough to furnish the interesting information that I was a *Dolmetscher*. They also decoded *Die Lorelei* at my request. This gave me command of about forty words (par for a two-year-old), but no combination of them



would get me so much as a glass of cold water.

Every turn of the truck's wheels brought a new question: "What's the word for Army? . . . How do I ask for the bathroom? . . . What's the word for sick? . . . well? . . . dish? . . . brother? . . . shoe?" My phlegmatic instructors tired, and one handed me a pamphlet purporting to make German easy for the man in the foxhole.

"Some of the first pages are missing," the donor explained as I jumped from the truck before the burgomaster's stone farmhouse. "Used 'em for cigarette papers," he said.

It was still dark when I knocked at

the burgomaster's door. I stood on the doorstep like a bit player in the wings, with the one line I was to deliver banging around an otherwise empty head. The door swung open. "Dolmetscher," I said.

The burgomaster himself, old, thin, and nightshirted, ushered me into the first-floor bedroom which was to be mine. He pantomimed as well as spoke his welcome, and a sprinkling of *danke schön* was adequate dolmetsching for the time being. I was prepared to throttle further discussion with *Ich weiss nicht, was soll es bedeuten, dass ich so traurig bin*. This would have sent him padding off to bed, convinced that he had a fluent, albeit shot-full-of-*Weltschmerz*, Dolmetscher. The stratagem wasn't necessary. He left me alone to consolidate my resources.

Chief among these resources was the mutilated pamphlet. I examined each of its precious pages in turn, delighted by the simplicity of transposing English into German. With this booklet, all I had to do was to run my finger down the left-hand column until I found the English phrase I wanted, and then rattle off the nonsense syllables printed opposite in the right-hand column. "How many grenade launchers have you?" for instance, was *Vee feel grenada vairfair habben zee?* Impeccable German for "Where are your tank columns?" proved to be nothing more troublesome than *Vo zint eara pantzer shpitzen?* I mouthed the phrases: "Where are your howitzers? How many machine guns have you? Surrender! Don't shoot! Where have you hidden your motorcycle? Hands up! What unit are you from?"

The pamphlet came to an abrupt end, toppling my spirits from manic to depressive. The Pennsylvania Dutchman had smoked up all the rear area pleasantries, comprising the pamphlet's first half, leaving me with nothing to work with but the repartee of hand-to-hand fighting.

As I lay sleepless in bed, the one drama in which I could play took shape in my mind. . . .

DOLMETSCHER (to BURGOMASTER'S DAUGHTER): I don't know what will become of me, I am so sad. (*Embraces her.*)

BURGOMASTER'S DAUGHTER (*with yielding shyness*): The air is cool, and it's getting dark, and the Rhine is flowing quietly.

(DOLMETSCHER seizes BURGOMASTER'S DAUGHTER, carries her bodily into his room.)

DOLMETSCHER (*softly*): Surrender.

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(Enter BURGOMASTER.)

BURGOMASTER (*brandishing Luger*): Ach! Hands up!

DOLMETSCHER and BURGOMASTER'S DAUGHTER: Don't shoot!

(A large map, showing disposition of American First Army, falls from BURGOMASTER'S breast pocket.)

DOLMETSCHER (*aside, in English*): What is this supposedly pro-Ally Burgomaster doing with a map showing the disposition of the American First Army? (*He snatches .45 automatic pistol from beneath pillow and aims at BURGOMASTER.*)

BURGOMASTER and BURGOMASTER'S DAUGHTER: Don't shoot! (BURGOMASTER drops Luger, cowers, sneers.)

DOLMETSCHER: What unit are you from? (BURGOMASTER remains sullen, silent. BURGOMASTER'S DAUGHTER goes to his side, weeps softly. DOLMETSCHER pauses significantly, suddenly points at BURGOMASTER'S DAUGHTER.) Where have you hidden your motorcycle? (*Turns again to Burgomaster.*) Where are your howitzers, eh? Where are your tank columns? How many grenade launchers have you?

BURGOMASTER (*cracking under terrific grilling*): I —

(Enter Guard Detail composed of Pennsylvania Dutchmen, making a routine check just in time to hear BURGOMASTER and BURGOMASTER'S DAUGHTER confess to being Nazi agents parachuted behind American lines.)

Johann Christoph Friedrich von Schiller couldn't have done any better with the same words, and they were the only words I had. There was no chance of my muddling through, and no pleasure in being interpreter for a full battalion in December and not being able to say so much as "Merry Christmas."

I made my bed, tightened the drawstrings on my duffel bag, and stole through the black-out curtains and into the night.



THE STARS AND I

by R. P. LISTER

IMMENSE the stars are, and immense the sky,
And very, most exceeding small am I;
Sometimes I think, as through the night I lurch,
That I am like a tiny flea in church.

Yet other times I seem extremely big,
A kind of mammoth, or at least a pig;
Then, I conceive the stars as very small —
Or else I do not see the stars at all.

Wary sentinels directed me to Battalion Headquarters, where I found most of our officers either poring over maps or loading their weapons. There was a holiday spirit in the air, and the executive officer was honing an eighteen-inch bowie knife and humming *Are You from Dixie?*

"Well, bless mah soul," he said, noticing me standing in the door, "here's old 'sprecken zee Dutch. Speak up, boy. Ain't you supposed to be ovah at the mayah's house?"

"It's no good," I said. "They all speak Low German, and I speak High."

The executive was impressed. "Too good foah 'em, eh?" He ran his index finger down the edge of his murderous knife. "Ah think we'll be runnin' into some who can talk the high-class Kraut putty soon," he said, and then added, "Weah surrounded."

"We'll whomp 'em the way we whomped 'em in Nawth Ca'lina and Tennessee," said the colonel, who had never lost a maneuver. "You stay heah, son. Ah'm gonna want you foah mah pussnel intupretah."

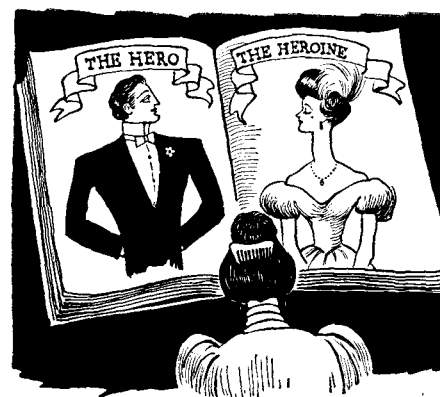
Twenty minutes later I was in the thick of dolmetsching again. Four Tiger tanks drove up to the front door of Headquarters, and two dozen German infantrymen dismounted to round us up with submachine guns.

"Say sumpin'," ordered the colonel, spunky to the last.

I ran my eye down the left-hand columns of my pamphlet until I found the phrase which most fairly represented our sentiments.

"Don't shoot," I said.

A German tank officer swaggered in to have a look at his catch. In his hand was a pamphlet, somewhat smaller than mine. "Where are your howitzers?" he said.



THE NEW MALLARKEY

by PEG BRACKEN

PEG BRACKEN is the pseudonym of Mrs. Roderick Lull of Portland, Oregon. Her verse, articles, and stories have appeared in many magazines.

THERE are more tricks to the glossy fiction trade than the casual reader probably thinks. One of the writer's big problems, as he creates his beautiful, brave, lovable characters, is making them beautiful enough and brave enough, and still keeping them lovable.

The fact is, times have changed. Today's sophisticated reader will no longer buy yesterday's heroine, who walked in virtue, her eyes blue as the sky over Naples, with cheeks that shamed the rose. He is equally unconvinced by yesterday's hero, that big handsome broad-shouldered curly-haired package of incorruptibility.

A thing called Reader Identification has set in. The reader knows, deep down, that *he* is not as beautiful or lovable as that, and furthermore he doubts whether anyone is.

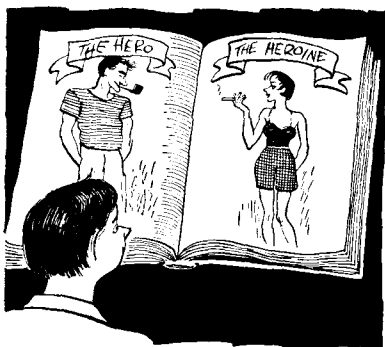
Thus, the twin horns of the writer's dilemma are distressingly clear. The writer must, to put it bluntly, lay off the mallarkey. But he knows, too, that his feminine readers will refuse just as flatly to identify themselves with a thick-waisted heroine or one who has a front tooth out; nor will his masculine readers stay long with a potbellied hero.

It is encouraging to be able to report that writers have solved the problem — not with the faint praise which damns, but with the faint damn which praises. For example: "Brad looked at Pam. She was too thin, her cheekbones too high, her eyes too wide apart. . . ."

Now, there is Reader Identification with a hey-ninnie. Every woman

wants to be too thin. And love those high cheekbones, those wide-set eyes! But here she finds them brusquely dismissed as faults.

Well, the reader has faults too. She knows how it is. And while she privately imagines the heroine to be about as beautiful as any girl can be,



she derives a certain feminine comfort from hearing that not everyone thinks so. The reader immediately joins the heroine's team. She becomes her Secret Pal.

It is not easy, this matter of presenting virtues as faults; the writer must remember at all times that Pam's legs may be too long, but not so her nose. Her eyes may be too large, but never, under any circumstances, her knuckles. "Pam's too-generous mobile mouth" is always acceptable to the reader, but "Pam's big flapping mouth" would be rejected instantly. No, it isn't easy. And the writer encounters the same problem when he describes the house or the room Pam lives in. Yet, here again, the same approach will ease the way to Reader Identification:—

"It wasn't a smart room. Obviously no interior decorator had had a hand in assembling this casual collection of odd pieces; no decorator would have condoned the faded chintzes and the clutter of books. Even the kindly firelight burnishing the rocker and the old copper kettle couldn't quite hide the shabbiness of the rug. Yet Brad liked the room, felt at home there. . . ."

Note the shrewd use of the "yet" instead of a "therefore." Observe its magical effect in making the reader feel superior to the writer, as well as at home in the room. "Why, that's my kind of place!" the reader thinks. "What does this silly writer want, a store window? My stuff doesn't match either. And as for books, well, I always say a room just isn't a room without books. . . ." So the reader is more than ever ready to

share Pam's problems and eventual joys.

The aspiring glossy fiction writer should know that his heroes will respond just as nicely to the faint damn as will his heroines and his settings. When a man reads that "Brad's face was casually put together, the nose jutting, the lines deep—a face marked by the hard living of forty-one years," he feels better about his own face, which was designed a bit haphazardly too. Also, the suggestion of manly dissipation enables him to write off his own extra rounds at the nineteenth hole. At the same time, he senses that none of these things is going to handicap Brad in the slightest. Brad is obviously a nice combination of valor and virility. He will go far, and the reader will follow him all the way.

It is true that there are pitfalls with heroes, as with heroines, and the alert writer will keep them in mind. For instance, a tight-lipped hero who grins an occasional crooked grin will be readily accepted by the reader, even though these traits, in real life, are usually an indication of bad bridgework. But the reader will quickly shy away from Brad should he have foot trouble. Foot trouble, for some reason, belongs to men named Harold Buebke, not Brad Reynolds; and heroes are never named Harold Buebke.

It is all a matter of knowing how and what to insult without insulting. It is for this reason that the writer so often seems preoccupied with the hero's hair. Brad can have hair like old rope, and often does. Or he can have mussed-up hair, although the better adjective is "unruly," or he can even have hair that's growing thin on top—no matter, it will lower him not one whit in the reader's estimation; moreover, it will provide a comfortable bond of Reader Identification.

No discussion of the praise-while-damning method would be complete without mention of the flashback to adolescence—a technique which has been often and profitably used by writers who know their business. One of its many merits is that it permits the heroine to be an absolute dilly from the first moment she appears.

"Brad looked at Pam Harrison, slim, poised, perfect. There had been a little Pam Harrison once, years ago, before the war had torn and twisted so many things. . . . Pam Harrison, the little kid next door.

"Pam, are you the same girl that —" Brad stopped, feeling like a fool. This girl, this copper-haired beauty with the exquisite legs, the warm ivory skin, the marvelous laughing mouth—she could never have been that skinny brat with the freckles, that kid with the braces on her teeth.

"You mean, was I the kid you used to chase home from school with snowballs?" Pam wrinkled her nose, charmingly. "Yes. Wasn't I awful?"

"Brad grinned.

"I was pretty awful myself," he said ruefully. "Remember how . . ."

Now, this isn't as easy as it looks. It's quite all right for the child Pam to be remembered with braces on her teeth, a skinny freckled gamin. But the reader will never make contact with Pam if she used to be dough-faced and overweight. Once in a long time a writer will fatten up a young heroine and get away with it, but the trick lies in the use of the word "pudgy," which has a rollicking cherubic quality that's rather fun.

However, once these problems have been met and mastered, the writer finds himself in a nice position, and can get on with his story; he has given his principals a reasonably repulsive adolescence, and the reader shouldn't quibble over their distinct charm as adults. After all, fair's fair.

This takes care of all the description the writer has to worry about, with one exception. If it is ever necessary to describe someone asleep in bed—and it is surprising how often this is necessary—there is only one way to do it: "Lying there asleep in the



rumpled bedclothes, he looked defenseless."

A querulous critic might object, Unless he is Lucky Luciano lying there asleep with his gat under his pillow and his finger on the trigger, how in the world else can he look? But that is mere carping, and it need not be considered here.

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by JOHN M. CONLY

Beethoven: Overtures, "Leonora" No. 1 and No. 2; Overtures, "Fidelio" and "Leonora" No. 3 (Clemens Krauss conducting Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra; London LD-9185 and LD-9186: two separate 10"). Here is something special. London's publicity says these are the last records we shall have of the late Clemens Krauss, who looked enough like Wagner to provoke the rumor that he was his son. After hearing these performances, I could easily believe that he was Wagner himself. The four overtures to Beethoven's sole opera here come forth in a smashing dramatic torrent it is folly to try to resist. No matter that the originals probably were recorded, direct on disk, six or seven years ago, and that there is an audible hiss. I would buy these at four times the price.

Beethoven: Septet in E Flat Major, Op. 20 (Members of the Vienna Octet; London LL-1191: 12"). This is played in the original scoring, as the Toscanini version is not, and also is broadly romanticized, as the Toscanini version is not. It is beautiful notwithstanding—a performance with personality, of which you can become fond, and recorded with brilliant lifelikeness.

Corelli: Twelve Church and Twelve Chamber Sonatas, Op. 3 and Op. 4 (Musicorum Arcadia players; Vox DL-163: three 12" in simulated chamois album with program brochure by Joseph Braunstein). This might be called a portrait of music becoming secular, in the era before Bach and Vivaldi. As such it is fascinating, but there is more to it than that. Corelli had so many ideas that sameness of form struck him as no handicap, and it won't bother you either. This is bright, lively, lovely stuff.

Mahler: Kindertotenlieder with Bruckner: *Te Deum* (Kathleen Ferrier, contralto; Bruno Walter conducting Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra in the Mahler; Bruno Walter conducting soloists, Westminster

Choir, and New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra in the Bruckner; Columbia ML-4980: 12"). Presumably this is the same Mahler performance that was on the 10-inch ML-2187, but reprocessing has brightened the sound noticeably, and the interpretation is out of the world (and so, so sad). The Bruckner *Te Deum* is one of the composer's tightest, tersest works, and my favorite of all. Walter's well-behaved singers and players bring out its somber triumph excellently. Fine recording.

Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 3, "Scotch," with Overture, "A Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage" (Paul Kletzki conducting Israel Philharmonic Orchestra; Angel 35183: 12"). A new ensemble makes its disk debut and, believe me, this is a honey of an orchestra, ready for the major leagues right now. Kletzki's "Scotch" is rich and heady, more enchanting than any other version, and the sound is faultless. In the same listing, Angel offers the same performers in Mahler's First Symphony (Angel 35180), and his Ninth, coupled on two disks with Schönberg's *Verklärte Nacht* (Angel 3526-B). The First takes second place to Bruno Walter's magical Columbia disk; the Ninth and the Schönberg each seem to me the best in the business. But anyway, keep your ear bent to the IPO. Sometimes you can hear musicians loving their work, and these do.

Roussel: Le Festin de l'Araignée; Petite Suite pour Orchestre (Ernest Ansermet conducting Orchestre de la Suisse Romande; London LL-1179: 12"). The plot of the ballet, "The Spider's Feast," is at once gruesome and laboriously symbolic, but the music, kaleidoscopic in its fantastically delicate tone-coloring, has none of either quality. It is odd that it has been neglected on records. Ansermet's wonderfully disciplined Swiss players handle it with a featherlike touch, and the London engineers likewise. The antique-styled *Petite Suite* is less playful here than it might be, but still pleasant.

Verdi: La Forza del Destino

(Maria Callas, Richard Tucker, Elena Nicolai, Carlo Tagliabue, other soloists; Tullio Serafin conducting chorus and orchestra of Teatro alla Scala; Angel 3531-C/L: three 12" with libretto). Verdi was too oblivious of future fame; otherwise he would not have devoted so much of such magnificent music to a dramatic theme so infuriatingly preposterous. The music really is overwhelming, the characters and their motives impossible to take. However, listening subdues this tragic paradox, and listening to this rendition will subvert anyone's common sense. The recording has a studio sound; but even in a studio, Miss Callas working over these arias is something to hear. Truly thrilling moments.

Verdi: *Un Ballo in Maschera* (two versions: Arturo Toscanini conducting Herva Nelli, Jan Peerce, Robert Merrill, Nicola Moscona, other soloists; Robert Shaw Chorale; NBC Symphony Orchestra; RCA Victor LM-6112: three 12" — Angelo Questa conducting Maria Curtis Verna, Pia Tassinari; Ferruccio Tagliavini, Giuseppe Valdengo, other soloists; Chorus and Orchestra of Radiotelevisione Italiana; Cetra B-1249: two 12"). If Verdi had set this opera in any place except colonial Boston, the text might make sense, and the music is stunningly effective. So forget Boston. The trouble with these two sets is that the singers, to my ears, are all very good throughout, and the recordings likewise comparable — both derived from excellent radio performances. Toscanini is superb, but Questa is also completely satisfactory — and the RCA Victor set has three disks against Cetra's two. I'm afraid I'd take the Cetra.

An Evening with Alistair Cooke (Alistair Cooke, talking, singing, playing the piano; Columbia ML-4970: 12"). Mr. Cooke, who covers America for the *Manchester Guardian*, is a man of many parts and shows it here. He harmonizes with himself (fourfold, through tape trickery) singing Gilbert and Sullivan. He philosophizes about the blues and plays some (rather badly). He whistles. He even drew the picture of himself on the jacket. Much fun; highly recommended.

Fifty Years of Great Operatic Singing (68 arias and other operatic excerpts, covering the period 1900-1950; RCA Victor LCT-6701: five 12"). This begins with Francesco Tamagno singing the beginning of

Di Quella Pira from *Otello*, and ends with Jan Peerce singing *Fra Poco a Me Ricovero* from *Lucia*. The project seems to have been that of George Marek, Victor's artist-and-repertoire director (a Puccini biographer), and the selection was entrusted to Irving Kolodin, the best man I can think of for the job. The old-master vaults of RCA Victor and its European affiliates were put at his disposal. All he had to steer clear of was items previously transcribed on microgroove. Practically every opera star you've ever heard of and hoped to hear is represented. Kolodin — bless him for it — went a little off the beaten track to present some of them at their best, and yanked a few off the recital stage to give them operatic opportunity they never had — Dorothy Maynor, for instance. This album, with its opulent documentation and rich, red silk cover, is in a spot of honor on our shelves — and if Mr. Kolodin isn't tired, there's room for another right beside it. Special kudos should go to RCA Victor's musical engineer, Chuck Gerhardt, for some cleaned-up, brightened-up transcription that is almost incredible.

Out of This World (Various nat-

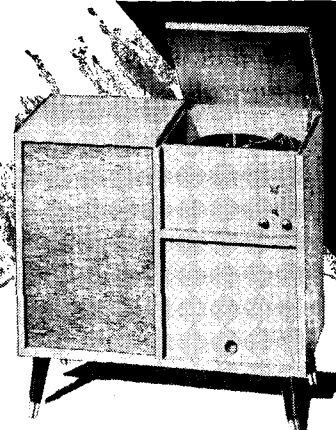
ural phenomena; sundry scientists; Emory Cook; Cook/Sounds of Our Times 5012). Now Mr. Cook has discovered that some seismographic recording of earthquakes is done today on magnetic tape, instead of with tracing-pen and paper roller. So he has taken such tapes, speeded them up, and translated them into sound. It's undeniably awesome. At one point the tape is slowed to nearly normal speed; the sound vanishes, but the phono-arm goes through the *motion* of the quake. (Cute?) On the reverse, electrical disturbances of the superstratospheric atmosphere are recorded. It's pretty incomprehensible, but you'll not stop listening.

Rosa Ponselle Sings Today (Rosa Ponselle, soprano; Igor Chicagov, piano; RCA Victor LM-1889: 12"). In 1937, at the height of her career, Rosa Ponselle quit opera and went to live near Baltimore with a myriad of pets. Apparently she just didn't like the stage, for she is still, by all reports, a very lively lady, and her voice, this record shows, remains extraordinarily beautiful and moving. Here she sings songs, no opera (maybe it was *opera* she didn't like), and all with a unique kind of prima donna flair.

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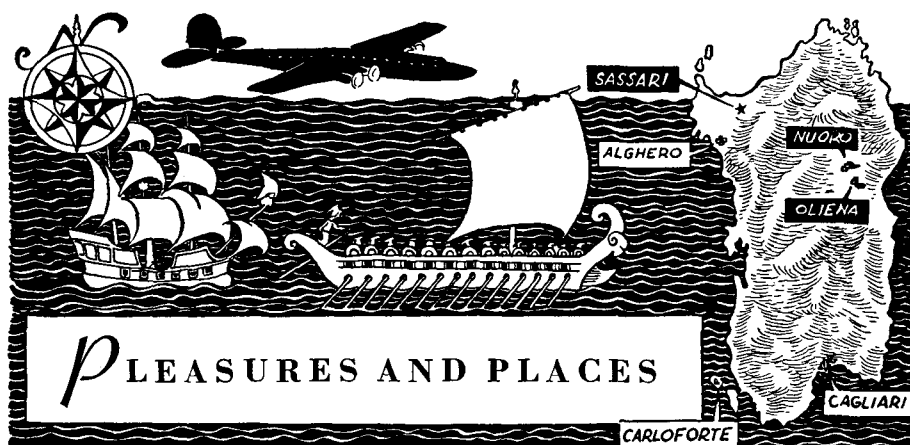
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SARDINIA

by HERBERT KUBLY

Playwright and former New York newspaperman; HERBERT KUBLY has been living in Europe in recent years. His book American in Italy was published a few months ago by Simon and Schuster.

WE SET out with an explorer's curiosity and apprehension, for Sardinia is an island ignored by guide-books and mentioned by newspapers only in an occasional account of banditry. Our approach was from the north through Corsica. We sailed from Nice at night with the arc of harbor lights a string of pearls on the sea, and landed in a coral dawn at Ajaccio, just in time to meet the daily bus south, through dark hills and villages of women black-robed in perpetual obeisance to their dead.

Such quiet desolation! We carried it like a cloak onto the boat at Bonifacio. There were four passengers and five times as many crewmen. The day had turned violent and dark. Plowing the black foam-flecked strait with a convoy of wailing gulls, past the wind-twisted cliffs of Corsica and the chain of underwater mountains raising their dark peaks from the sea, we might have been crossing the Styx.

We had not been encouraged to undertake our journey. The astonished secretary of the Italian State Tourist Office in Manhattan had responded, "But why to Sardinia? Everything there is two thousand years behind the times." Now, as my English companion and I applied for entry at the island's tiny port of Santa Teresa, the police were even more incredulous. An American and an Englishman arriving from France? Naturally there was something suspicious. So they detained us for an

hour, reading the stampings on our passports aloud to each other, checking our names against lists of undesirable persons, solemnly recording our mothers' maiden names. Finally, spotting the notation "Male" on my companion's passport, one of them sternly demanded, "Che male ha? — What sickness have you?"

Who could blame the Sards, so used to being lonely, forgotten people? Since antiquity the second largest island of the Mediterranean has been infamous for its dismal trinity of poverty, disease, and banditry. When Quintus had to go to Sardinia two thousand years ago, his brother Cicero wrote, "Take care, my brother, of your health," and thirty-four years ago D. H. Lawrence, making his querulous six-day journey in February, suffered such arctic discomforts that the Sards seemed to him to resemble Eskimos. Now disease is wiped out and visitors come voluntarily to Sardinia, but old attitudes are slow in changing.

A bus waited to take us over the northern mountains to Sassari. The barren megalithic landscape was disquieting. It takes at least a week of intimacy before one accepts the fiercely stirring beauty of this Henry Moore world of wind sculptures covered by the patina of gray-green lichen. It was landscape which inspired the ancients, as we saw later in the Cagliari museum, where a prehistoric Moore-like statue gestates the whole world in its womb. Except for a solitary shepherd filing his sheep across the road in front of the bus, and an occasional horseman, dark and ominous as a Spanish knight, it was an empty world. Higher up, scrubby brush began to appear among the rocks, and soon we were climbing through cork forests, the trees bowed by prevailing winds, like Mohammedans praying to the east. Trees

recently barked displayed lewd red-stockinged thighs. Night fell and a full moon lit it all frighteningly. Our bus snaked over and around mountains, climbing at last through olive groves toward a city. Silver leaves flickered their heavenly ghostliness in the warm white night. An olive grove by high moon is surely the most beautiful sight in the world. It belongs to Daphnis and Chloë.

We were in Sassari, a university city with a skyscraper and a sweeping piazza which has a parquet floor that must be one of the largest in the world. Sassari is a rich combination of Renaissance and modern, a shining pate of a mountain surrounded by a halo of olive trees. Apprehensions? They melted with a hot shower, a lobster dinner, an angelic white wine, and a good sleep in a luxury hotel. In the morning we were ready for adventure.

So we took a bus for Nuoro, passing on the way clusters of nuraghi, those curious prehistoric towers of unmortared stone which are the unsolved riddles of Sardinia. Tombs? Watchtowers? Castles for Bronze Age dukes? The archaeological disputes go on and on and no one knows. Whatever their purpose, the three thousand dark cones rising from the land like chimneys of hell were left by a race of kings.

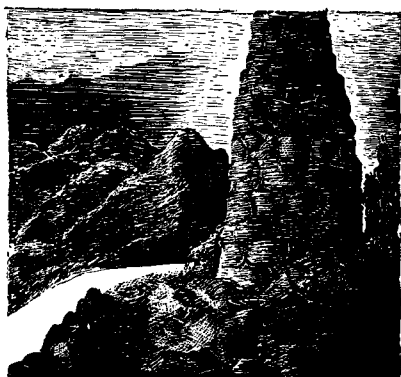
The bus stopped frequently to let people on and off — country people wearing the bright costumes of their villages and smelling faintly of goat. Sards are small people, lean and hard but with a gentility that is soft and sad. They do not laugh easily; but when they do, you understand at once what is meant by "sardonic," for the mirth is cool, cynical, never abandoned. The eyes tell more. Unlike the chameleon eyes of Sicilians, so able to take on the complexion of the moment, Sardinian eyes are large, dark, smoldering pools always seeming on the verge of tears. Spain looks out of those eyes, and Africa, but not Italy.

Gentleness. Yet the world's immediate association with these men is banditry. The term is, of course, loosely used. Sardinian banditry has had no effect on a non-Sard for more than three years. Nor does it have a political complexion like the roisterings of Sicily's late Giuliano. The banditry of Sardinia is a never-ending internal warfare rising out of her history. The noble builders of the nuraghi were conquered — in 450

B.C. — by Carthaginians who destroyed their civilization. Since then Sardinian history has been one invasion after another. Greece, Rome, Pisa, Genoa, Spain, Piedmont, France, Austria, unified Italy — all have invaded and ruled. Strangely diverse races inhabited the island; as the invasions continued, the people abandoned the coastal lands for the barren mountains, where they fought each other for survival. Geography and history have left a heritage of ancient feuds. A vendetta among hill tribes, a feud between shepherds — it is all banditry of a sort.

Smoldering with hostility for each other, Sardinians adore strangers. On the bus we met a student who invited us to his home in Nuoro. The student's brother gave us a letter to a barber in Oliena, a hill town named for olive groves and famed as a bandit hideout. The bus stopped in front of the barber's shop in the center piazza of the dusty primitive village. The barber, a hearty young fellow named Antonio, deserted a half-lathered face to welcome us. He sent his thirteen-year-old apprentice to tell his wife to prepare a feast. "It will not be American cooking," he apologized. "It will be kitchen *Sardo*."

Three hours later we sat down to a Lucullan orgy that was indeed not American cooking. It was prepared in outdoor ovens by the barber's wife and two aged aunts. Only men sat at the table — the barber, his brother, and ourselves. The women were busy carrying food and drink to us. It



began with *carta musica*, great discs of crisp unleavened bread splashed with cool red wine. After several courses of *pastasciutta*, meats and salads, each of which we hoped would be the last, the meal settled down to serious eating with *consciutto di cinghiale*, a wild boar marinated in spicy aromatic wine, followed by a lamb roasted in thyme and myrtle

called by our host an *agnus Dei*, "lamb of God." The banquet, well irrigated with *vino*, concluded with a cornucopia of desserts, coffee, and aqua vitae.

There was a wedding celebration in another part of the town and Antonio took us to it. Approaching the bridal house, we could hear the monotonous music of an accordion and the rhythmic scraping of men's boots on stone. We entered a windowless steaming room. Sweating wedding guests, linked in a large circle with the bride and groom, were leaping up and down and moving slowly to the left, dancing the traditional Olienesi *ballo tondo*. Women wore the full-pleated embroidered skirts of the town; the men wore green velvet corduroy suits and black boots. According to Antonio, the dance — mirthless as an Indian rite — had been going on without interruption for two hours. After a time the groom invited the male guests into an upper chamber. Here in the dimming twilight we gathered around the bridal bed, which was decorated with two long white candles tied with satin ribbons and several ears of corn. A quiet-footed parade of lovely voiceless women served us a Scheherazade array of sweets to eat and drink. Occasionally someone would raise a glass to the groom. So modulated it was, so controlled! None of the ebullience of Italy, only the subdued softness of Spain. What could excite these people? Murder? A boy at his Sunday games in an olive grove a short distance from the matrimonial house found the freshly shot body of a man and spread the alarm. The man's relatives left the feast, which continued quietly, and the next day the city papers headlined a *Vendetta di Banditi*.

A curious unity of fierceness and softness is the unique quality of the Sard's character. In Nuoro, the tumultuous heart of the island, one feels most strongly his tempestuous spirit. Nuoro, in a wild Dolomite-like range of mountains, is the traditional center of banditry and the traditional center of malaria. Just outside the town at the foot of the granitic Ortobene is the simple white Chapel of the Solitude, a tomb for the only Sardinian in modern times to gain world fame, Grazia Deledda, whose novels of the impassioned Nuoresi won her the Nobel Prize. The bus climbs through cork forests under whose low branches bandits conclave

and men and dogs battle wounded boars, and ascends dizzily around hairpin ledges to the wind-swept summit. There, on the crest of the mountain, is a great statue of *Il Redentore*, Christ the Redeemer. A passionately



romantic Christ, both Hellenic and Byronic, both savage and gentle, He watches over the mountains and the clusters of silent villages where it is said bandits live. Soft, yet so defiantly Herculean, He is the fierce pagan-Christian soul of the island.

For his kindness Antonio the barber would accept nothing. "Sard hospitality is spontaneous and sincere," he said in his flowery language. "Above all, here in the mountains we conserve intact the principle that true friendship is gold that cannot be tarnished."

Easy contacts growing at once into warm hospitality are the keynote of a Sardinian journey. Among an island people used to being overlooked by the world, delight with visitors turns every man into a host. A young Swedish doctor and his beautiful wife, on arriving by boat at Santa Teresa a day before us, met a cork tycoon who entertained them in the mountain town of Tempio for two days, then sent them on to Sassari with a letter to an archaeologist who after three days of hospitality relayed them with a letter to an artist in Oristano. In this way the Swedes circled the island, never without a native host to guide them.

For us, hospitality reached a sort of climax at Carloforte on the fishing island of San Pietro, off the southwest corner of Sardinia. Here the spirit is allegro, for the people are Italian, descendants of a colony of Genovese fishermen. Unlike Sardis, who have little taste for traveling, Carlofortans are rovers. Born seamen, many have been to America. English is a common language, and a club of former Americans meets daily on the quay to chin about Scollay

Square, Telegraph Hill, and a street in Brooklyn inhabited only by Carlofortans. The most dapper club member is an old man named Saturnio who during forty-four years of barbering in San Francisco profitably played the stock market. Another, who owns



a restaurant, a fleet of boats, and a street of houses, is reported to have made his fortune panhandling in New York.

In its marine scenery Carloforte is unique. The pretty harbor is probably the cleanest in Italy. Our host was the local professor of *ginnastico* and a former football player. With some friends he took us on an all-day schooner trip around the island, skirt-ing rock cliffs which are a refuge for gulls, pigeons, and bats, and exploring grottoes the color of orchids and so large the fishermen navigators could sail the little schooner inside, turn her neatly around, and sail her out with the thirty-foot mast only occasionally scraping the ceiling. We anchored in a sheltered cove where the gymnastics professor raised a hatch lid for a table and spread out a picnic of island delicacies. The antipasto included cheese-like slabs of *rova di tonno*, tunny fish eggs dried and salted in their original sac, shaped like a canoe paddle, and those dark little water porcupines, so poisonous to swimmers, known as sea urchins. From the fishermen we learned how to pry them loose from the rocks, shuck them open with a knife, and slurp the soft pink pulp inside.

Next day we jogged over rocky donkey paths in a tiny bus to an old fortress known as *Guardamore*. Carlofortans had good reason to "guard against Moors." In 1798 Tunisian pirates attacked the city at night and took a thousand captives, male and female, to Tunisia as slaves. Intercession by Pope Pius VII and the governments of Russia and Turkey failed to free them, but in 1803

Napoleon negotiated their release. One slave did not return. Her name was Maria Rosso; she had become *la favorita* in the harem of the Bey and eventually gave birth to another Bey.

April and May, October and November, are the best months for Sardinia, with the spring considered preferable because then the earth is green and fresh with flowers and rippling wheat. We went in October after an incorrigibly wet, cold European summer. It was a perfect month of golden days, all exactly alike, nights of an African luminosity, dawns and sunsets of apocalyptic beauty. It rained only one day during the month, and in many ways this day was lovelier than the others, with its fits of showers and sunlight dappling the parched landscape, washing the autumn colors into a bright New England glow.

It is the combined alchemy of climate, people, and landscape that makes a powerful impact on the traveler. Sardinia is not an island to cross with a check list of things to see. Still, there are a few musts:—

1. Cagliari, a shimmering dusty African city hanging from a hillside, always about to plunge into the incomparably beautiful Gulf of the Angels. Its museum is an archaeologist's paradise, its beach—Poetto—one of the most perfect on the Mediterranean. Only Calvi on Corsica can compare with it.

2. Nora and Tharros, the first cities of Sardinia, both now partly under the sea, their ancient columns undulating like sunken cathedrals beneath the shimmering turquoise surface, the mosaic floors of patrician villas jeweled sea-beds.

3. The nuraghi, of which the best are near Macomer, a transportation center in the middle of the island. The stone cones are mysterious mazes of passages, chambers, dungeons.

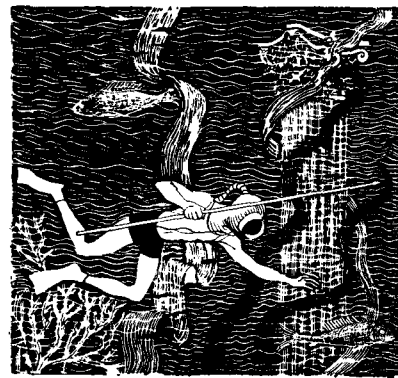
4. The twelfth-century Pisan temples in the Sassari district, lonely as the nuraghi, striped as prisoners' suits, standing in isolated splendor in rocky wildernesses, abandoned to crows which rail at visitors from the towers.

5. Castelsardo, a town rising out of the sea, spiraling around the rock of Dorias like Breughel's painting of the Tower of Babel. Dramatically beautiful from a distance; up close, one sees the shocking poverty and filth in which the basket-weaving population lives.

6. La Maddalena and Caprera, largest of the string of islands in the Strait of Bonifacio. Both have historical interest. From 1803 to 1805 Nelson watered his fleet at La Maddalena during the long watch on the French before Trafalgar. Caprera is Garibaldi's island; here the Italian patriot lived in a house he built himself, and here he is buried.

7. Alghero, the wind-swept, sea-washed Aragonese fishing town of the northwest, a bastion of gold rock rising out of the blue tide—the most spectacularly beautiful spot on Sardinia. Alghero is pure Spain; even the language has little relation to Italian. With its fine beaches and outdoor dance floors and direct plane service to London, it has grown into a center of English tourism. At the optimistically large air terminal there is a sign "Per U.S.A.," but as yet few Americans have arrived in the town.

One can go to Sardinia by overnight boat from Genoa, Livorno, Civitavecchia (serving Rome), Naples, or Palermo in Sicily; or by plane from Rome or Pisa and, from June to September, from London. On the island, transportation is of the best. There are trains—a few streamlined diesels and many of those little chuggers that decorate children's books—but the way to travel is on the network of luxury pullman buses. These have pretty hostesses and interpreters, two drivers each, a couple of saints dangling over the steering wheel for protection, a bar, and, unfortunately, a radio. Since these buses go anywhere on the island in a day, one is never separated from comfortable accommodations. Of course, if you bring your car—any boat line will transport it for you—that is even better, but the buses are almost as good. To the lazy traveler they have



one fault: they are usually off at the crack of dawn. When one is reconciled to sleepy departures, the reward is in watching the island awaken to its

first rosy burst of life. Your road companions are flocks of bleating sheep and donkeys so tiny that the boots of the men riding them stir the dust on the road. Donkeys and women are the Sard's beasts of burden, and one meets a procession of brightly clothed women carrying everything on their heads. One morning a ten-year-old girl was carrying a white bag of wheat, wearing it draped like an old coquette's picture hat. Carrying the world on their shoulders makes Sardinian women lovely and regal in youth, but bent, twisted, and arthritic as old olive trees in age.

For Sardinians, traditional costumes are daily dress and not a holiday or touristic get-up. In the arid brown autumn landscape the population blossoms like flowers on the desert. The village of a woman is



shown by her dress; the differences in costume detail between villages are infinite. In Desulo the women wear bright red skirts and jackets embroidered in yellow and blue; in Ittiri they wear pleated skirts of shot silk and jeweled bodices. The women of Macomer, twisting wimples about the lower part of their faces, all seem to have mumps; and the women of Fonni, folding their hands under brightly embroidered aprons, all seem pregnant. By far the most curious are the girls of Tempio, who, swathing themselves in bolts of black silk with lacy white wimples and dickeys, look like flirtatious nuns.

The men too have their splendor, but with less variation. Older men wear a basic ensemble of baggy white trousers and shirts, black leggings and vests, billowing black kiltie skirts, and voluminous black caps. They all look like elderly penguins. Down in the southwest the young men of Teulada wear high Elizabethan ruffs and black skirts from which protrude dainty white lace petticoats. Perhaps their flat Spanish-type hats redeem them, for they still manage to seem

fiercely, barbarically male. Most rural young men have adopted standard green velvet corduroy suits, black boots or leggings, and golf caps worn flat as stove lids. All the island costumes can be seen in their competitive glory on any of the festas, the largest of which are for Cagliari's patron, Saint Efsio, from May 1 to 4; for the Madonna of the Assumption in Sassari, on August 15; and for Nuoro's *Il Redentore* during the final four days of August.

For one month in January, Sardinia offers sportsmen the best hunting in Italy, perhaps the best in Europe. In the game-rich Gennargentu mountains there are boar, deer, and mouflon — all now protected by law for eleven months of the year — and an abundance of small game and birds. Mountain streams are reported to be full of innocent and voracious trout; Dorgali in the east is recommended as a center for angling excursions.

The exploration of Sardinia can be accomplished with all the comforts of a European holiday. Government-published hotel guides, free at every travel office, list seventy-five hotels, many first class. In Sassari the best is the Italia; a grander, more expensive one was both uncomfortable and unfriendly. In Cagliari we stayed at the Scala de Ferro — the Iron Ladder — a hostelry which has attracted writers ever since D. H. and Frieda Lawrence stopped there. In Nuoro we slept on foam rubber mattresses in the Ortobene, one of Sardinia's most modern hotels. Unfortunately a long rainless summer had dried up Nuoro's water supply, and the handsome plumbing was useless. All these hotels offered rooms with private bath for about two dollars single, three dollars double. For long stays in Sardinia the best bet is at Carloforte, where pleasant two-bedroom villas rent for between eighty and a hundred dollars a full summer season.

The most elegant accommodations in Sardinia are at the Villa Las Tronas in Alghero. This handsome castle on a stark wind-swept promontory is the home of Conte Sant'Elia, master of ceremonies to the last King Victor Emmanuel. Having fallen on lean years, the count has opened his mansion to paying guests. The walls of his rooms are covered with autographed photographs and paintings of the nobility of Europe, including seven kings who have toppled from their thrones. The count, a roly-poly apple of a man in his eight-



ies who bustles about the premises like a sea captain on a run of the deck, was justifiably annoyed with the author of a book which a year ago reported him dead.

Sardinia is a place to eat fish, for the sea is close by and the waters are rich in variety and quality. Lobsters, plentiful and cheap, are always served cold with mayonnaise. *Ziminu*, a Sard version of bouillabaisse, is a steaming harvest of the sea served without liquid. Tunny, prepared differently in every town, is most delicious in Cagliari in a tomato sauce. The non-fish menu of Sardinia is somewhat less varied than Italy's, and about as expensive. A *bistecca* will describe anything from an underdone veal chop to a piece of boiling beef, and no amount of negotiation will educate a waiter otherwise. *Taccula*, a highly prized delicacy of roast thrushes, I disdained for esthetic reasons; *prosciutto*, made from boar, has a rich gamy tang. Most of the butter and cheese comes from goat or sheep milk and takes a little getting used to. For the traditional Sardinian feast of lamb or boar wrapped in myrtle leaves and roasted whole underground, you have to be invited to a home in the country; but if you get around at all, this will be easy.

Wines of Sardinia vary greatly in everything but their voltage, which is high. The prized *Vernaccia*, a pale dessert wine, is limpid as sunlight and sweet; I preferred the brisk, dry *Nuraghe* of the south. *Luogodoro*, a light red wine, is safest for serious drinking. Some of the native liqueurs should be given a whirl, especially *Crema di Timo*, cream of thyme, and *Villacidro*, a bombastic distillation of aromatic herbs. You will probably be served these in someone's house, along with some baroque little confections of white and gold icing known as *gesminus* (shaped like tiny gilded shoes), *candelaus*, and *gueffes*, lovely jewel-like things to look at but too sweet for my palate.

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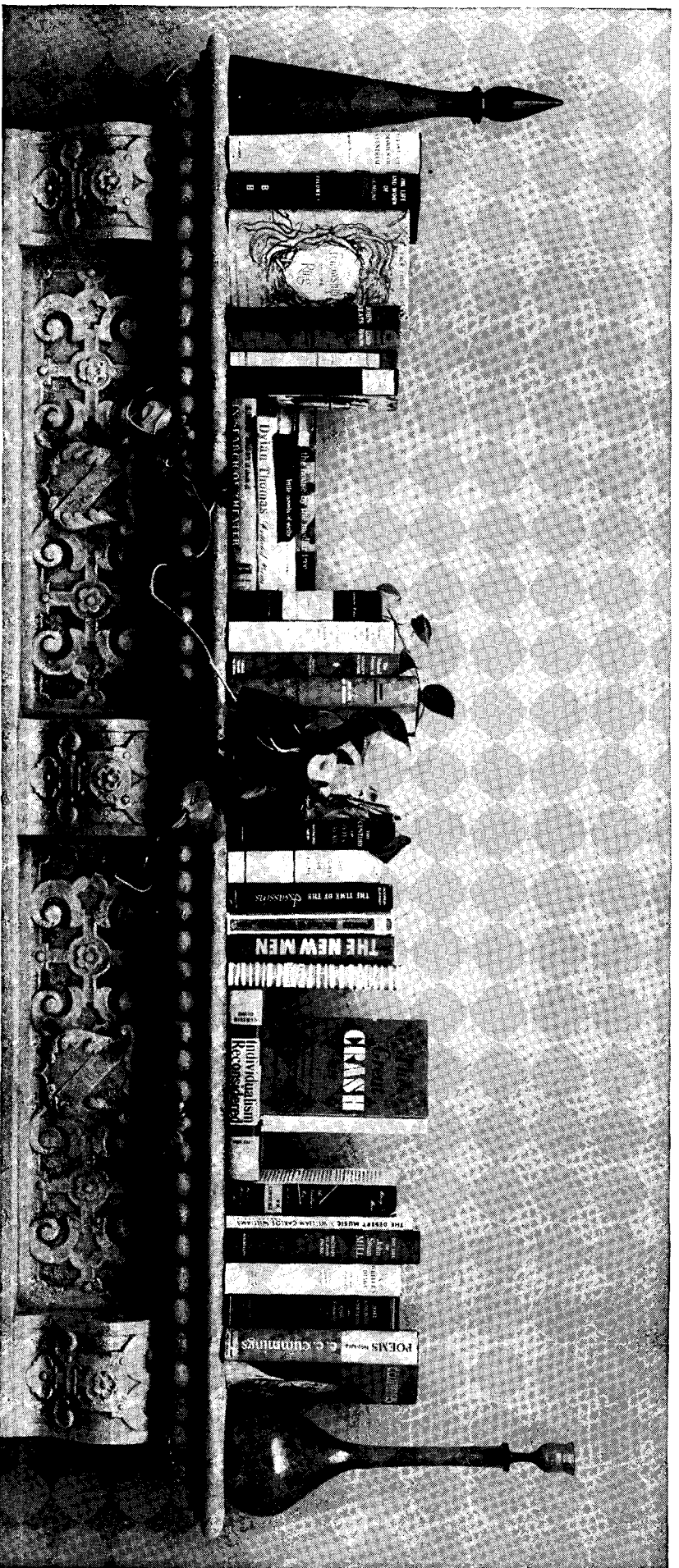
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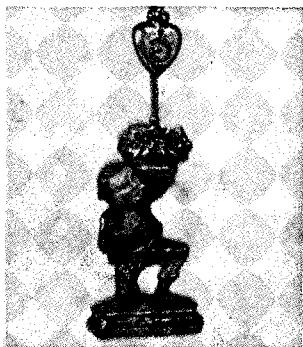
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